

THEY HAVE NOT SUFFERED IN VAIN



NOVEMBER - 1938

The American
LEGION
MAGAZINE

IT'S A *THRILLING LIFE!*

Folks who risk their lives as a matter of course are careful in their choice of a cigarette. They say:

**"CAMELS
NEVER GET ON
YOUR NERVES"**



MAN THROWS LION! Mel Koontz, noted lion and tiger tamer, schools "big cats" for Hollywood films. Sketch (left) shows Mel meeting the lunge of a savage 450-pound beast. That's where nerve-power tells—as Mel knows! He says this: "Camels don't jangle my nerves—my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are milder—the natural mildness that's grown right in the tobacco. We animal tamers stick to Camels!"



(Above) THREE TIMES Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic—only driver in history to achieve this amazing triple-test of nerve control. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves a bit. Camels take first place with me for mildness!"

(Right) CRASHING A PLANE through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. And, at this writing, he's done it 53 times—on movie locations, at exhibitions. Time after time, with his life actually in his hands, it's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh; never a bit jittery or upset."



(Left) THRILLING STUNTS for the movies! Ione Reed needs healthy nerves! Naturally, Miss Reed chooses her cigarette with care. "My nerves," she says, "must be right—and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good! Stunt men and women favor Camels."

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOES—Turkish and Domestic



PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE **COSTLIER TOBACCO** IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING** CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

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Meet these men who live with tobacco from planting to marketing—and note the cigarette they smoke



"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco—my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"



Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture ... the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."



"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel pays more to get my finest tobacco—many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters here."

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

NOVEMBER, 1938

The American LEGION MAGAZINE

VOL. 25, NO. 5

Published Monthly by The American Legion, 455 West 22d Street, Chicago, Illinois

EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis, Indiana



EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
15 West 48th St., New York City

AND so to bed, to begin to catch up on lost sleep and to dream of the Twenty-First National Convention of The American Legion, to be held in CHICAGO, September 25-28, 1939.

DR. GEORGE T. MAHAN of St. Louis is one Legionnaire who will be a long time forgetting the Los Angeles jamboree. He was on one of the trains which figured in the collision near Niland, California, in which eleven persons were killed. The crash aroused Dr. Mahan along with everybody else. He soon had the dining car converted into a temporary hospital which treated between sixty and seventy of the injured. Then he went on to Los Angeles. During the war Dr. Mahan commanded the 15th Ambulance Company, so it was all in the day's work.

ALSO among those present at Los Angeles were Mr. and Mrs. Lisle O. Wagner of Ossining, New York. Wagner is Grand Commissaire Intendant of the Grand Voiture de New York, 40 and 8. And the Mystery of the Dog Tag is still unsolved. About a year ago a stray dog walked into a filling station in Wagner's home town on the shores of the Hudson River bearing on its collar not a regulation license tag but the regular old-fashioned dog-tag of war days. The tag was inscribed: "L. O. Wagner, U.S.A., 1061188." The filling station attendant knew L. O. Wagner and called him up. Wagner declared he had never owned a dog and went to see what it was all about. There on the neck of a perfectly strange

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 74. In notifying the Indianapolis address be sure to include the old address as well as the new and don't forget the number of your Post and name of Department.

dog was his own dog tag, with his own name and serial number. Wagner took the tag and the police took the dog, and at last accounts hadn't found out who it belonged to or where it had picked up the tag. You figure it out.

THEY gave Wally a party down in Philadelphia the other night as a send-off for his daily strip, which will be initiated in many newspapers up and down the land on October 10th. Give a look—maybe it'll be in your home-town paper. The Philadelphia *Record*, in its account of the party, quotes Wally as reminiscing in this vein regarding his *Stars and Stripes* days: "I arrived in Paris right in the middle of an air-raid. The streets were dark and I spent hours hunting for a Y. M. C. A. hotel. I never did find it—but I had one swell time trying."

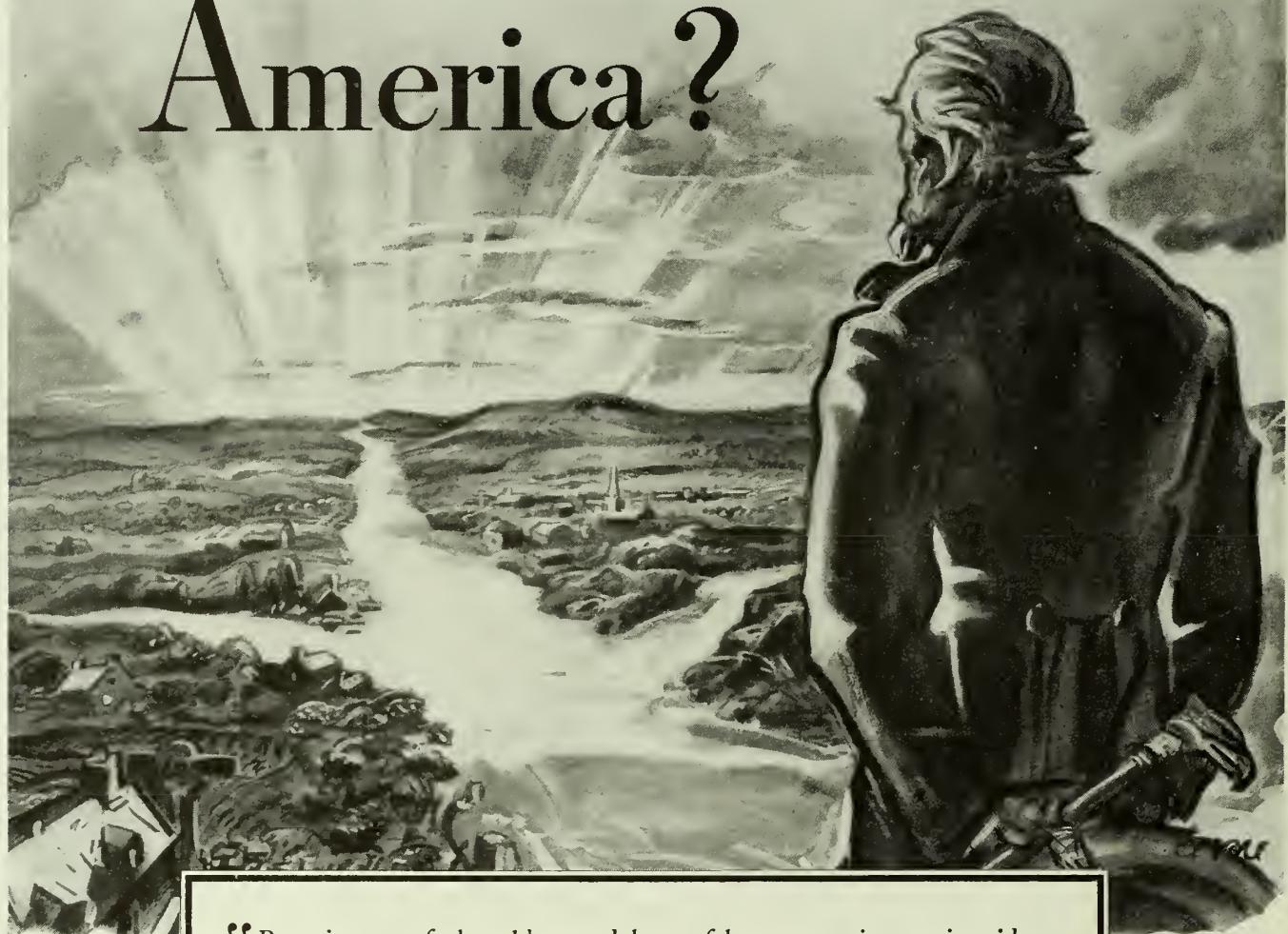
ALREADY manuscripts are being submitted in this Magazine's \$1500 Prize Contest for Legionnaires, which moves us to point out once again that there is no point at all in submitting material so early. The contest closes January 16, 1939, and you might almost say that it begins on that date as well. If you've completed your story or article, set it aside to jell and then look it over a month from now. You'll probably find important changes you want to make. Make them and see that the manuscript reaches the Magazine's New York office not later than January 16, 1939. It goes without saying (but we're saying it anyway) that only original and previously unpublished material can be considered.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE is the official publication of The American Legion, and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1938 by The American Legion. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Stephen F. Chadwick, Indianapolis, Ind.; National Commander, Chairman of the Legion Publishing and Publicity Commission; Members of Committee: Philip L. Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.; William H. Doyle, Malden, Mass.; Jean R. Kinder, Lincoln, Neb.; Phil Conley, Charleston, W. Va.; Raymond Fields, Guthrie, Okla.; Jerry Owen, Portland, Ore.; Ben S. Fisher, Washington, D. C.; Lynn Stanbaugh, Fargo, N. D.; Van W. Stewart, Perryton, Tex.; Harry C. Jackson, New Britain, Conn.; Tom McCaw, Dennison, Ohio; Carter D. Stamp, Beattyville, Ky.; John J. Wicker, Jr., Richmond, Va.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; John B. McDade, Scranton, Pa.

Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Director of Advertising, Frederick L. Maguire; Editor, John T. Winterich; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Art Editor, William MacLean; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardiner and John J. Noll.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 Cents, yearly subscription, \$1.30.

Which road, America?



“Beer is one of the oldest and best of beverages; its use is widespread in every land; it is within the reach of every purse . . . The growth of its use in this country is bound to make for general temperance; for there is nothing more promising to combat the evil of too much alcohol than the opportunity of drinking good beer.”

IT IS NOT BLINDLY that we of today must choose our path. Many men before us have travelled each of the three roads...the dead-end road to excess, the harsh road of intolerance, the straight road ahead, which is the way of moderation and sobriety.

From time to time we of the Brewers Foundation plan to submit to you, the people of America, the facts about beer. We will show that beer *does* offer the right way . . . that this beverage is *in fact* the bulwark of moderation, according to the verdict of history, the weight of scientific evidence, and the everyday experience of millions.

And in thus uniting to give you these facts (and

also to improve the conditions under which beer is sold at retail) the members of this Foundation believe they will perform a public service of genuine importance—and one which merits your understanding support.

Correspondence is invited from groups and individuals everywhere, interested in maintaining the brewing industry as a bulwark of moderation. Address:



United Brewers Industrial Foundation
21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

President Harding closes his moving address at the services for America's Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery before a distinguished gathering while a hundred thousand persons outside the Amphitheatre await the interment



HOMECOMING

By R.C. WORTHINGTON

WHEN the order was received in 1921 at the Headquarters of the Graves Registration Service in Paris to select, prepare, and return to the United States the body of an Unknown American Soldier, there were about 1500 A. E. F. dead who were still listed as unidentified. This list was carefully gone through and checked for any possible means of identification. At the final check-up, four bodies were selected, one each from four widely separate cemeteries—Bony, Romagne, Thiaucourt and Belleau. This checking was done from forms which were made out for every soldier buried in France whether the body was identified or not; there was also a tooth chart for each body, because many bodies were still being identified from dental work which had been done at home.

The four bodies which were selected were shown by the forms to have had their faces blown away so that it was not possible to make even a tooth chart.

The bodies themselves were carefully searched and prepared by specially trained groups of men, each group under the supervision of a commissioned officer. Each body was then wrapped in a blanket and placed in a metal casket which in turn was placed in a shipping box, but only after the box had been planed white to insure that no private identifying marks had been made on it.

On Monday, October 24, 1921, the bodies were sent to Châlons-sur-Marne, where they were carried from the trucks to the hôtel de ville by French soldiers. I was a first lieutenant on duty at Romagne, the largest A. E. F. cemetery, and accompanied the Romagne body to Châlons. At the hôtel de ville the bodies were placed in a room which was decorated with the flags of the Allies. A guard of American non-commissioned officers was placed over the bodies, with a guard of French soldiers in the outer room. The people of Châlons brought flowers which were heaped at the foot of the coffins, and as they placed their flowers they also

remained a moment to kneel and pray.

On the morning of the following day, October 25th, the officials who were to take part in the ceremony of selecting the one body to return to the United States gathered in the room in which reposed the four bodies. Among them were Major General Harry H. Rogers, Quartermaster General, U. S. A.; Major General Henry T. Allen, Commanding General of the American Forces in Germany; Colonel Frank Rethers, Head of the Graves Registration Service in Europe, and many others both French and American.

After a brief prayer, everyone left the room with the exception of one officer and a civilian worker. The windows were carefully covered so that no one might see into the room, and the caskets were opened and the blanket-wrapped bodies laid on top of the caskets. The civilian worker then left the room, leaving only the officer. The door was locked and the bodies were changed and interchanged by the single (Continued on page 48)



20th Anniversary Poster is Ready

Legionnaires . . . in 11,444 Posts . . . will celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of the Armistice — and the founding of THE AMERICAN LEGION

★ Armistice Day . . . America's newest National Holiday . . . and The American Legion entering its Twentieth Year—with courage high . . . its ideals upheld . . . with faith undimmed . . . in the future of America.

Your 20th Anniversary Poster will be ready in the rich colorings of the modern lithographic poster—24-sheet posters for use on Outdoor Poster Panels. Display Card reproductions in color to fit smaller space requirements.

A triumph of the art of lithography—the 20th Anniversary Poster will be ready for display on thirty thousand Outdoor

Poster Panels November first.

Again the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., stands ready to work with your Post in giving The American Legion's message to Outdoor America. *Get your Post to place the order for Posters Now.*

The American Legion has approved this design. Exclusive authorization has been granted the Morgan Lithograph Company, Cleveland, Ohio, to make and distribute all American Legion Posters, Display Cards, and Miniature Stickers carrying this design.

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MORGAN LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO. ----- 1938

Please enter our order for posters @ \$1.00 each delivered. Check or money order for \$ enclosed.

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Approval of Local Poster Plant Owner



By
**CLARENCE
C. CONKLIN**
*As told to
GEORGE PHILIP
WRENCH*

LITTLE did I realize as I boarded the *Carpathia* in New York harbor one evening in the early summer of 1917, bound for France, that it was to fall to my lot to be the last soldier of the United States Army to be captured by the Germans. Our transport was the famous rescue ship in the catastrophe of the ill-fated *Titanic*. Our journey to Liverpool was uneventful. No submarines were sighted and our destroyer escort delivered us safely on the first leg of our big adventure.

My outfit, the Eleventh Engineers (Railway), was one of the first units to sail for foreign parts, and, indeed, the first troops to engage in battle with the enemy. Although a non-combat unit, on pioneer work in preparing gun emplacements, rifles were thrust into our hands in front of Cambrai, and we found ourselves facing the Germans until we were relieved by the British later on that night, after suffering casualties in dead and wounded.

In August, 1918, I was detached from my regiment and ordered to report to the commanding officer of *The Stars and Stripes*, the official A. E. F. newspaper. My duties were those of a field agent attached to the Ninetieth Division. My buddy in the duties of distributing the weekly issues to the troops of this division was Private Frank Beddor, a worthy soldier hailing from Minneapolis.

It was early on the morning of Novem-

The LAST PRISONER



Corporal Conklin (as of 1918 and 1938 respectively), who with Private Frank Beddor was captured by the Germans near Stenay on Armistice morning and released soon after firing ceased

ber 11, 1918. Private Beddor and myself had reached the railhead, the town of Bar-le-Duc, in our delapidated and war-scarred Ford truck and had secured the two large sacks of newspapers shipped down from Paris. We pushed off to the routine task of distributing them to a fighting outfit. Up the line we newsboys of the A. E. F. rushed, up through the war swept towns of Cierges, Nantillois, Montfaucon, Dun-sur-Meuse and finally into the smaller town of Halles. The place was under heavy shellfire when we arrived and nearly everyone was underground or huddled in holes burrowed into the side of a sunken road on the outskirts. The day was drizzly and foggy.

We finally learned that the Ninetieth Division troops were in line directly in front of Stenay, about eighteen kilometers up the road, so we set out once

again to contact them. Because of the condition of the roads it took us several hours to arrive at a canal over which there remained a very rickety pontoon bridge. We had until now seen very few troops but could hear incessant gunfire. Several times we had to stop and seek cover in ditches.

At Bar-le-Duc Frank and I had bought several bottles of that well-known French juice of the vine of which the A. E. F. quaffed so copiously, namely cognac, and it was while we were in a ditch having a nip that we encountered an officer who wore the insignia of a chaplain. He was a Catholic padre and had been in the A. E. F. but a short time. He told us he had been assigned to Headquarters Company of the Ninetieth Division and was trying to locate this unit. He had obtained several lifts from the railhead but was making the final effort on foot. He further told us that he had left his bedding roll and "mess kit" in an abandoned concrete pill box a mile or so back down the road, and was very desirous that we take him in our small truck to this spot and retrieve the "mess kit." The roll and equipment he insisted were of little importance, but he would like, above all, to get that "mess kit."

BOTH Beddor and I wondered at the time why he did not salvage a perfectly good mess kit from the equipment of one of the many dead bodies lying around and within reach, and we finally asked him why didn't he do so. We then and not until then discovered that he meant his "mess kit", without which he could not celebrate mass. So we retraced our tracks and retrieved the equipment, but found that some irreligious doughboy or doughboys had consumed his entire supply of sacramental wine. We offered him a minimum supply of our cognac.

Upon reaching the rickety pontoon bridge once more we found no infantry there, but there remained a battery or two of 155's who were firing. It was at this point that I learned from the artillerymen that the war was to be over at 11 A.M. An armistice was to be signed. We spent nearly two hours with the batteries and disposed of some of our *Stars and Stripes* (Continued on page 64)

WE'RE NOT FOR GOD *and* BY FREDERICK

OUT of all I heard said in jest and tragedy, in dry throated laughter and rallying profanity as we hit 'em again, the remark of the man beside me in the Meuse-Argonne at 11 A.M. on November 11, 1918, will remain longest with me.

Only seven words as the sudden, vast silence succeeded the lashing, crashing tumult of death. Seven were enough on the background of that torn landscape with soldiers no longer in the mortal thrust and counter-thrust and the grim drubbing and vicious gouging of battle. They told all from drill-ground to the front. If I become senile in my old age my toothless gums will still be mumbling them on Armistice Day:

"That's that, Buddy. The job is finished."

Finished in victory!

But twenty years afterward some strange talk is abroad. It is that we did not win—we lost—ours was a fool mission.

Little Boy Blue, then of service age but not in uniform in 1917-18, has a new alibi. He poses as the wise guy. All we have to do to keep out of another war is to follow his example.

In a superior manner he asks if we didn't fight that war in order to end war. And in a still more superior manner he bids us look at the blood-spattered map of the world today. To satisfy him and certain pacifist elements we should confess our error by removing our Legion buttons and forgetting our war experience as something stupid, futile and bloodthirsty of which we ought to be ashamed.

The truth is that if all the nations of Europe and Asia go to war tomorrow it will not diminish our pride one whit in what the four millions of us did on the job and to finish the job.

Those seven words in pungent American twang, so far from home, taken with certain advantages I had and the memory of a personal incident, make me want to have my say on the twentieth anniversary of the Armistice.

That incident happened in the most desperate hour of the Château-Thierry crisis when the Germans were nearer Paris than they had been since September, 1914, and were still coming. I was

proceeding along the Paris-Château-Thierry road in an army car with a sergeant chauffeur. The glazed eyes of refugees and French soldiers, as they staggered to the rear in numb fatigue, lighted with hope at the sight of our infantry, guns and machine-guns moving to the front.

Somewhere ahead our advance battalions—the goal of our errand—were deploying to come to grips with the Germans, who were getting their steam up for more laps in their triumphant, thus far unbroken drive. There were no trenches. The undefined No Man's land was in open country for a catch-as-catch-can.

This and the speed of the car fooled me. Surprise slapped me in the face with a bend in the road as along a straight stretch, two or three hundred yards away, I saw figures in German green and German helmets. We had passed our front and were charging the enemy at thirty miles an hour.

One of the Germans raised his hand in an evident gesture to hold fire. At the rate we were going Heinie had to wait less than a minute to have us bagged.

It was time for split-split-second thinking for us. To turn our car about would require the delay of a cut. Then Heinie would see that we realized our mistake and be on us with everything he had in reach. We would not even get the break of time enough to get out of the car, hold up our hands, and cry "Kamerad!"

If we kept on, it was a German prison camp for us. And the following is only a faint translation of the remarks from on high on our side when we were reported missing:

"What idiot ever let into our Army two such jackasses who couldn't tell it from the German army? The Germans are welcome to them. All we mind is the loss of the car."

In the batting of an eyelash, as I looked around after I had seen the waiting German reception committee, I noted a dirt road on our right. With the instinct that clutches at a tree branch overhanging a falls we took it, and on two wheels.

It ran at the bottom of a little valley. Now that the Germans saw we had recognized our mistake they would begin

to pepper us if they were already on the ridge above us. We were in a trough between the two armies parallel to their fronts. Our own men, if they were up on the opposite ridge, might readily conclude that our slewing, speeding car was German. We might get a burst of plunging fire from both sides.

I judged that the road led down to a part of the north bank of the River Marne which the Germans already held. The only thing was to keep going. The car could not swim the Marne, but we might try. Thus we should at least escape the humiliation of being pinched without some action.

Then appeared another dirt road—a peasant cart road. If it had been only a cowpath we should still have taken it, since it led to the right and toward the American lines.

Up a little rise out of the valley—just as Heinie began shooting at us—and the soldiers we saw were not in German helmets and German green. We were back among home folks again. The two or three minutes we had been out of touch with them seemed as many months. The greeting of amazement we received was in the home tongue and accent—the same that spoke "That's that" on the field of the Meuse-Argonne after firing ceased.

"For God's sake, where did you come from? And how did you get that way?"

"We started for Berlin, but decided we preferred to wait and go along with the gang."

"Pleased to meet you"—with a grin. "Hope you had a pleasant trip"—with a broader grin.

Never had Americans looked so good to me. There were halos over their tin hats.

I felt my insignificance as a "tin major" to any one of them. And let me remind you, Little Boy Blue, who says we lost the war, that I had a good alibi, that of age. When we entered the World War I was too old to be admitted to any training camp. But it was thought that my experience of two years on the Western Front as correspondent might be useful.

Remember that on that afternoon the people were leaving Paris and the French government packing up its papers to go. Black alarm overshadowed the hasty

ASHAMED OF IT — COUNTRY

PALMER

gathering of Allied statesmen and generals in council. Washington was worried, our own people astounded as the German drive day after day swept all opposition before it.

There was a glint in Pershing's eyes set in a face of flint. Now his soldiers were going in against the drive when Heinie saw victory within his grasp after four years of fighting. Among them were the lot who had welcomed me back to our lines.

They had the Pershing glint in their eyes. He could smile on occasion, and they would give him reason to smile very happily and set all the Allies rejoicing. On that ridge, where they were taking position, they were about to set up a sign which said:

"Here is the place where you stop, Heinie. This is near enough Paris for you."

They were not thinking as members of any political party, creed, social group or race. In the war their politics and religion were simple—for God and Country. They had a job their country had assigned them, and that was to lick Heinie.

So it was with all of us of the four millions, each in his part—all who were in the Army and Navy. Already I knew the whole through having seen the hammer-strokes as the cantonments rose and the flow of the recruits to the barracks; through having been with Pershing when he crossed to France, having seen our first contingent arrive at Saint Nazaire and the first entry of our troops into the trenches.

I felt the whole with a deeper thrill and understanding after that adventure with the car. It was the whole American Army I had rejoined. I was back in the United States. Not to mention that I have reason to conclude when I hear a story of how anybody won that war single-handed that the Army and Navy must have helped him a little.

For I did not think of the men forming that front line on either side of the dirt road of escape as belonging to any particular battalion or division. They were the early arrivals over there, the first to be on that front, trench-hardened to be as tough and skilful as veteran Heinie—the advance samples of the hosts on the way to France.

I could look beyond the limited horizon of that patch of rolling French farming country and see them coming on the 40 and 8 cars from Brest and Bordeaux, across the seas and drilling in the distances of our land where oranges, cactus, wheat, cotton and corn grow and where there are dark canyons between skyscrapers or you can see the length of Main Street.

Was anyone ashamed of being in the front line at Château-Thierry or on the way or being trained to go over there? Or I of being in such company? We must keep on going until there were enough of us and all well armed enough to say "That's that."

And where was Little Boy Blue, who now says we went on a fool mission and lost the war? You may be sure he missed no chance to do his share of the cheering at the march-out of the men in O.D. who were to be the wall of security between him and Heinie. No one shouted louder on Armistice Day over our victory, which he regarded as his victory, too.

The only way for him to apply his method of keeping out of war is to run if another war comes. Then what would happen to him as an unarmed and untrained man if an armed and trained enemy overtook him?

Let us say that he has a bad memory and we have not. He forgets that when his country is at war he and certain pacifists want somebody else to wear the uniform. After the war he finds that those who wore it and were shot at did not do so much after all.

Is it that the gobs who rode the bucking, corkscrewing destroyers in the danger zone should be ashamed of their part? Or those in aviation, on battleships or cruisers, or mine sweeping or laying mine barrages? Or soldiers packed on the transports—12,000 on the *Leviathan* (former German *Vaterland*) which the German staff estimated should carry only 8,000? Or of pounding the hard roads of France? Or of trenches and battle? Or getting a dollar a day when munitions workers were getting ten?

It is having been under orders in uniform, doing as you were bid in the service, which makes the four millions kin. That is the qualification for membership in the Legion, which has no honorary members.

Some women qualify. And did they earn the right?

What nurse regrets that she was in her country's uniform instead of being in one of the welfare services? Should she be ashamed that she worked sixteen hours a day in a home hospital in the influenza epidemic? Or in France washing helpless wounded soldiers free of trench filth and clotted blood, renewing stale with fresh bandages, giving unstintedly of her strength, skill and tenderness to make him well again or to solace him in his dying moments?

I saw her, too, on the job. But the nurses were not the only women who qualified to be members of the Legion. I saw the yeomenettes of the Navy, too, on the job. They too took the oath, went where they were told to go, did what they were told to do, in the whole of the four millions.

After Château-Thierry I saw all but two of our combat divisions when they were in action. Yes, yours was the best division and your battalion the best in your division. That was the spirit—the winning spirit. But I like to think of the big family on the big job in common purpose.

And those of us who were past combat age?

"I knew that when he put on the uniform the war would finish him," said a professional colleague about a middle-aged expert in transport. His health was permanently broken by the strain of getting supplies forward for our rapidly-growing host in those terrific final two-hundred days from the time we stopped the Germans until we said "That's that."

He returned, as hundreds of thousands of others did, to find he had lost his job. Should he be ashamed of having given all there was in him to the limit? Above all, should the wives and mothers of the dead be ashamed? Or the crippled and permanently disabled by fire? Or those who bear the scars of invisible wounds? The answer is in the twitches of pain which they still suffer and which you escaped, Little Boy Blue, when they were fighting for you.

Sometimes I hear a man say, "I was in the service, but not much to boast about. I did (Continued on page 49)

BEFORE the

By Thomas M. Johnson



"I'VE searched all your baggage myself," said the head of the British secret service, casually. "Also I've read every letter you've received or written. And really, my dear fellow, you're quite all right. Ah—soda?"

The American leaped from his chair. "Why, dammit!" he exclaimed, with a rich Scandinavian accent, "The United States Government sends me across the ocean to Copenhagen to work with you, and for a month I try to do it. But to my face you high-hat me, and behind my back you spy on me, search my baggage . . ."

"But my dear fellow," expostulated the Englishman, "this game we're in is spying! And one searches first, and trusts afterward. But now, afterward means tomorrow, when we start working together. Then you'll understand. Ah—soda?"

Colonel Tryggve A. Siqueland of Chicago understood the secrecy next day when he had his first lesson in "this game we're in"—and found it astounding. For there in neutral Denmark the Allied secret services were not merely gathering information of what went on in bordering Germany. While on the front the visible armies of the Allies attacked her, on Germany's flanks the invisible armies of G-2 were conducting a great sapping and mining operation. They were boring beneath the frontier, into the very founda-

tions of the Central Powers, helping to lay there the deadliest explosive charge of all—Revolution.

In that delicate work the American secret service joined until in late October and early November, 1918, the charge exploded and blew away the last obstacle to the Armistice.

But the smoke-screen of secrecy was so dense that it has not yet fully settled. Even Hitler, who, as he strangled the feeble German Republic, called it a bastard with foreign blood in its veins, did not explain just what he meant. There is a hint in the admission of Colonel Walther Nicholai, the wartime secret service chief, that Germany "felt the efforts of the Allied secret services to bring about revolution," especially after the United States entered the war. Yet those efforts are little known here, where many veterans still doubt we really had much if any secret service. But we had.

IN APRIL, 1917, that un-ballyhooed organization numbered two and a half: two officers and a part-time clerk. In November, 1918, in Europe alone it numbered some 50,000, of whom the élite were remarkable persons: cosmopolites, linguists, college professors, private detectives, newspapermen—pegs for even the oddest-shaped holes. A special school trained men for posts in every

Troops loyal to the newly-proclaimed German republic ready to repel a revolutionist attack along Berlin's Unter den Linden. American secret service efforts played a big part in precipitating the revolt which aided in the collapse of German arms at the front

neutral country bordering Germany, in one of which one branch of the service alone listed thirty-five sources of information and ten teams or groups of secret agents working astride the German border defying its barriers of barbed or electrified wire. For those barriers could be shot over by crossbows or dug under by spades or cut through by wirecutters—and rubber gloves—as was proved by spies, smugglers and deserters.

A good ripe deserter was a prize eagerly sought by Allied secret services. Having written a red-ink Finis to his war record and gone over the hill, he had true tales to tell of conditions in the army and at home. To collect those tales, the Allied secret services set in border villages a watch not unconnected with bribed frontier guards, and their trained cross-examiners would send in reports somewhat like this:

"My next deserter is Werner Horstmann, private in the Fourth Footguard

ARMISTICE - and BEHIND IT

Regiment, First Guard Division, which he recently joined as a replacement from the Ersatz Battalion at Potsdam. Having been wounded and returned to duty three times, and not trusting the inexperienced young officers, he decided to desert when he heard the Division was to be sent from Belgium to participate in an offensive on the Chemin des Dames. Knows no details of plans for this supposed offensive, but rumors of it have still further lowered morale in his regiment, which suffered heavily in the offensive near Amiens; companies down to 100, sometimes fewer, and quality not what it was in this formerly élite unit.

"While the regiment was in rest billets near Liège about two weeks ago it was bombed by Allied airplanes, which also interfered with railroad transportation and delayed rations. Enroute to the frontier, the deserter passed Saxon troops of regiments in the 200 series (53d Reserve Division?) near Ghent.

They were travelling south, and some of them said they too expected to take part in the offensive. Their morale was lower than that of his own regiment; they complained of hunger and depression at home and said they wished the war would end soon.

"This deserter is intelligent and apparently honest."

So he got a fair price for his information. But the really slick deserter wanted not one price, but several. He would peddle his story to one Ally after another, then offer to tell the German secret service what the Allies had wanted to know—for a price. From the Germans he would pick up some bit of information to sell to the Allies. As a grand slam he might threaten to expose them all to the local police for neutrality violation! And as if real deserters were not crooked enough, the Germans sent the Allies faked ones with faked stories. So the Allies checked and double-checked each de-

serter, passing him from one to another at time-intervals sufficient to help him forget whatever lies he had been telling.

These tricks the American secret service had time to learn before the doughboys began sending them deserters in droves. For the tide not alone of German military success but of German morale turned with the counter-offensive beginning July 18, 1918. By showing the Germans that their last chance to win was gone, they gave the Independent Socialists their opening.

That opening they had awaited eagerly since January, when they had tied up industry with a general strike and the government, with magnificent stupidity, had sent the leaders to the trenches of the Western Front. There, sleeping in the same dugouts, standing in the same chow-lines and crouching in the same foxholes, these agitators whispered words of revolution in Heinie Feldgrau's ear, without much success so long as Heinie thought he could win the war. But once he found he couldn't, his hearing became excellent. The first symptom was a tremendous upturn in the deserter business, especially in Holland.

"LET'S install turnstiles on the frontier," one American suggested. That was hardly practical, but the Americans did form "the Maatschappy," Dutch for "company," legally incorporated to conduct a transport business on the canals of Holland. That was its story, to which its ostentatiously Dutch officers stuck as only Dutchmen can. But actually "the Maatschappy's" sluggish canal-boats were flying Dutchmen, phantom warships helping to win a naval battle hitherto unhonored and unsung. For their crews, that sat placidly fishing over the side, puffing great china pipes and wearing Dutch clothing, might be overheard exchanging occasional furtive words in German. In fact, they were Germans, Independent Socialist deserters who had proved so valuable that the American secret service had fixed them up like college football players, with scholarships and jobs, "working" for this dummy canal-boat company whose dummy officers were pro-Ally Dutchmen, but whose working capital was, like its unobtrusive board of directors, distinctly American. (The (Continued on page 42)



A group of republican soldiers prepares to make a pillbox out of the entrance to the former Royal Palace in Berlin

DUCKS

By JAMES A. DRAIN

THE way it began was thus: The three of us were talking comfortably one evening over our cigars, only mine was a pipe, when the question of duck-shooting arose.

Now I used to be duck daffy. That is to say, I would and did go almost any distance to get a crack at some good high-flying ducks. Not a few well-separated points on this old globe have echoed to the "come-and-get-it" voice of my shotgun and resounded to the thwack of a hard-struck duck hitting the water—sometimes. There were other times when the duck went on to the place it had started for before I shot.

The subject of ducks arose, I say, and the Chief, a Scotchman born, said to me: "What you want to do, old man, is to come to Scotland and shoot ducks with me. I'll give you five hundred shots in a day at good, swift, high-flying mallards coming to you over a forest and from a hill. Come next year, why don't you? (This was in the fall of 1910.) I will guarantee you a chance to kill your share of a thousand ducks."

Naturally I sat up at the invitation. "Why," I gasped, "there is no place in Scotland where you can find ducks in such quantities as that! Of course, it's good of you to ask me to shoot with you, but when you talk about ducks in such numbers as that you must be dreaming."

"Not at all," laughed the Chief, his eyes twinkling compassionately upon me. "I expected to get a rise out of you on that, so I'm not surprised. You just come over, my boy, and I'll deliver the goods."

The Colonel, who had been an interested but silent member of the party, spoke up at this point, as if he felt some of the incredulity which was still in my mind and was desirous, as he always was, of making easy the way to good sport for those who love it: "No, Jim, the Chief is not stringing you. He'll do what he says. He raises 'em by hand, and they're counted before as well as after shooting."

"What! *Tame* ducks!" I gasped.

"Not on your life," responded the Scotchman. "If you find any ducks anywhere that take any more killing than mine, I shall be glad to hear of them. These are wild mallards and they will dodge shot as frequently as do their thick-feathered brethren the world over. You

just come over next year and I'll show you."

"Well, Chief," I answered him, "I'm going to try to take you up on that offer. An experience of the kind you suggest would round out my duck shooting career in grand style. So far as numbers are concerned, it would make anything I've ever done before this look like a penny-ante poker game alongside Wall Street.

"I gather, of course, that these ducks will be your own property and that by shooting any number of them we shan't be depriving other sportsmen of an opportunity for their own good times. Wherever I have shot I had always lived up to the bag limit and I never have killed over twenty-five ducks in a day, though if I had hit all I have shot at I would have killed a few more than that on some occasions, I'll acknowledge. Come to think of it I shall have business in the British Isles next year, and the longer I consider the case the more convinced I am that that business is of such imperative character that I shall be compelled to go abroad about—about—what time did you say the ducks would be ripe?"

"WELL, from the middle to the latter part of October. But if you are coming you ought to get there earlier so you can have some deer stalking, and take a try at the grouse, black-cock, pheasants and partridges."

"You're raising the limit," I said. "I wouldn't give a hang to shoot a deer. I haven't shot one for a long time, though I used to be rather gone on it. I haven't pointed a rifle at a deer since I lost my right hand ten years ago and I wouldn't

*Illustrations by
FORREST C. CROOKS*

walk across the street to kill a deer. (I quite changed my mind about the deer later on and with good cause, but let that pass.) But the birds—and especially those ducks—call to me. By the way, what guns ought I to bring?"

"On that score, of course," returned

my impending host, "you will have to suit yourself, but I should say as long as you have to shoot with one hand, you ought to bring two automatic shotguns. You will find three or four hundred shots a day from a twelve-gauge with a good heavy load a little trying, I imagine, if you fire them from a double gun. I'll look out for ammunition and furnish a loader for you and all that. All you need to bring is two automatic shotguns, your shooting clothes, and, of course, whatever rifle you prefer to use on the deer."

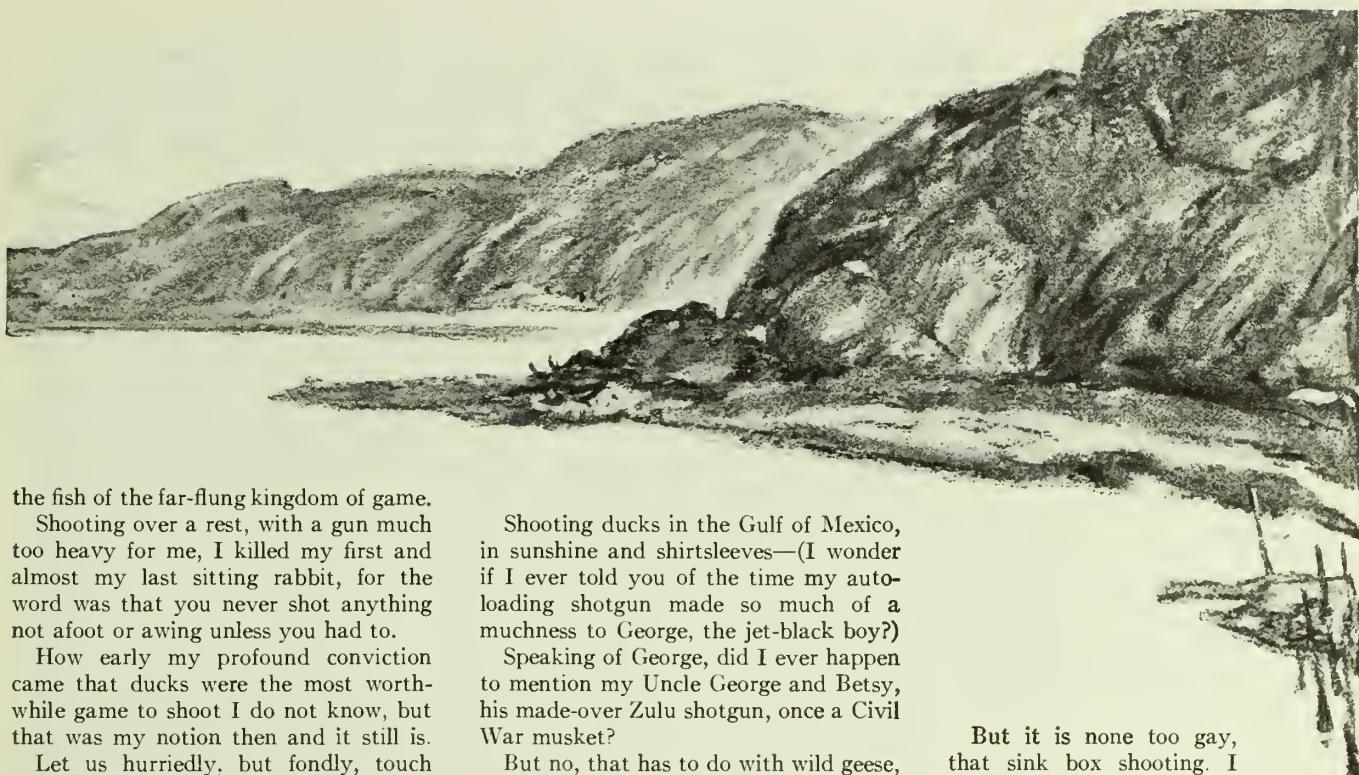
I CAN confirm that opinion on the lesser shoulder shock of the automatic. With a duck load, a seven and one-half pound double gun sets back quite some, as a blackened left shoulder and a second finger bruised by the trigger guard have evidenced for me often and often.

But an auto-loader of the same weight, bore and loading never treated me so. The reason? Quite simple, when you come to think of it. The recoil is the same in actual force, but the effect is quite different, for one is a push and the other is a blow. The big coil spring around the magazine of the auto accounts for that.

The muzzle velocity of the shot load is equal in the auto or double gun, for there is no opening of the breech until the load has left the barrel. I proved these things by measuring the recoil and velocity with instruments of precision made for the purpose. My preference is for the double gun, but on ducks, for me, definitely the auto is indicated.

I may as well confess in passing that while the Scotch duck shooting experience I am about to tell you of had good points, yet I have gotten more real sport in some of our places at home, tramping, wading, waiting, shivering, during the whole of a stormy day, which brought at its end no more than a half-dozen hard-won birds.

And how many good shots I have had, lucky guy that I am! When I was no more than six, my father began to teach me that a gun was *always* loaded and never to point either end at myself or anyone else. Dad was a keen sportsman and he wished me, his eldest son, to know and to share the joys which come from outwitting the beasts, the birds and



the fish of the far-flung kingdom of game.

Shooting over a rest, with a gun much too heavy for me, I killed my first and almost my last sitting rabbit, for the word was that you never shot anything not afoot or awing unless you had to.

How early my profound conviction came that ducks were the most worthwhile game to shoot I do not know, but that was my notion then and it still is.

Let us hurriedly, but fondly, touch some of the high points of my days with the ducks. Shooting ducks in eastern Nebraska, in the Palouse country in eastern Washington (remind me to tell you of a corking prairie-chicken shoot I had in the Palouse, when—)

Shooting ducks in the Wall Lake country of central Washington—walls three hundred feet sheer, of brown volcanic rock, or in the Nisqually Flats of Puget Sound (Oh, boy! were there some great shoots between and in the swings of that twelve-foot Puget Sound tide?).

Shooting ducks in the Gulf of Mexico, in sunshine and shirtsleeves—(I wonder if I ever told you of the time my auto-loading shotgun made so much of a muchness to George, the jet-black boy?)

Speaking of George, did I ever happen to mention my Uncle George and Betsy, his made-over Zulu shotgun, once a Civil War musket?

But no, that has to do with wild geese, and having begun with ducks, let's stick to them.

Shooting ducks in Chesapeake Bay, canvasback and redhead, from a sink box, above the wild celery beds, in the choppy, icy water. You all know the sink box, of course. Looks like a coffin, with wide canvas wings, doesn't it? Lying on your back, a cloth-covered five-inch log for a pillow, your eyes should let you look out over the wide gray Bay, where the string of birds may be winging to your set of two hundred false wooden ducks, bobbing and curtseying all around.

But it is none too gay, that sink box shooting. I call it the hardest, because the coldest and most muscle-racking, as you lie for hours, so like the corpse your posture and your cover suggest.

Or pass-shooting at high-flying mallards, widgeon and teal, between the lakes, sand-hill hidden, in northwestern Nebraska. Will I ever forget one great greenhead drake (Continued on page 44)

The tops of the willows were just high enough to conceal the gunner as he sat



WHAT MANNER

By
JOHN G.
EMERY

Herewith is the second and concluding installment of extracts from the war memoirs of Past National Commander John G. Emery, D.S.C.

SOUVENIR HOUND

SERGEANT PODOLNIK was a Bohemian-American, a good soldier and a souvenir hound par excellence. On the morning of July 18th, we were moving up on the Germans through the wheat fields below Soissons. Leaving Couvres-et-Valsery, one steps out onto a broad plateau, and here was set the scene for our part of that great battle which turned out to be the beginning of the end.

We had been going only an hour that day when Podolnik had a Lueger pistol, captured or souvenired from a German officer. A little later as we progressed through the wheat the Sergeant stopped suddenly and gazed with longing eyes at a very fine pair of broadcloth breeches on a dead German captain, and I heard him say as I came up, "Golly, there's a wonderful pair of breeches!" And I, while I admitted the truth of his statement, rudely advised him that he wasn't going to have the pleasure of souveniring them. That's all that prevented him from doing so.

The next day the Supreme Commander souvenired him.

CAVALLERIE FRANÇAISE

THEY had waited more than three years for that day, those French cavalrymen who appeared in the rear of our lines on the first night of the Château-Thierry offensive. In the early days of the war, with open fighting the order of the day, they had been allowed their place in battles. When the thing settled down to trench warfare they were out of it, and this lasted three years. The hardest thing a soldier is asked to do is to wait, and they had been doing it patiently. All night long they kept us out of what



sleep we might have snatched as they chattered like magpies of the opportunity which would come on the morrow.

It was probably the thought of the High Command that the enemy would be more than ever terrorized by the sight of cavalry bearing down upon him, and the effect would be a real rout. So, on the morning of July 19th, we saw them go through our lines, their lances pointing

He was bearing a platter with a veritable mountain of cream puffs on it

skyward—a line of them at ten yard intervals as far as the eye could reach in either direction. Their horses' hoofs were shined, their equipment spick and span and their spirits at the top. The sight of them would thrill the deadliest heart in the world.

of MEN?

Illustration by
V. E. PYLES



It wasn't long, however, until their spirits fell, not because they were defeated, but because the High Command had changed its plans. The infantry was driving the enemy fast enough and it was useless to sacrifice horses as well as men against machine guns, so the cavalry were ordered to retire.

That one time, at least, in my life I was doomed to look upon utter dejection.

Each of them portrayed it in its worst form. They were the saddest soldiers I've ever seen.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

THE tenth of July had found us billeted at a little village midway between Château-Thierry and Paris. The German lines were at the former point,

and, of course, threatened Paris. Forty-four miles is not a very long distance, and the American First Division was one of those placed where it might help block the way. You know how the billeting was done, and this time the officers of F Company were lucky indeed. The town major had assigned my three lieutenants and me to a fine two-story brick house, the residence of an old chef who had retired in Paris a few years before and had settled in this village and built a really nice home in which to spend the rest of his days. Obviously when our Italian cook, Sobrato, and his bus boy, Domenico, took complete possession of his kitchen with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, the chef didn't exactly like it, though he had to take it. We were there to help hold the Boche, and perhaps save his house from enemy shells, but one's home is one's home after all.

Came that beautiful quiet Sunday afternoon, the 15th, which found us enjoying real repose. A runner from Battalion H.Q. said tersely: "Major wants 200 rounds of ammunition and two days' reserve rations issued to each of your men, and the company formed on the road in one hour to entruck." This meant battle and I don't mean maybe. In an hour and twenty minutes we were in trucks en route for somewhere. The next dawn found us bivouacked in the Forest of Compiègne, and on the 18th we attacked at dawn. History records how the Germans were driven completely out of the Château-Thierry salient, and it also records the cost to America in men. When we came back to the chef's house at noon on the 23d, after five (Continued on page 73)

NOW SHOWING L E



WITH a unanimity and singleness of purpose that was noted and applauded in every section of the United States, The American Legion, meeting at Los Angeles, California, the latter part of September in its Twentieth Annual Convention, told the world that the United States was determined not to be drawn into a foreign war.

Meeting at a moment when a series of European crises threatened to reach a climax in a repetition, on a larger and far more deadly scale, of the horrors of 1914-'18, the Legion, reaffirming its faith in the historic principles of American democracy, invoked the spirit of Washington's immortal Farewell Address to counsel keeping free of the jealousies and intrigues of Europe, apparently once more hell-bent for the decision of battle.

Thanks to the National Defense Act and the Legion's insistence during the past nineteen years that the principles

They turned Sixth and Broadway into a grand jollification center. The city, Los Angeles. The occasion, the Twentieth National Convention of The American Legion

of this great bulwark of America's freedom be implemented with realistic military and naval measures, the United States is today prepared to defend its shores against any enemy. A further step in that preparedness was demanded by the convention in a resolution that set forth:

"If an emergency threatening the territory of the United States arises we want to be so prepared on sea and land that battles for defense be fought as far from American shores as possible, so that our civilians be not subjected to bombardments from foreigners."

This eminently sound principle, that American lives be sacrificed only in defense of vital American interests, sup-

plied the keynote for the convention. At the great opening session on September 19th in the spacious Shrine Auditorium the orator of the day, United States Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, calling for a Navy "of such size that it may single-handed be a match at sea against any foreign power or combination of powers," was warmly applauded when he declared that "the American people will never tolerate an involvement in any war to settle European troubles," and that "we must courageously and tenaciously cling to the Washingtonian policy of minding our own business,

By
ALEXANDER GARDINER
and
BOYD B. STUTLER

tending to our own affairs and letting all other nations do likewise."

Speaker after speaker in the convention sessions and in the gatherings supplementing them repeated this determination of the American people to steer clear of foreign wars, and two resolutions unanimously adopted by the 1341 delegates gave direction to this impulse.

It was a great convention from every standpoint, this Los Angeles gathering, and when, near its end, it elected by

G I O N

acclamation Stephen F. Chadwick of Seattle, Washington, a wheelhorse of Legion accomplishment these many years, to succeed Daniel J. Doherty as National Commander, the delegates could look back upon a four-day session of solid accomplishment that had clearly set out the objectives of the organization for a year that gives promise of being the best in the history of the Legion. One of its important actions was to decide upon Chicago as the 1939 convention city and to fix the dates for that gathering as September 25th through 28th.

It was a harmonious gathering, this convention of 1341 men and women representing nearly a million veterans in 58 Departments and seven foreign Posts, the largest membership but one in the Legion's history. There was but one resolution offered to the convention that brought out a marked difference of opinion—that dealing with the organization's stand on Universal Service, a Legion-born and Legion-fostered proposal that has been part of our program every year



The opening session in the Shrine Auditorium. Left, National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick, Retiring National Commander Daniel J. Doherty, and Assistant Secretary James F. O'Neil surrounded by the display of state standards that follows every election of a new Legion leader



since 1922 and which will yet become the law of the land, whether in 1939 or later. By a convincing vote of 1139 to 184 the convention refused to tie up Universal Service with a "draft the wealth" scheme, choosing rather to support the Sheppard-May Bill, a measure drafted by the Legion itself and representing the fruit of seventeen years' study and effort to put into effect the principle of "equal service for all, special profits and privileges for none." All other resolutions adopted by the convention were passed unanimously or virtually so.



Retiring National Vice Commander Phil Conley with MM. Paul Boë and Georges Rivollet, officially representing the veterans of France, at the Warner Brothers' luncheon in Hollywood



One hundred and fifty thousand Legionnaires and their families, curious to know if it was true, what Past National Commander John R. Quinn and his buddies have been saying about their city and its mar-



The Warners in person, H. M. and J. L., with Retiring National Commander Doherty and Governor Frank F. Merriam of California



Maxine Conrad, left, and Judith Lee, giving a final polish to the display of gold and silver trophies which were awarded in various convention events

velous climate, made the trek to the metropolis of Southern California, and after visits ranging from a couple of days to a couple of weeks, left for home convinced that it was all just as it had been pictured. No, it didn't rain at all during the four days of the convention.

The hundred and fifty thousand came into Los Angeles by train and by plane,

by bus and by private automobile, by motorcycle and by ship—and a goodly percentage of the number were the missus and the kids, thanks probably to the allure of Hollywood and its celebrities. The kids had the time of their lives, and in the game of autograph collecting led their elders a lively chase as they garnered the signatures of Shirley Temple and Jack Benny, Adolphe Menjou and Pat O'Brien, Eddie Cantor and Bob Burns, to mention but a few of the hundred or more film celebrities who made the entertainment features of the convention memorable occasions.

The conventionnaires spent during their stay in Los Angeles some ten millions of dollars, according to Drew A. Bernard, Executive Vice President of the Convention Corporation. What they spent en route to the convention and homeward bound is anybody's guess, but the great scenic wonderland of the Grand Canyon and other National Parks and National Monuments, the tremendously



their visitors feel at home. The third time the Legion has held its annual convention in a Pacific Coast State, this Los Angeles meeting outdid in every way the gatherings at San Francisco in 1923 and Portland, Oregon, in 1932, and challenged comparison with those of New



better than New York could show. Nice going, Los Angeles!

Immediately after his election as National Commander, with the characteristic background of Department placards, and wearing the inevitable lei which the Hawaiian Department always manages to drape around the neck of the winner, Steve Chadwick told the delegates the mandates of the convention would be his orders for the coming year. He continued:

"The world has had its eyes on this convention of ours; not alone the people of our great, free republic, but the suppressed, the regimented, the driven peoples of other lands want to know the thought of the Legion upon the problem which exists in the peace of the world.

"From its inception The American Legion has pledged itself to promote peace and good will on earth. As we look upon a world of strife about us, we renew that pledge.

"We believe that a strong man, well armed, keepeth the peace, and for that reason we pledge anew the strength of the Legion to maintain the national defense of our country.

"We believe that our country can be kept from involvement in other peoples' strife and we propose out of our experience to counsel and advise the citizenry of America to the end that America will keep the peace, and by example afford to the other nations of the earth the hope that through democracy and democratic institutions the world may some day reach the goal of peace."

To serve with Commander Chadwick in the coming year the convention unani-

mously chose the following Vice Commanders: James T. Crawley of Kosciusko, Mississippi; Charles W. Crush of Christiansburg, Virginia; Edward J. Quinn of Portland, Maine; Henry C. Oakey of Osceola, Wisconsin; Earl T. Ross of Las Vegas, Nevada.

Rev. Dr. Jerome L. Fritsche of Kearney, Nebraska, was



Drum and Bugle Corps of Herbert F. Akroyd Post of Marlboro, Massachusetts, National Champions in 1933 and tops again now



The winning Color Guard—East Orange, New Jersey

elected National Chaplain, succeeding Rev. Father Frank J. Lawler.

President Roosevelt and General Pershing sent messages of greeting to the convention. The convention passed a resolution instructing the National Commander to cable the General, who is in France, the Legion's "most sincere and warmest greetings, with the best wishes of the convention for his health and happiness." General Pierre Vincensini, who was to have represented the French government at the convention, was unable to make the trip because of the troubled European situation, and the greetings of France were extended by Georges Rivollet, a former Cabinet Minister who is Secretary General of the National Confederation of Veterans and Victims of the War.

While final figures were not available as this account was written, it appeared that the 1938 American Legion National Convention Corporation of Los Angeles would wind up its affairs out of the red, a great tribute to the fine job performed by its president, John R. Quinn, and its Executive Vice President, Drew A.

Bernard, and the Convention Corporation.

IT IS not likely that any succeeding National Convention will be able to match that of Los Angeles in the sheer entertainment value provided for visiting Legionnaires and their families. While the delegates and convention committeemen were busy with the details of the Legion program the other convention visitors took advantage of the occasion to meet old buddies and make new friendships, to march in the parade and then watch the unfolding of this greatest of all American pageants, to see the drum corps finals (plus those amazing close-order movements and the fort-storming of the Legion Zouaves from Jackson, Michigan). This year there was in addition to all this a marvelous outdoor religious-patriotic service in the famous Hollywood Bowl, a review of the United States fleet at nearby San Pedro that gave a tremendous thrill to those fortunate enough to witness it, the parade of movie stars, community singing and vaudeville acts put on during Wednesday evening in the flood-lighted Coliseum, scene of the 1932 Olympic Games and one of the great stadia of America, at which Bob Hope and Eddie Cantor served as masters of ceremonies.





The Drum and Bugle Corps of Biddeford, Maine, was the senior musical organization traveling the greatest distance

Hope was pinch hitting for Joe E. Brown, who got a great hand when, telephoning from his hospital bed, he praised the Legion as "American soldiers fighting for peace," and contrasted conditions in this country and abroad.

Among the movie stars and starlets presented to the gathering were Shirley Temple, Barbara Stanwyck, Warner Baxter, Eleanor Powell, Freddie Bartholomew, Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Burns, Don Ameche, Edward G. Robinson, Jean Hersholt, Slim Summerville, Patsy Kelly, Pat O'Brien, Warren William, Melvyn Douglas, Edgar Bergen, Charles Ruggles, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, Marie Wilson, Francis Lederer, Margo, Adolphe Menjou, Bobby Breen and Mickey Rooney. Tie that for an array of talent!

The Convention Corporation had had 45,000 badges manufactured and was hoping that too many of them would not be left on its hands. It turned out that the supply was exhausted on Friday morning before the convention opened and that an additional ten thousand could have been disposed of. The badges were part of the equipment of the package available to convention registrants on the payment of a two-dollar fee. A booklet listing twenty-two attractions, many of them free and the others offering a discount from usual box office prices, was an important part of the package. Probably with an eye to the post-convention trade the two great universities in Los Angeles had arranged intersectional football games of mid-season calibre. On the night following the close of the convention the University of California at Los Angeles defeated the University of Iowa under the arc lights of the Coliseum, 27 to 3. And next day, with Legion caps and uniforms prominent in the crowd of 70,000 spectators present, the University of Alabama lowered the colors of Southern California by a score of 19 to 7. Chicago and the other cities that are to be hosts to the future National Con-

ventions have their work cut out for them if they expect to approach Los Angeles in the matter of entertainment for convention visitors.

Los Angeles, long accustomed to regard Seventh and Broadway as its busiest spot, found that Pershing Square, opposite the convention headquarters in the Biltmore Hotel and hard by the Philharmonic Auditorium where the convention assembled for its sessions after the first day, had become for Convention week the hub of the city's busy wheel. In the park the Salvation Army set up a large tent with numerous tables and chairs, and with the coöperation of numerous business firms served free doughnuts and coffee to convention visitors for the duration. The Sally grub got a great play, as may be gathered from the fact that in the five days in which it operated 85,000 doughnuts were served.

The visitors didn't confine their activities to the vicinity of Pershing Square, however. Some twenty hotels held the various Department delegations, and down at the new Union Station were trainloads of other conventionnaires. Los Angeles prides itself on the all-inclusiveness of its population, which comprises folks from all the other States as a leavening to the



The best drill team in the Legion—habitat, Newton, Massachusetts. They were last year, too



Baldwin Patterson Squadron of Des Moines, Iowa, again provided the best Sons of the Legion drum corps



native-son increment. They're a likeable people, these Angelenos, solicitous of the welfare of their guests, courteous as all get-out, and they showed they were glad to have the veterans in their midst.



Always a colorful and impressive spectacle, and never more so than in 1938: the drum and bugle corps competition in the Los Angeles Coliseum

One may doubt if any visitor whose cap proclaimed him a stranger escaped being asked concerning the whereabouts of somebody back in the old home town.

The convention visitors of course flocked to Hollywood and other centers of motion-picture production. But there were other things that vied for their interest as well. Some got a thrill out of attending Aimee Semple McPherson's Angelus Temple, some journeyed out to Pomona to see the county fair, some went deep-sea fishing. There were those who visited the marvelous Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery in adjoining San Marino, and not a few who went up Mt. Wilson to inspect the Carnegie Observatory. The San Gabriel Mission, the Busch Gardens in Pasadena, and somewhat farther afield the charming communities of San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Carmel and San Francisco saw much of the Legion cap and uniform. Not all of California's Legionnaires were able to get to Los Angeles, of course, but it was a happy idea to hold the Department Convention in nearby Santa Monica a few days ahead of the National Convention and thus make a fine showing.

THE convention parade, held as usual on Tuesday, brought out 45,000 marchers representing every Depart-



Four misses from Mississippi, and every one a drum major: Brownie Burton, Anne Ruth Green, Elaine Russell, Annie Laurie Bishop. They led the parade

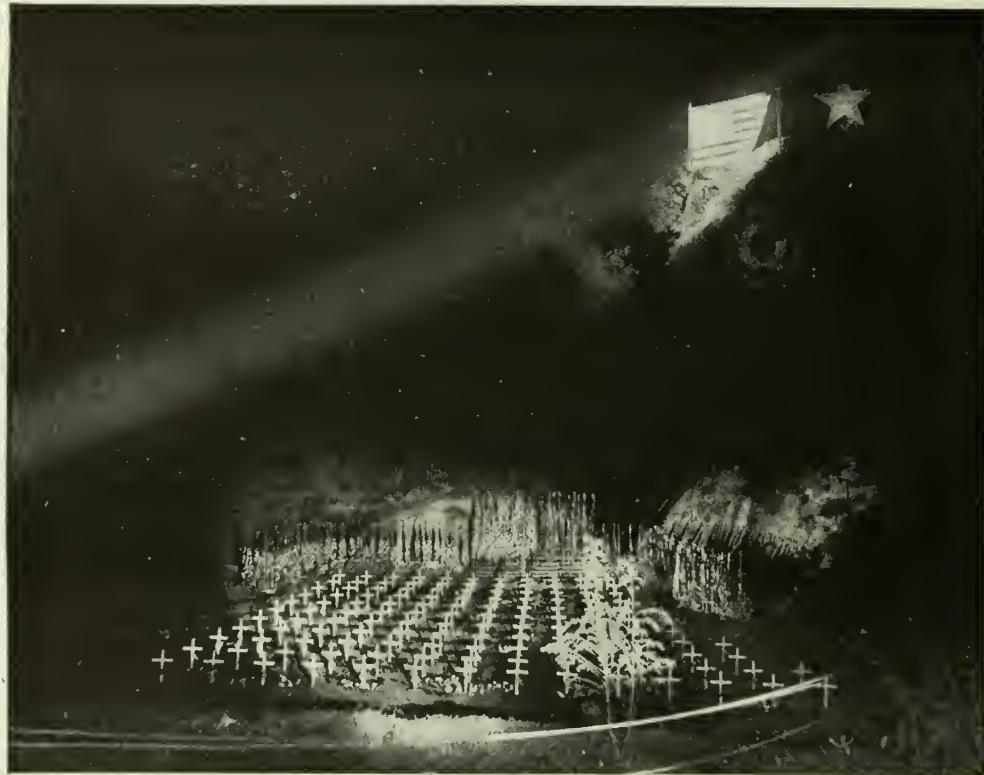
ment and the outlying Posts. There were



bands and drum corps galore, and floats displaying that infinite variety of natural resources and industrial products that marks the various States and sections of the nation and provides the theme of America on parade. Legion luck held again in the matter of weather (Los Angeles had told you you wouldn't have to worry about rain) and the marchers set out from the vicinity of 23d Street and Figueroa for the two-mile hike to the Coliseum with the thermometer at 89 degrees. A couple of hours later the day's high of 93 degrees was reached. Despite the glare in the stadium National Commander Doherty stuck it out on the reviewing stand throughout, quitting his place only to march with the

Massachusetts delegation as it came along.

A long, colorful stream, the parade filed through densely banked streets at quite a distance away from the business district. Because the Legion host doesn't like to march more than two miles and the Convention Corporation needed the revenue that was provided by the sale of seats in the Coliseum it was not possible to route the parade through downtown streets. Doubtless some of the folks downtown were disappointed, and of course the usual shower of confetti, ticker tape and the like from tall buildings was missing, but police estimated that 500,000 people along the line of



Climaxing the great memorial service in the Hollywood bowl was this dramatically moving spectacle

march viewed the proceedings and inside the Coliseum, where each delegation ended its march, there were at times between sixty and seventy thousand spectators. As the head of each Department delegation passed the reviewing stand its Commander came back to stand with the National Commander while his buddies marched past. Mrs. Malcolm Douglas, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, also reviewed the parade, standing with the National Commander.

Legionnaire Ellis C. Vander Pyl of Cleveland, whose illuminating comment on the Cleveland and New York parades helped spectators understand what it was all about, used the Coliseum's public address system to acquaint the people inside with the outstanding personalities in the various Department sections as they filed past. As in previous years he did a great job.

Mississippi was again the first of the large Departments in the parade, on the basis of membership attainments.



Other Departments followed on the same basis, California as the guest Department being the only exception—following an old Legion custom it marched last in the parade. The crowd all along the line had a hand for the celebrities, especially for Legionnaire Mayor LaGuardia of New York, who seemed to be enjoying himself despite the strenuous round of speaking engagements to which he had been subjected in the preceding days. The Mayor had received the Legion's plaque on behalf of his city at the hands of John Quinn the day before, again in conformance with a pleasant

Legion custom of honoring the host city of the preceding convention, and had taken in good part the witty shafts of Jack Benny at the National Commander's dinner to distinguished guests on Monday evening. Later in the week he found himself called upon to give some advice to Judge Fletcher Bowron, who through the workings of a recall election held the Friday before the convention opened found he had been elected

Mayor of Los Angeles. The New York mayor told his Legionnaire buddy the way to make democracy work in a big city was to take control of city commissions away from the politicians and to keep gambling rings and other forces of evil on the run through frequent raids.

The final session of the convention was saddened by news of the death of Major General Oscar Westover, chief of the nation's Army Air Corps, who with his sergeant-observer was burned to death when their plane crashed at Burbank, California, a few hours after the General had directed a mass flight of army planes as a part of the convention parade. The Legion adopted resolutions of condolence on General Westover's death and on that of Addison L. Spenny, Department Adjutant of Wyoming, who passed away while in attendance at the convention.



The fleet held open house—Legionnaires under the big guns of the battle cruiser New Orleans in Los Angeles Harbor

Taking cognizance of newspaper reports that the German government is registering its citizens in foreign countries at German consulates in those countries, the convention passed a resolution, amid great applause, petitioning Congress "to take appropriate action to procure for the records of the United States Government copies of all such consulate registrations of all aliens now in this country, and that the Congress be petitioned to have the names, addresses, finger-print records and occupations of all such aliens registered and placed in the public registry in their respective communities."

Other important convention resolutions:

Called for an increase in the size of the Regular Army, a Navy second to



none, establishment and improvement of the Alaska-Hawaii line of defense, and the putting into effect of the Protective Mobilization Plan.

Reaffirmed 1935 and 1936 Convention resolutions providing for keeping the United States free from any alliance that might draw this country into war.

Asked amendment of immigration laws so that admission to the United States be denied nationals of any country that refuses to accept undesirables of that nation when deported from the United States.

Sought passage of a law which would totally restrict immigration on all our borders for a period of at least ten years.

Called for deportation of all aliens who do not apply for United States citizenship within one year of the time they become eligible to that privilege.

Reaffirmed "bitter opposition to Communism, Fascism, Nazism and any or all like forces and organizations that seek to destroy our form of government."

Pledged the organization to combat more forcibly all un-American propaganda, activities and influences in the nation.

Asked that preference in employment be given citizens over aliens by industry and by governmental agencies—local, state and Federal.

Called for increase in quota of World War veterans in the Civilian Conservation Corps from 35,000 to 50,000.

Expressed opposition to the proposed Ludlow amendment to the Constitution or "any change in the present method as

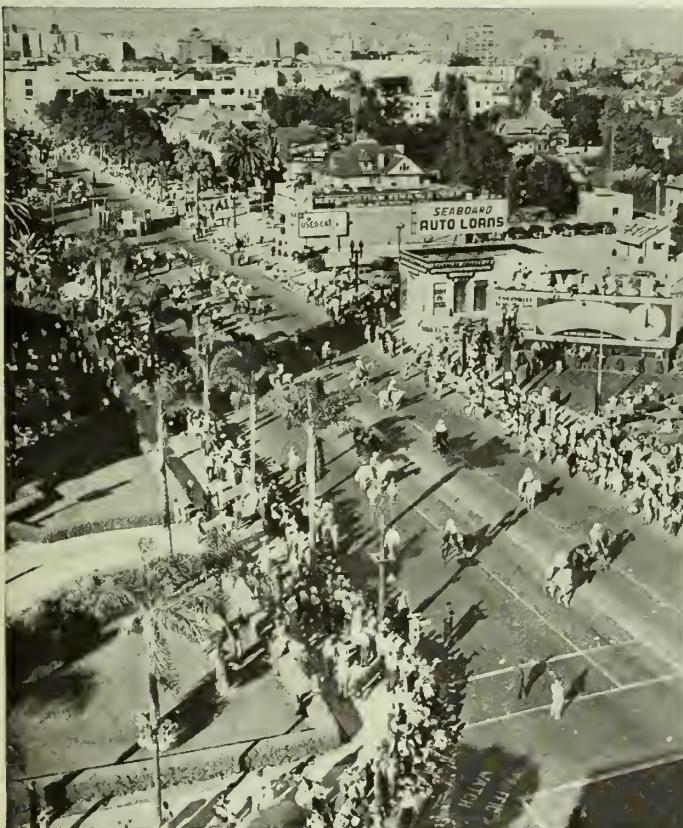
the Dies Congressional investigation into un-American movements and asked Congress for an appropriation so that the committee's work may be continued.

AS USUAL, the drum corps contests took up an entire day, the first of the Convention's four. Early Monday morning, before ever the convention had been called to order, the various corps were going through a seven-minute work-out to determine which twelve of the thirty-seven competing should move into the finals, which got under way under the arc lights of the Coliseum at 7:30 that evening.

Herbert F. Akroyd Post of Marlboro, Massachusetts, National Champions in



Just a bit of the best Legion band—
Zane Irwin Post's, San Francisco



The thermometer went to 93 (most unusual!) but the parade marched on and on and on

provided in the Constitution of the United States relative to the declaration of war."

Asked revision of the immigration laws so that any alien who shall be convicted of a felony in any court in the United States shall be immediately deported.

Demanded immediate trial and deportation of Harry Bridges, West Coast communist, "and like undesirable aliens."

Commended

1933, took first place, receiving the Russell G. Creviston Trophy, the Miami Trophy and a cash prize of \$1250, with a score of 96.25. In second place came Commonwealth Edison Post's corps, the Chicagoans scoring 95.65 and taking home a cash prize of \$700. Morristown, New Jersey, placed third with 95.55, good for \$350 in cash. Two corps divided fourth-place prize of \$100 in cash; East Orange, New Jersey, and Anderson-Dunn-Kochiss Post's corps of Stratford, Connecticut, each scoring 95.45. Behind these in order came Henry Houston, 2d, Post of Philadelphia, 95.35; Harvey Seeds Post, Miami, 95.25; Manhattan Post, New York City, 95.15; Police Post, of Chicago, 94.30; Massillon, Ohio, 93.80; Philip Tighe Post, Biddeford, Maine, 93.40, and Riverside, California, 91.50.

Under the convention competition rules, the colorful San Gabriel corps, National Champions in the 1935 and 1937 competitions, was unable to defend its laurels, since San Gabriel is within the borders of Los Angeles County, the host to the convention. Next year San Gabriel will be back in competition, and this year's second place outfit will be ineligible if the present rules remain in force.

The Lemuel Bolles Trophy, annually



The new National Vice Commanders: James T. Crawley of Mississippi, Earl T. Ross of Nevada, Charles W. Crush of Virginia, Edward J. Quinn of Maine, Henry C. Oakey of Wisconsin

awarded to the band adjudged best in competition at the convention, was won by Zane Irwin Post of San Francisco. Canton, Ohio, was second, New Orleans third, Alameda, California, fourth. First prize in the Color Guard competition for the Glen R. Hillis Trophy went to the East Orange, New Jersey, guard, and the Cleveland National Convention Trophy, for the best Sons of the Legion drum corps, was again won by Baldwin Patterson Squadron of Des Moines, Iowa.

Other prizes awarded during the convention were:

Membership: Franklin D'Olier Trophy, Arizona; Hanford MacNider Trophy, Wisconsin; Alvin M. Owsley Trophy, Wisconsin; John G. Emery Trophy, Wisconsin; General Henri Gouraud Trophy, Wisconsin; North Carolina Trophy, Puerto Rico; O. L. Bodenhamer Trophy, Mississippi; Henry L. Stevens, Jr., Trophy, Wisconsin.

Milton J. Foreman Trophy for Boys' and Girls' Work, California.

Howard P. Savage Trophy for Junior Baseball, California (San Diego Post, whose team members are the 1938 World's Junior Champions.)

Dan Sowers Junior Baseball Trophy, New Mexico.

Ralph T. O'Neil Education Trophy, Pennsylvania.

Paul V. McNutt National Postal Rifle Match Trophy, Akron (Ohio) Post.

Milton J. Foreman Rifle Trophy, California.

Sons of The American Legion Rifle Team Trophy, Hill Emery Squadron, Quincy, Illinois.

Frederick W. Galbraith Trophy for greatest aggregate travel mileage to National Convention, Massachusetts (8,700,000 miles).

Frank N. Belgrano Trophy for service to Boy Scouts, California.

FROM all the four corners of America, from all the country in between, and from the far-flung outposts of the Legion in lands beyond the seas—in both directions—Legionnaires heard the call of sunny California. Never before in any Na-



The National Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Jerome L. Fritsche of Nebraska

national Convention city, it can be safely said, was there such a great advance

movement. Wave upon wave of convention-bound men, women and youngsters flowed into and around Los Angeles a full week before the annual national meeting was scheduled to open, shattering all records for early registration. In fact, as has been mentioned, this advance guard so beset the registration sections that by Friday morning—three full days before the official opening—the registration desks folded up. There were no more convention badges, no more books of tickets to dozens of headliner events. It was a complete box-office sell-out.



Old greets new as another Forty and Eight year begins: Retiring Chef de Chemin de Fer Fred G. Fraser of Washington, D. C., and his successor, James O. Sheppard of South Carolina

Even on Friday the entire city boiled and bubbled with Legionnaires of all sizes and ages, ranking from generals down to acting file-closers. Smartly uniformed bands and drum and bugle corps paraded the streets. Weird vehicles, 40-and-8 locomotives, clown bands and impromptu parades of one kind or another assembled in the downtown areas and with the aid of volunteer traffic cops, so completely tied up the streets that the police abandoned all efforts to regulate the flow. Thousands of Angelenos entered into the spirit of the occasion, cheered the invading army of Legionnaires and lent assistance in the occupation of (in square miles) the largest city in the world.

Much water has laved the shores of the Los Angeles River since that day in September, 1781, when the fourth Spanish Governor of California officially took over a little (Continued on page 50)

ONE ISM, and ONE ALONE

TWENTY years after those days which preceded the Armistice of 1918, one hundred thousand veterans of the World War gathered at Los Angeles in and around our American Legion convention. The heralded California sun outdid itself. Bugles blared, the bands played and The American Legion, a body of men in the prime of life, through its duly accredited delegates, adopted a program for the ensuing year.

No major policy of the Legion was changed. Mandates were adopted which are my orders as your National Commander to carry out during the Legion year.

Let us first appraise ourselves. Who are we? We are an army of a million men and women, serving in peace as we served in war. Whatever our education might have been, we have been the beneficiaries of a great experience—service in what we hoped might have been the last war.

We met in Los Angeles at a time when strife was all about us, and yet soberly and sincerely we declared our great American purposes.

First we reaffirmed our position that our disabled comrades of the World War will continue to be our first concern. Nor will we neglect the dependents of those of our comrades who have gone before, nor overlook their children who seek and are entitled to an education and the preservation of a land of equal opportunity.

We expressed ourselves upon the "isms" which beset our land, believing as we do that the time has come when as Americans we should abandon the thought of a defensive course with reference to those who would establish a totalitarian state or a class government within our country, and step out with an offensive which will make the privilege of being an American citizen the most highly respected privilege that can be obtained by a free man. Our objective is to have America know itself and to have Americans be jealous of the liberties which they enjoy.

There are too many in our land who have never caught the true spirit of Americanism, venal fomenters of class hatred and destruction. They are the enemies not alone of the people of today, but of the heritage of our children. As to them the Legion has accepted the challenge and will pull no punches in exposing and bringing to public notice those individuals and organizations which



The National Commander

seek to overthrow our democratic form of government and set up some form of dictatorship spawned on foreign soil.

We have reaffirmed our position that we will not tell any citizen how he should think, but we want him to think and to the end that at least our children may think, we will exert our energies that each child shall have the benefit of an American education, uncontaminated by instructors who fail to realize or appreciate the genius of our government.

The Legion would in no sense abridge free speech or independence of thought, but in this convention we have declared limits beyond which freedom of speech should not go. No individual and no group of individuals have the right in a democracy to counsel strife and violence as a means of settling our public problems.

Toward those beyond our shores, we have redeclared our desire to see a world at peace, but until they can see the way of life as we see it, we have redeclared that America shall have a national defense capable of meeting any enemy or any emergency. We hope that our country can be kept from involvement in the strife and war that today beset some of the nations of earth and, like an uncontrolled fire, promise to spread to others.

We are men of experience in the way of war, and we propose to counsel and advise the citizenry of America to the end that America shall keep the honorable peace and by example afford to the other nations of earth the hope that through democracy and democratic institutions the world may some day reach the goal of permanent and enduring peace.

The Legion marches on. This should be a year of service to America and American ideals. Let us be sure first that we understand them, and then preach and teach them to the people of America with a militant faith. The command is "forward" to this objective.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

STEPHEN F. CHADWICK

National Commander

The American Legion

The WOMAN WHO COULD'NT COME HOME

By Jerome Beatty



WHEN the steamer *Finland* sailed for France with a cargo of soldiers in 1917, young and dimpled Alice G. Carr of Yellow Springs, Ohio, was one of 65 spick, span and spunky nurses on board. On that day there was no reason for her to suppose that her job would last beyond the duration of the war; when Our Side won she would, of course, come home. That was 21 years ago. Miss Carr has not come home yet.

After the war the jobs to be done were more pressing than ever before. They kept her busy for 21 years—helping people crushed by conflict, nursing the sick, stopping epidemics, feeding and clothing the paupers. She has worked in France, Poland, Serbia, Czechoslovakia, Smyrna, Mesopotamia and Syria, under the auspices of the American Red Cross, the Near East Relief and Near East Foundation. She was one of four American nurses sent to Greece in 1922, when 1,400,000 starving refugees staggered into that little

Types of the Greek and Armenian refugees who started Nurse Alice G. Carr of Ohio on a job that has kept her across the ocean since 1917

country to escape the Turks and flaming Smyrna. She has been helping those refugees ever since.

It would be hard to estimate the "success" of Miss Carr's incredible career. True, Ohio State University and Antioch College, her alma mater, have awarded her honorary degrees because she is one of Ohio's first citizens; the Greek government has given her the Order of the Commander of St. George because she is the most amazing woman they ever saw. But her achievements cannot be estimated in degrees or medals; they are recorded in terms of lives saved, diseases conquered, plague spots permanently abolished.

After the war, when the Turks drove more than a million Greek settlers out

of Asia Minor, refugees streamed into Greece in hundreds of thousands. Athens was a helpless mass of sick and hungry people, living in doorways, theaters, churches, barns. The poverty, disease and lack of housing were appalling. Aided by the League of Nations, Greece slowly began to provide. But her resources were limited; even today she is stretching to spend \$11,000,000 a year on public health. Were it not for Greeks in the United States, who last year sent \$25,000,000, the country would be in terrific want. Slowly the work went ahead—but it needed somebody to be the "spark plug."

Miss Carr rolled up her sleeves. She demonstrated that except in emergency the best thing you can give the unfortunate Greek is not money, but knowledge—teach him how to keep well, and how to earn a better living. The keynote of her work, and that of the Near East Foundation which has financed some of her crusades, is: (Continued on page 46)

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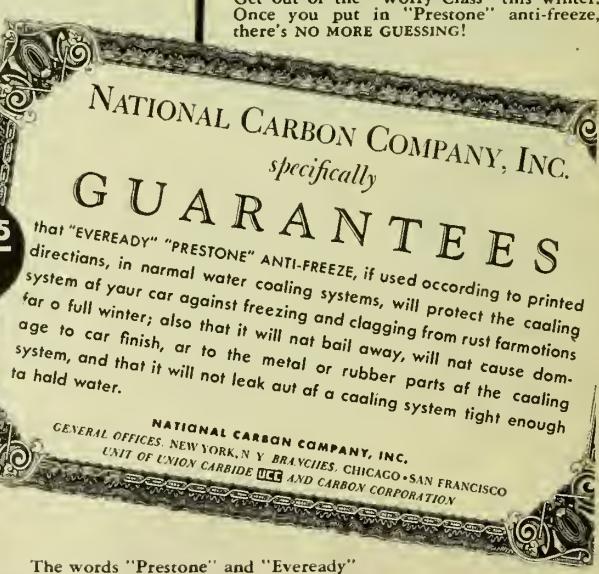
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"A RIGHTEOUS MAN WELL ARMED"

By **ADMIRAL WILLIAM D. LEAHY**
UNITED STATES NAVY
Chief of Naval Operations

THE United States Navy, throughout its history, by supporting the national policies and protecting the shores of our country, has contributed much toward the growth of the United States and to its present high position in the world of nations.

The Navy commenced in 1915 to prepare for the eventuality of entry into the World War. A policy was announced by our Government to the effect that the United States should possess a Navy equal to that of any other power. Since that time international agreements among the principal naval powers have accorded world recognition to the right of the United States to primary strength in naval force. Through various changes of political administrations since that time, the Government, with the backing of the people, has strictly adhered to the doctrine of naval parity, although funds to carry out this principle were not always provided.

With the "second to none" naval policy, the United States commenced to build during the war years, and by 1922 we had the strongest navy in the world, a force of 433 combatant ships built and building. Then in the greatest gesture ever made by a nation to the cause of peace, we agreed to scrap 755,380 tons of ships. In 1930, as a result of the London Treaty, we lost 173,400 tons by agreeing to a further reduction, thereby making a total loss of 928,780 tons.

Our primary reason for this sacrifice of superior naval strength was to secure agreement in the formulation of treaties intended to prevent war. All of this sacrifice had no useful result. At the present time, with the world in a condition of chaos, some foreign nations have disregarded all the principles of limitation of armaments, and are engaged in an extraordinary program of production of war material both naval and military.

America is forced to meet these foreign increases ship for ship and gun for gun

peace. We seem to have shown throughout an attitude of generosity that has so far produced no good result.

America does not want again to pay the appalling human cost of war, nor does it want to chance the economic breakdown and political upheaval that is possible in the process of a major war in this machine age. We desire only security—a positive adequate defense which will cause any other nation or nations to think seriously before attacking.

Our daily papers and magazines are full of reports of wars and near wars. The destruction by bombing of innocent civilian men, women, and children, is of so frequent occurrence as to hold but scant attention. The specter of hunger, disease and wholesale destruction strides over great areas of the earth. This plague of death must not cross the frontiers of America.

There are also our fundamental commercial and national policies which need protection. Among these is the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. We have trade policies upon which much of the profit of American industry and agriculture depend. We have our system of government, a free press, religious liberty, and American ideals for which our forefathers prayed, worked, fought, and which they firmly established. These we must preserve, and only adequate defense will preserve them.

Congress has authorized this year a twenty percent increase in the size of the Navy previously authorized. This, of course, does not mean that appropriations have all been made, but the authorized increase will start us on the way to a Navy that may be reasonably capable of insuring national integrity, guarding the continental United States and overseas possessions, and providing protection to our citizens abroad, at least to the extent of providing safe and speedy evacuation to places of safety.

To expect that modern diplomacy will safeguard the *(Continued on page 64)*



ADMIRAL LEAHY

in order to provide against the possibility of attack by aliens professing what seem to us strange philosophies of government.

We have tried disarmament by treaty, by not building up to treaty strength, and by what may be termed "disarmament by example." We took the lead in the initiation of the Kellogg Pact, based on the renunciation of war as a national policy. We have scrupulously observed our treaty agreements and have kept the

OCTOBER 27th
NAVY DAY

Yours to

By

JOHN J. NOLL

WITH a membership that had soared to unprecedented figures, with a resultant increase in prestige and power and with an advancement in the scope of its vast program for veterans and their dependents and for its country, The American Legion Auxiliary, under the leadership of National President Mrs. Malcolm Douglas of Seattle, Washington, assembled in Los Angeles in late September for its Eighteenth Annual National Convention. Gathered in the interest of carrying to ever greater heights the largest patriotic organization of women in the world, almost 800 delegates and a like number of alternates, representing the 52 Departments of the Auxiliary, met in Trinity Auditorium in the City of the Angels, while thousands of their fellow members came to watch the proceedings and to enjoy the varied program of entertainment which had been provided by the host city.

Following a concert by the Alfred William Leach Post Band of Olympia,

Washington, the official musical organization of the National President, for the several thousand delegates and visitors, including a few mere Legionnaires, who packed the auditorium, the National officers of the Auxiliary were escorted to the platform by pages of the 52 Departments proudly bearing aloft the Star-Spangled Banner and Department colors of their respective Departments on the opening day. The processional served as an honor escort to the National President, who throughout the proceedings of the three

Mrs. James Morris of Bismarck, North Dakota, new National President of The American Legion Auxiliary. Below, the National Vice-Presidents: Mrs. T. K. Rinaker of Illinois, Mrs. William H. Detweiler of Idaho, Mrs. A. G. Porter of North Dakota, Mrs. George F. Bamford of Maryland, Mrs. P. I. Dickson of Georgia



Command

official sessions presided with a grace and charm that brought expressions of admiration from all who were privileged to attend. Not even the too-refulgent sun of Sunny California—the intense heat was most unusual, I was told—slackened the pace with which the business of the convention was conducted.

The opening session on Monday after-

of business and social activities for the women of the Auxiliary. As early as Saturday, standing national committees and convention committees—some sixteen in all—had held preliminary meetings to outline programs and make recommendations for the consideration of the convention. A meeting of the retiring National Executive Committee and a

Appreciating the unsettled conditions in many parts of the world, peace was the theme of the speeches of the distinguished guests who addressed the 700 Auxiliaries and Legionnaires who were present, as indeed it proved to be the motif in most of the deliberations of the Legion and Auxiliary. Mrs. Blackburn introduced Mrs. Douglas, National President, Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson, Past International President of Fidac Auxiliary, National Commander Doherty of the Legion and M. Raoul Duval, Vice-Consul of France, all of whose pleas were that the Legion and the Auxiliary exert the might of their combined membership of a million and a half toward the maintenance of peace. The meeting rose to patriotic heights during the singing of "La Marseillaise" by Joseph Costamagno and of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by Miss Virginia Card.

Following additional committee meetings on Sunday afternoon, thousands of the Auxiliary officials and guests journeyed to Hollywood Bowl to participate with the Legion in impressive memorial services held under the stars. But even that ceremony did not spell day's end for some of these energetic women. Late in the evening the Department Secretaries repaired to the Trocadero Club, gathering place of movie notables, for their annual supper, of which Mrs. Ethel M. Flynn of California was chairman and hostess, while the Past President's Parley meeting and supper was being held simultaneously under the chairmanship of Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., Past National President, in the Floren-



The new National Commander of the Legion, Stephen F. Chadwick, and the new National President of the Auxiliary, Mrs. James Morris, exchange congratulations and greetings on the Legion convention platform

noon followed the joint opening session of the Legion and the Auxiliary in Shrine Auditorium where Mrs. Douglas voiced a plea for faith in the nation's democratic institutions and pledged the continued co-operation of the almost half-million women of the Auxiliary in the program of the Legion. The opening session actually represented the third full day

conference of Department Presidents took place on Sunday morning, followed closely by the Fidac Breakfast, presided over by Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, Past National President, who was completing her second consecutive term as American Vice President of Fidac Auxiliary.





Don E. Gilman, Vice President in charge of the Western Division of NBC, accepts from Mrs. William H. Corwith, National Radio Chairman, the Auxiliary's annual Radio Award for the year's best program, America's Town Meeting of the Air

tine Room of the Roosevelt Hotel in the film capital.

On Monday, following the processional at the Auxiliary's opening session, the National President, Mrs. Douglas, called the convention to order, the National Colors were advanced, Mrs. Ernest G. Rarey, National Americanism Chairman, led the pledge of allegiance to the Flag, Mario Chamlee, World War veteran and grand opera star, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the invocation was said by Mrs. Allan S. Hathaway, National Chaplain. Greetings were extended on behalf of California by Mrs. Max Ellison, Department President of that State, and then the woman upon whose shoulders lay the burden of making the convention the complete success it proved to be, Mrs. Charles Decker, introduced the numerous chairmen of her National Convention Committee.

Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell, National Secretary, submitted her report outlining the multifarious duties of the National Headquarters over which she presides during the National President's

absences. She applauded the fact that the Auxiliary continued its progress and expansion notwithstanding the general



Mrs. Malcolm Douglas, retiring National President, bestows upon her successor, Mrs. James Morris, the badge of the highest office in The American Legion Auxiliary



business and industrial recession during the past year. The report of the National Treasurer, Mrs. Cecelia Wenz, indicated that the finances of the national organization were in their customary splendid condition. That Department organizations are becoming history conscious was reported by Mrs. Eva M. Sherburne, National Historian, who advised the convention that four Departments have a

100 percent record of their Unit histories on file while other Departments are showing an increasing interest in compiling historical records.

The serious deliberations at the several sessions were interrupted from time to time by music contributed by the championship musical organizations of the Auxiliary. In the Annual National Music Contest, presided over by Mrs. Charles Tucker of Kansas, National Chairman, the trio of Hot Springs (Arkansas) Unit won the championship for the third consecutive year, while the Glee Club of the Alameda (California) Unit placed first in that classification and the quartette of the same Unit won the top honor among the quartettes.

With Mrs. Louis J. Lemstra, Vice-President of the Central Division, in the chair, Mrs. Douglas submitted her report, reviewing in a concise manner the work of the 461,000 women of the Auxiliary during the past year under her leadership. She said: "As never before, such an organization as ours is needed by America today. Our task is to direct the great strength of the Auxiliary toward the most effective service to our country. . . . Through the devotion of its members, through their enthusiastic energy, and often through their personal sacrifices, the Auxiliary has reached inspiring success in all of its undertakings . . . To these

members, the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of World War veterans, and women who themselves were enlisted in war service, serving faithfully in their local Units, belongs the credit for the truly great achievements of the organization this year." The report was broadcast throughout the nation.

Presented to the convention by the National Presi- (Continued on page 65)

WHAT WAS AT STAKE

THREE is an old story of a towerman who was a key witness in a wreck involving two trains in head-on collision. "What," he was asked, "went through your mind when you saw No. 81 and No. 74 dashing toward each other on the same track?"

"Well," said the towerman, "I just looked and thought to myself, 'What a hell of a way to run a railroad!'"

There are millions of men the world over, and particularly in America, who will say to themselves this November Eleventh as they gaze on the now too familiar spectacle of a world in torment: "What a hell of a time to celebrate an armistice!"

And the now too familiar questions will again be debated, "Did we do right to get into the World War? Could the world have been any worse off if we had stayed out?" And there will be many a No in answer.

With those dolefully negative answers this magazine cannot agree.

The No-men make the issue too complicated. They ignore the fundamental reason for our entry into the war. We went in to save our country, and we saved it.

GRANTED that in going in we did not achieve the high ideal of making the world safe for democracy. We at least made America safe for democracy. How petty our own little family differences of today seem and are alongside the woes of an embattled and embittered world!

Eleven years ago, when the tenth anniversary of America's entry into the war fell, this magazine asked the late Newton D. Baker, wartime Secretary of War, to prepare an article on "Why We Went to War." Secretary Baker graciously did so—and the result remains an important document in the record of America's war participation.

A few statements in that article are highly pertinent in this era of doubt and turmoil. Said Mr. Baker:

We could permit ourselves to be blockaded by a threat and terrorized into a surrender of our national rights or we could defend them. There was no propaganda about this. Nobody debated whether the French and the British needed our help or ought to have it. Not a moment's consideration was given to the rescuing or anybody else's cause. The situation, though tragic, had at least the merit of simplicity. A nation with which we were at peace had blockaded our ports and ordered us, at the peril of the lives of our people, to give up a right so elemental and so unquestioned that, with it surrendered, nothing in principle remained to save us from vassalage to a foreign power.

In these great matters, the implications are more important than the facts. All that America means to us and has meant since 1776 was at stake in this denial of our rights, and it was for this reason that the country responded with enthusiasm to the call of Congress and the President.

These principles were the articles of the great faith which sustained us. Those who sacrificed their time, strength and substance, perhaps, did not argue it all out. Those who gave their lives may have had but an inexplicit consciousness of the thing at stake. Yet in the last analysis, those who died in France died for the same great cause as those who fell at Brandywine. Spiritually it was the guns of Bunker Hill and Yorktown that answered and overcame the torpedo of the submarine.

Our enthusiasm was not only great, but pure. The catchwords and slogans which were on our lips told of a great desire to make America "the servant in the house" to the peoples of the world. The slowness with which the fruits of great sacrifice sometimes mature may lead us to questions, in these unripe days, whether after all we did accomplish what we set out to do. Only time can answer that question fully, but we deserved to succeed. And to this extent we have succeeded. The institutions which our fathers left us are still in our hands and we are without a guardian and without a master. And there are no wedges of gold to be found under the floors of our tent.

THAT clear statement answered the doubters of eleven years ago. It answers the doubters of today.

\$1500 PRIZE CONTEST FOR LEGIONNAIRES

THE American Legion Magazine announces a \$1500 prize contest for short stories and articles to be conducted exclusively among men and women, members of The American Legion, who have not previously been represented in these pages. (This restriction does not, however, exclude those who won prizes in any of the three Big Moments contests which this magazine has conducted in previous years, or those whose contributions have appeared in the Keeping Step or Then and Now departments.)

Short stories and articles will be handled on an identical basis. The only distinction between the two to be observed will be that of length; stories may run as long as 3000 words, articles no more than 2000.

For the best short story or article submitted in this contest (which will close January 16, 1939) this magazine will pay \$500.

For the next best, \$300.

For the next best, \$200.

For the five next best, \$100 each.

This magazine reserves the right to buy any other manuscripts which are suitable for publication at \$50 each.

Take your time. This preliminary notice is by way of warning only, and contestants will gain nothing by submitting their manuscripts immediately. Simply remember the deadline—manuscripts must reach the editorial offices of the magazine not later than Monday, January 16, 1939.

The editors of the magazine will be the judges in this contest, and their decision will be final. Employes of the magazine and of the national Legion organization will not be eligible to compete.

It will be impossible for the staff to enter into correspondence regarding manuscripts entered in the contest.

Address your contribution PRIZE CONTEST, THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE, 15 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

Reprinted, with Embellishments. From

By Wallgren

The Official
Newspaper
of the A. E. F.

By and For
the Soldiers
of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

PRICE: 50 CENTIMES.

UNITED STATES, 10 CENTS.
GREAT BRITAIN, SIXPENCE

"TWENTY YEARS AFTER"

THE FIRST
REUNION OF
PUNKVILLE'S
A.E.F. VETERANS

REMEMBER TH'
TIME I GOT THIS
MEDAL (HEM) FOR
CAPTURIN' THAT
DUTCHIE IN BWAH
DE BOLOGNIE?

-AND IM PROUD TUH
SAY YUH SURE DONE
WHAT I KNEW
YUH COULD DO!
NOW THE TOP SARGHAT
WILL NOW READ
TH' ROLL!

I'LL BET HE GETS
IT ALL BALLED UP
AS USUAL AFTER
ALL THE TIME
I SPENT ON
IT!

QU-EST-CE-VOUS
FAITES MAINTENANT?
OH 'SCUSE ME
'SUNNY', I CAN'T
GIT OUTA TH'
HABIT O' PARTLYIN'
FRENCH!

GOSH YOU
LOOK FUNNY
WITHOUT YER
UNIFORM,
FRANK-
GOSH DARN
THIS ITCH!

YEH?
REMEMBER
TH' SWELL
CRAP GAMES
WE USETER
HAVE UP AROUND
SHADDO TEERY

SIR?
I MEAN
WOT TH'
HELL DO
YOU WANT?

HE ALWAYS
DOES
GOT A
SMOKE
ON YOU
BUCK? I
FORGOT TO
BRING MINE!

FALL IN!
-UH-(KAW
HOOH)
I MEAN
TENTH
MEN!

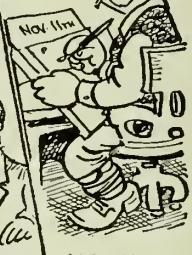
COMPANY
CLERK

THESE
DRY PARTIES
MAKE YUH
AWFUL
THOISTY-
DON'T THEY
CHAP?

OCH, DAS
MACHTS GAR
NIGHTS AUS
IN COBLENZ
PARLIETTEN
WIR AULES!

Twenty years
from now...
I wonder??

PARIS,
1918



LIS, THEN...
("HANSOM
YOUNG
SWEDISH
MARINE")

THE SAME
VETERANS
20 YEARS
LATER.

DID I TELL YUH
HOW I WON THIS
MEDAL FOR KILLIN'
TWENTY DUTCHIES
IN THE BWAR
DE BOLOGNIE?

AND IM PROUD TUH
SAY YUH SURE DONE
WHAT I KNEW WE
COULD DO!- NOW
THE FIRST SARGHAT
WILL NOW CALL
TH' ROLL!

GOOD HEVINGS,
HE'S TRYIN' TO
READ IT UPSIDE DOWN
SAME AS HE DID THAT
NIGHT ON THE
ARGONNE!

YOU KNOW I HAVENT
HAD A DRINK SINCE
I LEFT ST. NAZAIRE-
I GOT OUTA TH' HABIT
WHILE THE COUNTRY
WAS DRY!

WELL I'M
GLAD EVERY
BODY AINT
THAT WAY-
IT WOULD
BE BAD
FOR MY
BUSINESS

We
Weren't
so far
off at
that, was
we???

NOVEMBER
1938

DON'T TH'
OLD UNIFORMS
LOOK FUNNY
NOW, FRANK?
DARN- MY ITCH
IS COMIN' BACK
AGAIN!

I'LL TOSS
YOU FOR
WHAT'S LEFT
OF THAT
BOTTLE,
OF REIMS

HYAH
LOOTENANT-
SMOKE THIS AND
TAKE YER MIND OFF
YER HADDER-
DAGHERY, SHOP

CH, THANK
YOU-SIR-
I WAS
JUST WISHY-
FOR A CIGAR-
I LEFT MINE
IN MY OTHER
CLOTHES!

YESSIR-
FALL IN!
RIGHT
DRESS-
TENTION!

I FEEL
SO OUTA
PLACE I
DO!

'RAY FOR
THE BATTLE
OF VANG
ROUGE N',
COGNAC P.
WHEE!

WELL I'M
GLAD EVERY
BODY AINT
THAT WAY-
IT WOULD
BE BAD
FOR MY
BUSINESS

(FLESH
COLOR)

NOVEMBER
1938

SO HE'S
STILL GOT
IT
HE'S
WEARING A
TAILOR MADE
THAT HAVNT
BEEN PAID
FOR YET

BUT - WE HESITATE TO
DO A 20 YEARS AFTER
"20 YEARS AFTER" ... WE
LOOKED FORWARD THEN -
TODAY WE LOOK
BACKWARD - TO
ARMISTICE DAY,

20 YEARS
AGO..

HE WISHES
THEY'D START
ANOTHER NICE
WAR SO HE
COULD WEAR
HIS SAM BROWNE

HE WISHES
HE'D WORN
HIS UNIFORM
EVEN IF IT
DOESN'T FIT.

THE TERRIBLE
STRAIN OF
BEING A TOP
HAS TOLD ON
THE OLD,
BOY.

HE GAINS
A NEW
MEDAL
AND SERVICE
STRAPS AT
EACH
REUNION

ALL THE
FRENCH
HE KNOWS
HE CAN
SPRECKEN
IS
"COMBEN?"
"GESPUND-
HEIT!"

Imagine!!?

I STILL don't
believe it!!

Where in heck will
we be twenty years
from now???

Pushin' up th' daisies..
Pushin' up th' day.

S zees .. dt v:



US, NOW - (FAIR, FAT, AND 46)

1938

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

LEGIONNAIRE Richard S. Jones, of Washington, D. C., tells about a colored man who was resting in jail under sentence of capital punishment. A friend in the next cell advised him that his former employer had been elected governor of the State and might listen to an appeal for commutation of sentence. The doomed man cogitated a while about whether or not it would be proper for him to disturb his old boss about a purely personal matter, and delayed indicting his plea. As time advanced relentlessly his friend renewed the suggestion. Finally he took pen in hand and composed the following:

"Dear Boss: I hates to bother you all about this, but they's fixin' to hang me on Friday, and here 'tis Tuesday."

NEAR the entrance of a hotel at the Los Angeles National Convention a newsboy and a Legionnaire stood watching another Legionnaire go around and around in a revolving door. Finally the newsboy asked:

"What's the matter? Do you reckon he's cuckoo?"

"No, sonny," replied the Legionnaire, "that's our absent-minded Department Adjutant and he has forgotten whether he wants to go in or come out."

LEGIONNAIRE Robbin Kirby, of Charlotte, North Carolina, is telling one about a little girl who didn't want to go to bed at the scheduled hour and was exercising her wits to be allowed to remain up.

"Grandmother, please tell me another story," she asked.

"No, darling, not another one tonight."

"Well then, Grandmother, if you won't tell me another story just tell me about your operation."

THE Lions Club of Grand Forks, North Dakota, entertained members of the Nebraska State Champion Legion Junior Baseball Team, which had just won the regional title from Wyoming and South Dakota. After the luncheon had been served and the speech-making part of the program came around, the President of the club introduced Team Captain Bob Williams for a talk. Bob captured his audience with the following speech:

"Gentlemen: I took a course in public speaking at Lincoln High School, and I think it is a darn good course. I thank you, gentlemen."

DAN O. ROOT, of Ross Neilon Post, Yreka, California, recalls a story current in the days when changing automobile tires was a speculative performance depending more or less on accidentally using the right touch. A motorist was having more than the usual trouble in getting a tire off. He pulled and hauled and sweated and swore. A passing minister hearing the profanity stopped and said:

"My friend, I believe if I were you I wouldn't do that cursing. People for

young clerk who said to his boss:

"May I use your phone? My wife told me to ask for a raise and I forgot how much she told me to ask you for."

"Certainly," said the boss, "and when you have finished I'll call my wife to see if she will allow me to give it to you."

PAST COMMANDER Charlie Seay of Lynchburg (Virginia) Post tells of a man who having entered his compensation claim against the State, reported weekly at the local office for benefits. Recently Charlie asked him:

"Have you done work of any kind or made any money during the past week?"

"Nossuh, boss," the man replied, "but I's efforting to do such. In fact, I has my reputation right here in my pocket now going after a job."

COMMANDER Harry W. Christy of Lewis-Clark Post, Lewiston, Idaho, writes that while helping a woman make application for a widow's pension he found some old blanks her husband had completed, and in copying his discharge the veteran had written the word "excellent" after the word "Character." The widow, recognizing her husband's handwriting, said:

"My gosh! He would say that about himself."

AFTER a week of highbrow production the theatre manager consulted the colored doorman.

"Well, Ben, how is it going?"

"Better and better, sah! Fewer and fewer of the folks what comes in is leaving the theatre before the end of the show."

TWO old salts who had spent most of their lives on fishing smacks were arguing about their respective prowess in mathematics.

Finally the captain of the ship proposed a problem. "If you sold 126 pounds of codfish at six cents a pound," he said, "how much would you make?"

Both men worked a while with pencils and paper, but neither seemed to get very far.

At last one, seized with an idea, turned to the captain:

"Is it codfish they caught, was you saying, captain?"

"Yep," replied the captain.

"Hang it all!" exclaimed Bill in disgust. "No wonder I couldn't get an answer. I've been figuring on shad all the time."



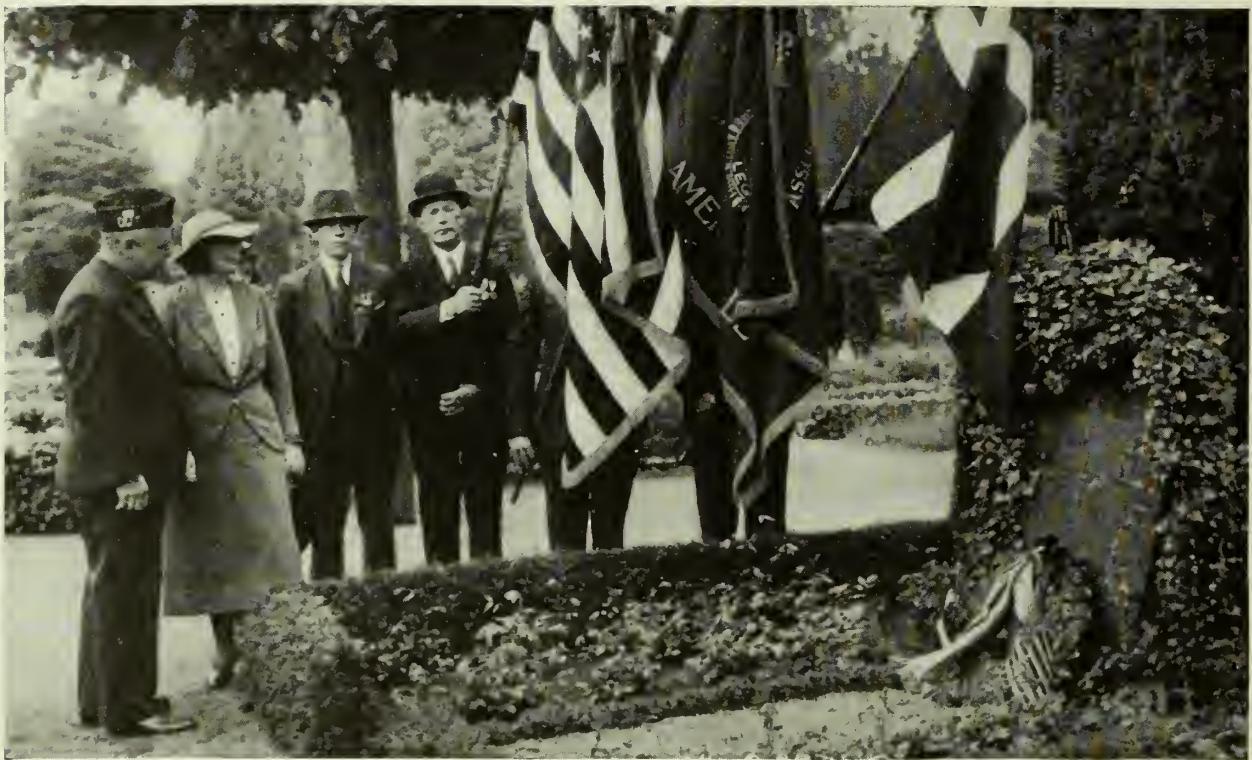
"And how is my little patient this morning?"

blocks around can hear you. Why don't you try prayer? Whenever in trouble, first always try prayer to help you out."

The worn-out motorist offered no argument and knelt by the tire and rim and prayed for help. When he had finished, he put his hand over the tire to assist himself in getting to his feet, and the tire fell from the rim. The minister, evidently as surprised as the motorist, exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be damned!"

BOB HENDRICKSON, a former Legion Junior ballplayer of Puyallup, Washington, and 1038 long distance junior baseball fan—having followed the San Diego team all the way to Spartanburg, South Carolina, to see it win the Little World Series—tells one about a



ARMISTICE

JUST twenty years ago on November 11th—the most important date in the lives of millions of Americans—the guns on the western front were silenced. The war to end all wars, as we then vainly deluded ourselves into thinking, had fought itself out. Through rose-colored glasses we saw the dawning of a new era; the promise of an epoch that was to be one of peace among all the nations of the world. Though actual hostilities had ceased at the eleventh hour of that memorable day, that hour and its significance to civilization and the civilized world did not erase, with the silencing of the guns, the old jealousies, hates and bitterness that had vexed more than a score of nations into the greatest armed conflict the world had ever known.

Fortunate it was for the hour and time that human comprehension could not pierce the veil of the future to foresee the developments that the years immediately ahead had in store; for the peace that followed was but an extension of the armistice,—permitting a time to gather new strength to renew old grudges. The end of the World War did not herald the end of armed conflict between nations, for which the peoples of the world had hoped and prayed and for which millions of young men had laid down their lives.

Few there are, either allied or enemy, who were within hearing of the crash of

artillery and the rattle of machine gun and rifle fire—the din of battle as it raged up and down that long line from Switzerland to the sea—can ever, or will ever, forget that hour. The civilian population at home and abroad rejoiced in wild demonstrations to see the beams of peace. The war was over. The soldiers would come home. But to the men who were on the lines manning the instruments of destruction, and those who served the gunners and riflemen, the reaction came in a different form. There were cheers and exultation in a national victory, of course, and other demonstrations of joy. But as the pall of silence settled down and there came a full realization that the long days and longer nights of shooting and killing had at last come to an end, tired men whose nerves had for days been keyed almost to the point of snapping sought rest. And with

Members of Captain Hoegh's Post, Assens, Denmark, at the grave of the officer for whom their Post was named. Right, Legionnaire Wells pays tribute to unknown dead in cemetery at Mexico City

a brief period of rest came a release from the tension, but the feeling of physical exhaustion remained. Even in that hour of victory many who had stood for days on the most exposed parts of the line and had not shrunk from the greatest hazard were depressed with a sense of frustration and defeat. After all, the slaughter, waste and destruction seemed pointless and futile. Now, after twenty years,—years of turmoil and of strife, of social and economic upheavals all stemming from the conflict which arose from the spark at Sarajevo,—we still scan the horizon with the hope that springs eternal in the human breast, looking, hoping, praying for the dawn of that new era which will bring everlasting peace and amity between nations.

The memories of men who served in the World War will roll back to that day in November, 1918, while they are observing this twentieth anniversary—still hoping, still striving to keep their children and their grandchildren safe from the experiences that were theirs so many years ago. And this year for the



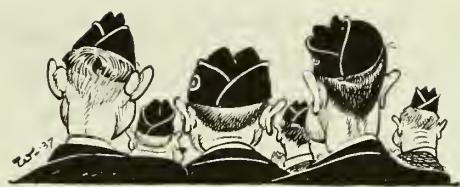
first time since the cessation of hostilities, and in all the years to come, Armistice Day will be celebrated as a national holiday; its peculiar significance as a day of peace has been enlarged by official action as a day set apart and dedicated to the cause of world peace.

For many years The American Legion has insisted upon official recognition of Armistice Day. Forty-seven States had enacted legislation making the day a state holiday. Then, in the final hours of the 75th Congress last June, a bill sponsored by Legionnaire Congressman B. W. (Bud) Gearhart, Past Department Commander of California, was enacted providing that "the 11th day in November of each year, a day to be dedicated to the cause of world peace and to be hereafter celebrated and known as Armistice Day, is hereby made a legal public holiday to all intents and purposes." With the signature of approval affixed by the President, Armistice Day takes rank with Memorial Day and Independence Day as a day for national observance.

Armistice Day will this year be more generally observed. The entire nation,

set aside the week for special observance and each one of its 11,457 Posts has been requested to take the lead, or to participate, in the arrangement for Armistice Day programs in each community. This leadership in a nationwide movement designed to present to the general public The American Legion's plan for enduring peace has been cited as "a wonderful opportunity to help bring back to the entire citizenship that same spirit of patriotism, community service, and unselfishness, which was theirs back in 1918, in a manner that will demonstrate The American Legion's interest in the welfare of the community, state and nation."

In its inception Memorial Day was designed as a day of remembrance of the soldier dead of the Civil War, and during the first few years was most generally observed by the veterans of the Federal armies, their families and friends. The day and its custom soon became part of the national tradition, almost universally observed in our own country for soldier and civilian alike and, to a lesser degree, in many other countries. Since November 11, 1918, Armistice Day has



More than thirty thousand of these soldiers of the World War, men who fell in action or died during the period of hostilities, still rest overseas in the soil hallowed by their blood and sacrifice. In France, Belgium and England they have been brought together in great cemeteries; of the ninety-three national cemeteries, ten are located in foreign countries. Others who have passed on since that day in 1918 lie buried in neutral countries in soil that is forever American. The Legion has sought to care for the graves of these comrades and to that purpose, many years ago, set up an Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund of approximately \$200,000, the income from which is used to purchase and place a flower on the overseas grave of each American soldier of the World War on Memorial Day. Necessarily the actual decoration must be carried on by the wide flung outposts of the Legion, and by individual Legionnaires. One striking example of this service of remembrance comes to us from the two Posts in Denmark, though routed to this

Magazine by way of California.

Comrade Albert L. Pedersen, of Modesto (California) Post, writes: "In November of last year, after having participated in the Third A. E. F., my wife and I continued our travels through Belgium and Germany into Denmark. At the Danish border, while changing cars, I heard good American talk. Upon introducing myself to the little group of ten or twelve persons, I was surprised to find that they were Legionnaires, now resident in Denmark, who had made the Legion pilgrimage to France and were returning to their homes at Odense and Assens. At their invitation I remained in Odense a few days to attend a meeting of Captain Hoegh's Post, whose headquarters are at Assens, when the new Post colors were dedicated by Past National Commander Alvin Owsley, now United States Minister to Denmark. At this meeting two members received the decoration of the Purple Heart.

"Correspondence with these new found friends has been kept up since my return. A letter from Comrade Richard Pedersen of Odense, (veteran of Battery F, 121st Field Artillery), tells me of the memorial services conducted by the Legion Posts in Denmark last Memorial Day, when the grave of every soldier who served in the American army was sought out and decorated. The members of Captain Hoegh's Post visited every grave in the provinces

ETERNAL



for the first time, will have a part in the observance celebrating, as it does, the twentieth anniversary of the end of the World War. The American Legion has

more or less been looked upon as a day set apart for most general observance by veterans of the World War, international in its significance. Its purport, now broadened by the act of our National Congress, has been made clearer to that rising generation of young Americans to whom the World War seems almost as remote as the battle of Waterloo.

Memorial Day will ever remain a day of remembrance; Armistice Day a day of peace —there can be no conflict in the purposes of the two great national holidays which had their origin in the greatest of wars. Neither is a day dedicated to the glories of war, but rather the last one to the great principle of militant pacifism. We honor and revere our soldier dead, we of the World War—they were the lads who marched by our sides, who shared with us their last bit of food and their last cigarette; our friends, our comrades. We honor their memory by the consecration of their day to the furtherance of peace among men and nations.

of Jutland and Fyn, while the members of Copenhagen Post visited every known grave in the island Province of Sjaelland. A short memorial service was held at each grave, a wreath placed and the colors dipped in salute. Members of Captain Hoegh's Post traveled more than three hundred kilometers to reach the places of burial of their comrades, one of which held the remains of the man for whom the Post was named."

While these Legionnaires were going about their pilgrimage in neutral Denmark, almost half the world away another wreath was laid in loving memory of American soldiers of another generation and of an almost forgotten war—in the National Cemetery at Mexico City, where rests the bones of about fifteen hundred Americans who fell in that brief war with Mexico in 1846-48, nearly half of whom are unknown. Allan Wells, a member of Bay Cities Post, Santa Monica, California, placed a wreath on the monument to the unknown in the name of his comrades of the Legion. Then, for the first time in history, the President of the Mexican Republic took part in an American Memorial Day service, when President Cardenas spoke over an international radio network in commemoration of the valor of American soldiery and our hero dead.

American Legion Peak

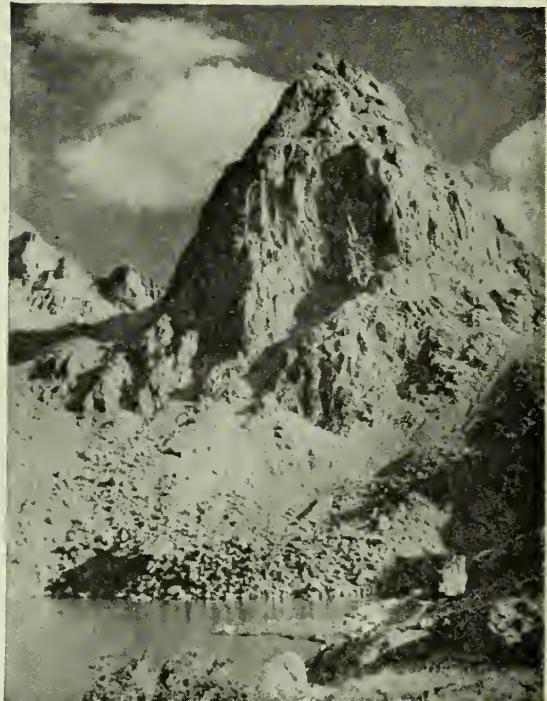
READERS of the Keeping Step department will remember that several months ago, May, 1937, to be exact, Legionnaire C. C. Feltner of Phillips-Edwards Post, of Pinedale, Wyoming, told of the naming of Legion Lake—a beauty spot high in the fastnesses of the Wind River Range, in western Wyoming, about thirty miles west of Pinedale. The lake was located and named by Comrade Feltner in 1920, and it is identified by that name on the official maps of the area. At that time announcement was made of the plan to select one of the highest of the unnamed peaks in the same general region to be designated American Legion Peak as a permanent memorial to the organization and its members. Now we have a report of the selection of the mountain.

Comrade Feltner, now Commander of Phillips-Edwards Post, writes: "On September 16, 1937, I started out in company with Ranger H. A. Shannon, of the Wyoming National Forest, and reached the end of the trail at Peak Lake on the evening of the 17th. Bill Clemmon, foreman of a trail crew, joined us as guide and on the morning of the 18th we started to climb the peak I had selected.

"It was our intention to follow the

stream about a mile, cross over to the south and climb the peak by the west face, but on closer inspection it seemed too difficult to attempt. In the end we found it necessary to approach the peak by first climbing a small unnamed peak which lies on the northeastern side of American Legion Peak, then make the ascent of the main peak by the north face.

"I was handicapped by a broken arm carried in a sling. The climb proved to be a very difficult one, but we finally made it. The descent was made by the west face, which offered fairly easy going. The total time consumed from the hour of leaving camp until our return was ten hours, but when the trail, now under construction, is completed it will be possible to camp about two miles to the west of



American Legion Peak towers high in the Wind River Range in western Wyoming, given name by Pinedale Post. At left, view of Legion Glacier from the north face of Legion Peak, about 800 feet below summit



American Legion Peak, from which point the climb should be made in about four hours, in comparative safety and without special mountain climbing equipment.

"A small glacier lies to the north and west of the peak which I have named Legion Glacier."

Application has been made to the United States Geographical Board, at Washington, asking that the names given be officially registered, as both have been given local acceptance.

Who can say but that in a few years organized Legion mountain-climbing parties will be tackling the Peak in droves? Or had we better leave that to the Sons?

An Ambulance Idea

HERE'S a community service idea developed by Captain Harry B. Doremus Post of Hackensack, New Jersey, worthy of careful consideration by all Posts, wherever located, which have invested in a truck to pull a trailer equipment car. At small cost the truck can be converted into a community service ambulance without losing its value as the means of transporting the Post's drum and bugle corps equipment. Take a look at the picture of the combined facility worked out by these community service minded Legionnaires, then see what can be done about putting the old truck into double duty.

Captain Harry B. Doremus Post sponsors one of the most colorful of the



drum corps for which the Department of New Jersey is noted. The corps has seen active service for several years, gradually climbing up through the grades and each year acquiring so much new equipment that it became burdensome to transport from place to place. Then some one had a bright idea. A trailer was fitted up as an equipment car. Then some months ago the Post purchased a Ford truck to haul the trailer. Another bright idea—conversion from a truck, undistinguished from thousands just like it, into a service car; that truck was worked over and soon made its appearance as an ambulance.

The exterior of the converted car was painted blue, and equipped with a blinking red light over the driver's cab, a siren and a rear step. The interior, redesigned by Corps Quartermaster Bob Bicher, the work executed by Comrades Nunnermaker, Thompson and Rapp, conforms to ambulance design and is for the hardest service. The interior walls and ceiling are a combination of white leather and enamel, while the floor is laid with black linoleum, bound off with white metal strips. A combination seat and storage cabinet extends along one side, the seat upholstered in white leather.

truck? If Doremus Post can do it, why—

Hundred Percenters

FROM time to time the Step Keeper has mentioned one hundred percent Legion families living in widely separated sections of the country. Now comes W. H. Lancaster, Adjutant of William Boulton Dixon Post, Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, to place in nomination the choice of his Post for that honor. His nominee is none other than the Post Commander, Thomas M. Tressler, his Auxiliare wife, Junior Auxiliare daughter and two Sons of the Legion sons, all active in their organizations. It's a combination hard to beat.

Commander Tressler has served William Boulton Dixon Post in several capacities before election to the post of command; Mrs. Tressler is Secretary of the Auxiliary Unit. Ella, the daughter, aged 11, is Historian of the Junior Auxiliary and a member of the Girls' Harmonica Band. Both of the boys, Thomas, Jr., 15, and John, 14, are Past Captains of their Squadron, both have served as Adjutant, and both are members of the Boys' Drum and Bugle Corps. All five



Duck Calling Contest

FOR many years the annual duck dinner given by Daniel Harder Post at Stuttgart, Arkansas, was one of the biggest Legion affairs in that Department. The event was nationally known and discontinuance a few years back was genuinely regretted by Arkansas Legionnaires and many from the adjoining Departments. But Daniel Harder Post has adopted another unique annual event to take its place. Here's what Comrade H. V. Glenn has to say:

"Twenty-six contestants from all over the Mississippi Valley answered roll call for last year's National Duck Calling Contest, held annually at Stuttgart, Arkansas, by Daniel Harder Post. These twenty-six contestants thrilled several thousand spectators gathered in Stuttgart's main street, and uncounted thousands of interested radio listeners. When the shouting and the tumult died away, Harry Wieman, Stuttgart Legionnaire, emerged as World Champion Duck Caller, victor over the defending champion, Thomas E. Walsh, of Greenville, Mississippi.

"Time was (Continued on page 72)



Combined facility devised by Captain Harry B. Doremus Post, New Jersey—an ambulance for community service and trailer equipment car

An electric fan has been installed, and, equipped with stretchers and a first aid kit, it is ready to roll. It has a capacity of three stretcher patients and one sitting patient, or two stretcher patients and a number of sitting.

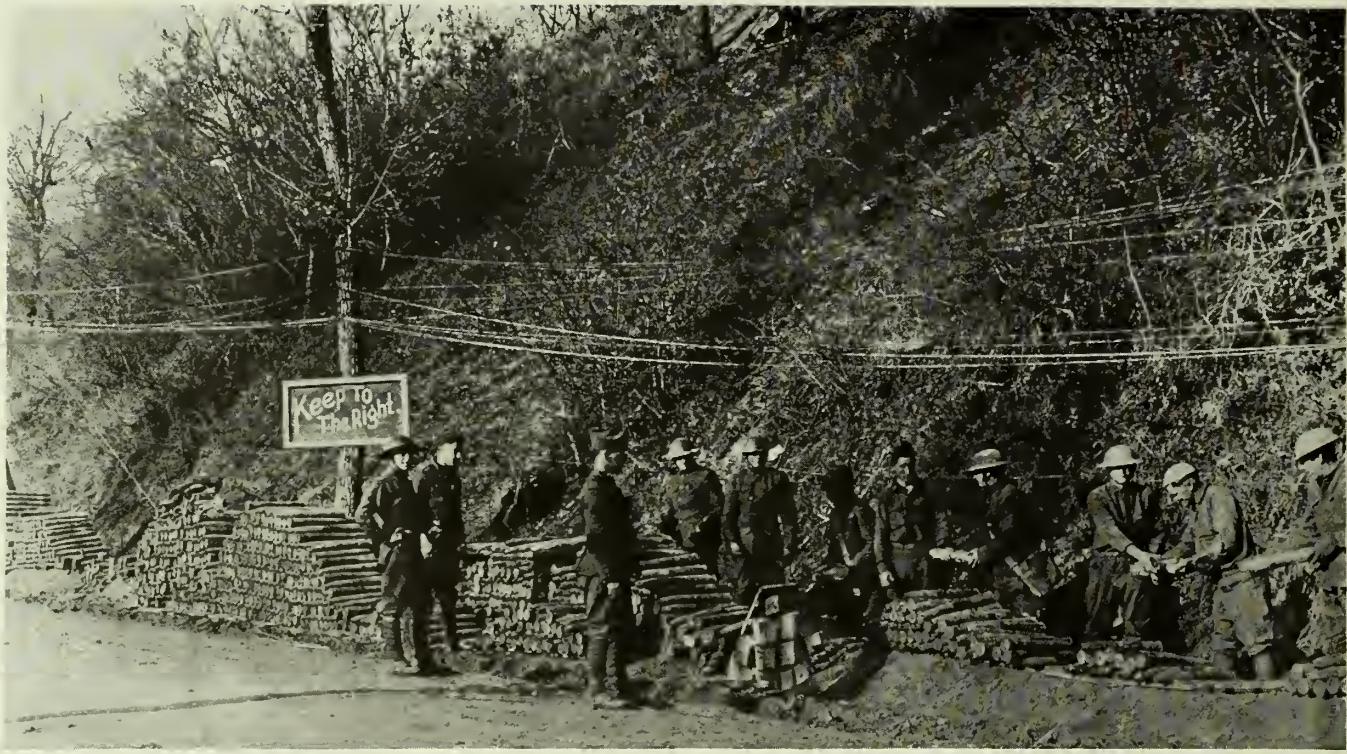
The ambulance has been placed in public service and is kept at the headquarters garage of the Bergen County police department, where it is available for use except on those occasions when it is serving the Doremus Corps to haul their equipment car. It has also been placed at the service, for emergency use, of the citizens of Hackensack and Bergen County at any time, day or night, through the police headquarters.

It's a good idea. Why not try it on your

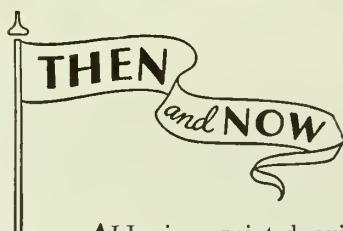
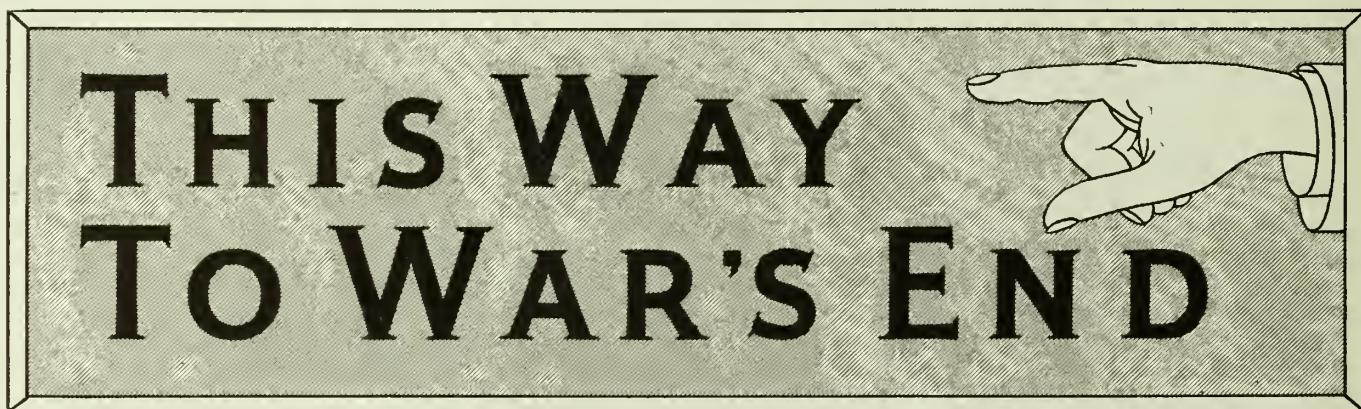
members of the family marched up Fifth Avenue in the Big Parade at the 1937 National Convention. How is that for a real record?

Post Commander Thomas Tressler and family, all uniformed, are nominated for honors in the Legion's gallery of hundred percenters





Official signs such as the one shown above were the products of American doughboy painters. The sign backs up men of the 149th Field Artillery, 42nd Division, near Châtel-Chéhéry, stacking 155-mm. shells



ALL signs pointed quite definitely to an Allied victory, once American troops were called upon to take their places along the Western Front. We say that with all due modesty because history records that when the Americans helped to stem the tide of the farthest German advance in June, 1918, and then joined in the counter-offensive from the line of the Marne, the general war situation brightened considerably for those nations opposing the Central Powers. Just what form eventual victory would take remained to be seen—whether complete capitulation of the enemy or a truce. The latter proved true in the Armistice on November 11, 1918, followed by

the signing of the peace treaty seven months later.

Doughboys literally painted the signs that pointed to victory. We have it on the word of Robert Miller of Ira Owen Kreager Post of Hooperston, Illinois, who probably will be better remembered by the men of his outfit as "Dad." And strangely enough, those artists or near-artists that every outfit, even down to companies, boasted have been exceedingly modest about their war work. Dad Miller is the first one to step forth, sending us the picture you see and telling this story:

"Not long ago while looking through a file of old newspapers belonging to a friend, I ran across the enclosed picture in which you will note the sign 'Keep to the Right.' Surely got a kick out of seeing a wartime sign that I made over twenty years ago while working in the First Army Sign Shop at Souilly, France.

"1st Lieutenant (later Cap-

tain) George Trumble of the 14th Engineers had charge of our shop. A buddy by the name of Williams from Brooklyn, New York, and I were the two sign painters, although we had three extra soldiers as helpers. These signs were about four feet long and two feet wide and were made of black roofing paper set in a wooden frame. During my time with the outfit I made over a thousand of them. We also made signs that practically everyone in the A. E. F. will remember—the name of a town and an arrow pointing the direction.

"As fast as the doughboys captured new territory, we would follow in a truck





& Maine Railroad before the war."

Recognizing Comrade Miller's picture as an official Signal Corps photograph, we did some sleuthing in our reference files. Before any of our fellow Legionnaires who are not Rainbow Vets get excited and write to tell us that they recognize men in the group, we give this official statement regarding the outfit shown: "Members of the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth Field Artillery

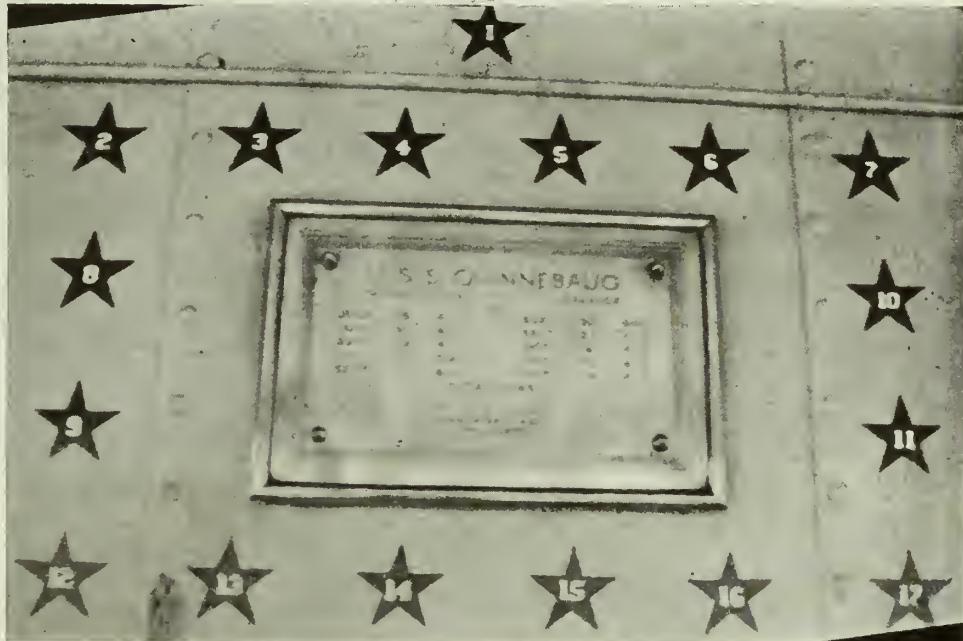
As has been stated many times, some years ago the Navy wasn't as well represented in these columns as it might have been, but that was due to failure of the gobs to send pictures and stories to the Company Clerk. During the past twelve-month, however, there have been at least a dozen pictures and stories in Then and Now having to do with the Navy, so why the continued bellyaching such as this plaint in a letter that Comrade Edward J. Stewart wrote to us?

"We have read and re-read in the Legion Magazine how the Army won

and stick up direction signs as guides to the newly acquired cities and villages.

"We not only made highway signs but also did other signs for the big shots over there. I made the signs for Lieutenant General Liggett's automobile—the three stars on red and blue background. I don't know where General Pershing got signs for his car but I think they came from some French shop in Paris.

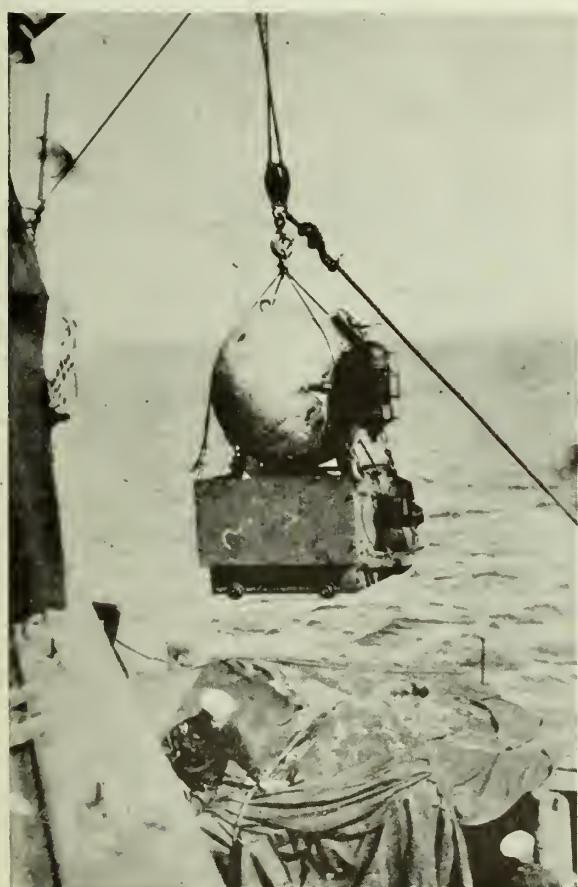
"The reason for my nickname of 'Dad' in service is that I was thirty-nine years old in 1918. I certainly hope that I hear from some of the old bunch in the First Army Sign Shop. You see I was the only one who did not live in New York or New Jersey, my home being in the West. Our old captain, George Trumble, had been in the service of the Boston



Above, the mine-layer U. S. S. Quinnebaug proudly displays a plaque listing the trips made and mines laid, and a star for each enemy submarine sunk; left, a mine being hoisted from a barge to the deck of the ship

(formerly First Regiment Field Artillery, Illinois National Guard), piling up 155-mm. shells for a bombardment of the Boche lines. Forty-Second Division. On the Varennes-Grandpré road, near Châtel-Chéhéry, Ardennes, France, October, 30, 1918."

THIS department isn't going to pick a fight with the ex-gobs because it has too many friends among them, but it does want to go on record in stating that some ex-gobs evidently have mighty poor memories.



the war," he said. "We have also seen pictures in the same publication of the Army doing this and the Army doing that. But how about the Navy? Sailors are a modest lot, so to speak, but the time has arrived when we can't stand it any longer and must break out with information and pictures on what United States Minelaying Squadron No. 1 of the North Atlantic Fleet accomplished."

Well, that's another one on Stewart, because pictures and stories of that particular job of the Navy have appeared more than once in Then and Now. But all is forgiven, because Stewart did submit some good pictures—two of which you see—and an interesting yarn. Here is Stewart's service and Legion pedigree: National chairman of the U. S. S. Quinnebaug Association; Past Commander of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer Post, The American Legion, Brooklyn, New York; seaman-gunner on the U. S. S. Quinnebaug. All right, Shipmate Stewart, shoot:

Many Navy veterans who served on board the ten ships in the Minelaying Squadron which operated out of Inverness and Invergordon, Scotland, and assisted in the planting of what was known as the 'Northern Barrage' in the North Sea from the coast of Norway to the Orkney Islands attended the Legion National Convention in New York

City last year. Many reunions of officers and men were held, including one of my old shipmates of the U. S. S. *Quinnebaug*. It was the consensus of opinion at that time that very little was known of how the Minelaying Squadron won the war up in the North Sea.

"The Northern Barrage, carried out by establishing a barrage of nets, anchored mines and floating mines, extended from Norwegian territorial waters to within ten miles of the Orkney Islands,

was the salutation that greeted me—a gob fresh from the Brooklyn Navy Yard and a born Brooklynite—as I stepped from a motor boat and climbed the gangway of the U. S. S. *Quinnebaug* lying at anchor about a mile off the shores of Invergordon, Scotland, in August, 1918.

"It happened that of the twenty sailors in our gang of new men, I was the only one from Brooklyn. We had sailed out of New York on the old U. S. S. *St. Louis*, a transport, two weeks prior as 'passengers,'

son and was owned by the Old Dominion Line, running between Norfolk and New York. After being converted into a mine-layer by the Government shortly after we entered the war, she was assigned a crew of 460 officers and men.

"Is it any wonder then that a gob who had left home in May was anxious to greet someone from his home town who had left several months later? After stowing away our hammocks and bags, questions were fired at us from all sides.



north of Scotland, a distance of 240 miles across the North Sea and twenty-five miles wide. This 'barrage' restricted the operations of enemy submarines to the North Sea and prevented them from getting into the Atlantic and interfering with the lines of communication between the United States, Great Britain and France.

"In all, more than 70,000 mines were laid—over 56,000 by the United States Minelaying Squadron and the balance by the British Navy. It was officially reported by the German government after the war that seventeen of their submarines were either lost or badly damaged by this barrage.

"In addition to the many thousand officers and men who served on the United States minelayers, several thousand more were attached to the assembly bases in Invergordon and Inverness, Scotland. In other words, we bottled up the entire German Navy. Then came the end of the war!"

Of the half-dozen pictures Comrade Stewart submitted we selected the two shown and this is what he tells of them: One shows a mine being hoisted aboard the *Quinnebaug* from a barge; the other displays a plaque that was aboard his ship showing the trips made, the number of mines laid and a star for each German submarine sunk.

Once a Brooklynite, always a Brooklynite, appears to be Stewart's slogan, according to this additional yarn we extracted from him:

"Who's from Brooklyn, New York?"

Planes, airmen and infantrymen lined up for one of the early A. E. F. decoration ceremonies. Fliers were decorated by the French on the American airfield near Toul, France, April 27, 1918

but we soon found there was work to do—scraping paint and standing watches as we crossed the ocean. A few hours in

'What's the news in the States?' 'Any talk of the war ending?' 'Where are you from?' 'At what station did you train?' And just then I discovered my fellow Brooklynite, together with about ten others from the old home town. Seaman Gunner Hunter, the one that first greeted us, and I became firm friends. I was assigned to his gun's crew and we were inseparable until our discharge in 1919. I wonder where he is today?"



Liverpool, thence by train to Inverness and on to Invergordon.

"We were a weary lot when we reported aboard our new ship, but not too tired or weary for me to find the sailor who had greeted us. The *Quinnebaug* had sailed from the States back in May, 1918, and had already made several mine-laying trips into the North Sea. Before the war the *Quinnebaug* was known as the *Jeff-*

ALTHOUGH American troops did not become generally engaged in action until the summer of 1918, decoration ceremonies for some American soldiers were held several months earlier. We show a photograph of a ceremony held at the American air field just outside of Toul, France, in April, 1918. The picture came to us from R. E. Hartz, Past Commander of Palmyra (Pennsylvania) Post of the Legion, Supervising Principal of the Palmyra Borough School District, who served as a corporal with the 94th Aero Squadron during the war. Reports Past Commander Hartz:

"The picture I am enclosing shows a decoration ceremony at the airdrome at Toul, France, where the 94th and 95th Aero Squadrons began operations as the First Pursuit Group—the first American air outfit to serve at the front. The ceremony took place on April 27, 1918, and in the picture may be seen American infantry troops from a neighboring Division marching across the airdrome.

"The Toul air- (Continued on page 75)

20 YEARS AGO

NOVEMBER 1, 1918

Morning: On the Verdun front the night was marked by artillery fire on both sides of the Meuse. From the other sectors held by our troops there is nothing of importance to report.

Evening: The 1st American Army continued its attack on the west bank of the Meuse in conjunction with the 4th French Army on its left. The perfect co-operation of all arms—infantry, artillery, airplanes and tanks—succeeded in overcoming and disorganizing the enemy's determined resistance, and in breaking up his counter-attacks. Enemy divisions, rapidly brought up, were intermingled with units already in line in a vain attempt to stop our advance. Our victorious troops have already taken and passed beyond St. Georges, Landres-et-St. Georges, Imécourt, Landreville, Chennery, Bayonville, Remonville, Andevanne and Cléry-le-Grand. Up to the present 3,602 prisoners have been counted, of whom 151 are officers. (The official American communiqué, printed in italics, regularly introduces each daily summary in this calendar.)

Seventy-Ninth Division relieves Twenty-Ninth and portion of Twenty-Sixth; Eightieth relieves units of Eighty-Second; elements of Seventy-Seventh reëntry line, relieving other units of Eighty-Second; Sixth Division, in corps reserve, moves north through Forêt D'Argonne, all in Meuse-Argonne area.

Republic of German Austria is proclaimed in Vienna and Hungarian Republic in Budapest.

New York City subway accident kills 122, injures 200.

NOVEMBER 2

Morning: The 1st Army continued its attack west of the Meuse this morning. The operation is progressing favorably.

Evening: A series of raids skillfully carried out by troops of the 2d Army in the Woevre resulted in the capture of two officers and 63 men. The 1st Army today continued its successful advance, overcoming all resistance. Among the most important towns taken are Champigneulles, Beffu-et-Morthomme, Vcrpel, Sivry-lez-Buzancy, Thenorgues, Briquenay, Buzancy, Villers-devant-Dun and Cléry-le-Petit. In spite of bad weather conditions, our aviators flying at extremely low altitudes, carried out important missions over the Meuse Valley and along the whole front of attack. The number of prisoners has risen to more than 4,000 men and 192 officers, among whom are four battalion commanders with their staffs. The enemy was forced to abandon large quantities of material of all kinds. An official count shows that 63 guns of medium and light calibers, and hundreds of machine-guns, have been captured. A Bavarian battalion of artillery was taken with its personnel, horses and material complete. In the course of the operations of the past two days south of the river Lys, our troops, acting under the command of the King of the Belgians, advanced nearly ten miles, reaching the western bank of the Scheldt and capturing several hundred prisoners.

Thirty-Eighth and Thirty-Ninth Divisions, less special units, move to St. Aignan-Noyers for skeletonization.

British capture Valenciennes; Italians take Trent and Trieste; Serbians reoccupy Belgrade.

King Boris of Bulgaria abdicates.

NOVEMBER 3

Morning: This morning the 1st Army continued its attack west of the Meuse; the oper-

ation is continuing to develop satisfactorily.

Evening: The 1st American Army continued its successful attack today, capturing in its advance the following villages: Boulz-aux-Bois, Autruche, Belleville-sur-Bar, Harricourt, Gormont, Bar, Authe, Fosse, Sommauthe, Belval, Nouart, St. Pierremont, Barricourt, Tally, Halles, Montigny, Sassy, Chatillon-sur-Bar and Brieulles-sur-Bar. Heavy losses have been inflicted on the enemy, due to the continuous blows during the past month and by the surprise and force of the renewed attack of November 1. Statements of prisoners show that his organizations have been thrown into great confusion. Several complete batteries and whole battalions have been captured by our troops. The number of prisoners now exceeds 5,000 and the number of guns more than 100. During the past three days we have already penetrated to a depth of 12 miles on an 18 mile front, and gained control of dominating heights which enables us to bring the fire of our heavy artillery on the important railroad lines at Montmedy, Longuyon and Conflans. Since November 1, 17 German divisions have been identified on the front of the attack, nine of which were in line on that morning; and eight additional divisions have reinforced the line since the beginning of the attack in a futile effort to stop our progress. In addition to regulars, there were in this attack divisions composed of National Army troops from Texas and Oklahoma; from Kansas, Missouri, Colorado and New Mexico; from New York; from New Jersey, Maryland and West Virginia; and from Maryland, the District of Columbia and Virginia.

Twenty-Sixth Division completes relief of French 26th and assumes command of

Beaumont-Stenay road is in our possession and our troops are on the heights overlooking Beaumont. On the left our line has advanced, in spite of heavy machine-gun and artillery opposition, to Grandes Armoises. The enemy again today threw in fresh troops in an effort to arrest the penetration of his lines by our victorious attack. Our vigorous advance compelled the enemy to abandon large stores of undamaged munitions, food and engineer material. In the course of the day improving weather conditions permitted our planes to carry out very successfully their missions of reconnaissance and infantry liaison. A raid with a force consisting of 45 day bombardment and 100 pursuit planes was made against Montmedy and obtained excellent results on the crowded enemy traffic at that place. Over five tons of bombs were dropped. Determined attacks by enemy planes gave us added opportunities to destroy his airplanes. During the day's fighting 30 enemy planes were destroyed or driven down out of control, and three balloons were burned. Seven of our planes are missing.

Thirty-Seventh and Ninety-First Divisions relieved by French on Belgian front; French relieve Eighty-Eighth Division in Center Sector, Alsace.

NOVEMBER 5

Morning: This morning the 1st Army resumed the attack. In spite of desperate opposition our troops have forced a crossing of the Meuse at Brieulles and at Cléry-le-Petit. They are now developing a new line in the heavily wooded and very difficult terrain on the heights east of the river between these points. On the entire front the enemy is opposing our advance with heavy artillery and machine-gun fire, notwithstanding which we are making excellent progress. The west bank of the Meuse as far north as opposite Pouilly lies in our hands. In the course of several successful raids in the Woevre, detachments of the 2d Army have penetrated the enemy's trenches, destroying material, dugouts and emplacements, and capturing prisoners.

Evening: The 1st Army under Lieutenant General Liggett has continued its success. Crossing the river south of Dun-sur-Meuse under a heavy artillery fire which frequently wrecked the newly constructed bridges, the troops of Major General Hines' Corps fought their way up the slopes of the east bank. Breaking the enemy's strong resistance, they captured Hill 292, Hill 260, Liny-devant-Dun and drove him from the Bois de Chatillon. During the afternoon our gains in this sector were extended northward; Dun-sur-Meuse was captured and our line pushed forward a mile beyond that town, as far as the village of Milly. The troops of Major General Summerall's Corps reached the river at Cesse and Luzy and mopped up the forest of Jaulnay. The important road center of Beaumont fell before our victorious forces, who pushed on to the Bois de l'Hospice, two miles north of that town, capturing in their advance the village of Loianne. At Beaumont we liberated 500 French citizens, who welcomed our soldiers as deliverers. The advance of the past two days has carried our line to points within five miles of the Sedan-Metz railroad, one of the main lines of communication of the German Armies. Between Beaumont and the Bar, Major General Dickman's Corps, in close liaison with the French 4th Army on the left, pushed forward under heavy artillery and machine-gun fire through the rugged forest areas beyond Stonne. The villages of Yoncq, la Besace and Stonne were taken. We have taken today west of (Continued on page 68)

NOVEMBER 11, 1918

OFFICIAL AMERICAN COMMUNIQUÉ

In accordance with the terms of the Armistice, hostilities on the fronts of the American Armies were suspended at eleven o'clock this morning.

Neptune Sector, Meuse-Argonne operation. Austria-Hungary signs Armistice.

NOVEMBER 4

Morning: Carrying our attack further into the enemy's territory today, our troops have passed through the Bois de Belval and the Bois du Port Gerache, and are on the heights two kilometers south of Beaumont. Further to the west we are approaching Verrières. All of the towns situated on the west bank of the Meuse south of Halles are now in our hands. This morning our attack was extended to the east bank of the Meuse, where it is progressing favorably.

Evening: On the entire front from the Meuse to the Bar the 1st Army continued its advance. On the extreme right, breaking down the last efforts of the enemy to hold the high ground, our troops drove him into the valley of the Meuse, and forcing their way through the forest of Dieule, occupied Lanewille opposite the important crossing of the Meuse at Stenay. The

Before the Armistice and Behind It

(Continued from page 9)

source of information here is not Hollywood but certain officers and official records.)

They were interested in business on the River Rhine, especially at the frontier where it connects Holland with Germany. Queer business. Not merely picking up such deserters as were coming from Germany hidden in other craft, but encouraging more to come. Beneath a canal-boat's floorboards may be concealed a deserter, a spy or propaganda leaflets, cleverly printed in excellent German, telling how the A. E. F. now numbers nearly two million and increases by 300,000 a month. Distributed among a people war-weary and underfed, they were bombshells deadly as any 75—especially when to them were added descriptions of how well that American Army would treat German soldiers who sauntered over to its side of the line.

THEY helped bring "the Maatschappy" more business; more deserters, more news from inside beleaguered Germany—news too good to be true! At last, after four years, morale on the front and behind it was showing real cracks. At last, the Allied secret services might realize their dream of a complete collapse of the German Empire. One step toward it was the organization in Holland of an association of German deserters that stretched a hand across the frontier to comrades yet in the army, with results that presently became remarkable.

But before that, in the summer of 1918, consequences truly astounding came from similar though more extensive operations against the Austro-Hungarian army and Empire. These had begun the previous autumn, almost a year to the day before the Armistice, under the flashing eye of a short, broad, dark man who may be called without exaggeration the American Master Spy of the World War. Emmanuel Voska wore the uniform of a captain, U. S. Army, when he was not wearing one of sundry disguises, including the gray of the Austrian army that he hated. For though an American citizen, he was a Czech born, devoting every waking moment to the fight for Czech independence. That fight started, again not in Hollywood, but in an inner room of an office suite in the Hudson Terminal Building in New York, whose outer door bore the title "The Pneumograph Company."

Just another "Maatschappy," for in that inner room was transacted business so very queer that but five persons were ever in on it. First was Voska, enthusiastic at the chance to win freedom for his native land that he had seen on his first visit to Czechoslovakia since he fled twenty years earlier, a political refugee.

Now, returned to New York, where he was a successful business man and leader in the Czech National Alliance, he had gathered together the others. There were his right-hand man, Tvirsky; a woman; an Englishman, and Kopecky, who later became the first Czech consul in New York because of experience gained in the Austro-Hungarian Consulate there—partly in stealing official documents for photographing in that inner room of the Pneumograph Company's office.

There the five did other things equally illegal—listened to tapped telephone wires connecting with the Austrian Consulate and the residences of prominent Austrians, and directed the operations of one of the most astonishing secret services ever to operate on American soil. All over the country it stretched, covering the Austrian Embassy and consulates from the inside through Czech employes who looked, talked and acted Austrian—or German. And in the office of Dr. Heinrich Albert, openly German propaganda chief and secretly spy chief in America, there worked as clerk in charge of mail—three guesses—Voska's daughter!

What wonder the Czech-American secret service deserves but has not received credit for many of the most sensational revelations of German and Austrian spy activities in this country, that helped force us into the war: The bombing of munitions factories; the poisoning of horses; the faking of passports. Our Department of Justice got information of these things from Voska's men, and they deserve considerable credit for the dismissal for complicity of Austro-Hungarian Ambassador Dumba and even of the then German Military Attaché Captain Von Papen, who recently helped deliver Austria into Hitler's hand. But when Von Papen's master, Ambassador Von Bernstorff, was finally sent home, one of the Czechs' most daring coups was made by a woman.

SHE was Milada Janaschek, handsome, loyal Czech-American but able to pass for a loyal German. Posing as a maid-servant, she got work in the suite of Von Bernstorff. From such a peephole, such a spy could and did turn in reports so valuable that when passed to the Department of Justice they helped hasten the Ambassador's exit. Wonderful—but goodbye to a fine pipeline to German plans. So, weeping, the woman spy threw herself at Bernstorff's feet, begging him to take her with him. The Ambassador consented, and the woman spy's reports became even more valuable. Then suddenly they stopped, and a cablegram came: "The Germans have caught her. They're going to shoot her."

Whereupon, in Germany, Bernstorff received this cable:

"If Milada dies, so do you. We can do it."

The message was signed "Emmanuel Voska."

After the Armistice, Milada returned from prison safe to Prague.

Not one of the eight Czech-Americans in Voska's secret service turned traitor, although for long salaries were none; expenses were paid from Voska's own pocket until it went empty. It was refilled by the British secret service, which owed much of its success to the Czechs. But when his adopted country, America, entered the war, Voska offered it the finest secret service within its borders—with results almost tragic. For his Slav eloquence had an effect somewhat mixed upon Brigadier General Marlborough Churchill, then Chief of Military Intelligence.

"This Voska," he opined, "is a very hot sketch."

But when the fiery Czech delivered the goods General Churchill was prompt to admit it, and to make him a captain in the United States Army attached to Military Intelligence on a mission unique in our history. He was to help build up an army for a nation that had not existed for centuries and was now held by the enemy, while tearing down the army of that enemy which for centuries had been a great power. This secret war he and three or four other Czech-Americans, including relatives, and all in the American Army, were to wage from a base near Padua whence they were to tunnel under the front and into the vitals of the Dual Monarchy. It was autumn, 1917.

WITHIN a year they did both. To build up the Czech army they tore down the Austrian, luring away its Czech conscripts. Already thousands had deserted to the Russians and formed those Czech Legions that later crossed Siberia. Now G-2's Czech-Americans got them to join the Italian army. Prisoners already captured, they were enthusiastic with the eloquent pamphlets or speeches of Voska, but for more converts they went wherever Czech, Croat or other Slav troops were in front line. To them by day they sent by airplane leaflets promising good treatment if they surrendered; by night they followed up, crawling across No Man's Land, playing on graphophones folk songs of the Slav races, then talking to the men opposite, questioning them about food, discipline and morale, urging them to desert.

"Come over and join your Slav brothers!" they pleaded. "We'll give you good food and clothing, and a chance to fight for freedom!"



They came—though they knew if they were captured, they would be hanged. And behind them the Slav spirit was burning like acid into the fabric of the monarchy. Voska's men knew that, as they crawled or flew across, dressed as peasants or Austrian soldiers, delivering supplies, chocolate, propaganda, words of good cheer: "The Americans are coming! Don't give up!" And delivering more—bombs that blew up so many ammunition dumps that the Austrians postponed their spring offensive in 1918 from April to June—when it failed.

"They will never attack again," Voska predicted in his reports to G-2. "Now... one good blow!"

That blow, in late October, 1918, crushed Austria-Hungary like an eggshell, thanks partly to 24,000 Czechs who went over the top with the Italians to victory at Vittorio Veneto—and on to Prague. There today the Czech Guard wears uniforms Italian, Russian, and French, for their three Legions that helped bring their independence, and Armistice, November 4, 1918. Voska was welcomed to Prague by a now obsolete Austrian police circular describing him and urging that he be "suppressed." He is there today, representing an American corporation, active in Czech-American affairs, and doubtless, on the Nazi Gestapo's list—for "suppression."

Soon after Voska went to Italy, the success of propaganda against rickety Austria became evident, and the Allies united for a real try at tough old Germany. In Britain energetic Lord Northcliffe took charge; in France the Deuxième Bureau had German Socialist collaborators; and we joined in, like our embattled ancestors at Bunker Hill who lured British Grenadiers to desert by circulars promising "fresh provisions, \$7 a month, and a good farm."

G-2, A. E. F., set up a propaganda strategy board, Ambassador Hugh Gibson, Walter Page and Captain Walter Lippmann, to decide what the Germans should be told; and to tell them, a field section headed by Captain Heber Blankenborn and Lieutenants Charles Mertz and Ludlow Griscom. They decided that in this war of words, faking was out; the best bullets were the truth: President Wilson's speeches with portions cut by

the German censorship printed in red; or speeches of German Socialists attacking the Kaiser's government.

By early spring of 1918, 100,000 such leaflets were being sent monthly over the German lines in trench-mortar bombs or shells, or by balloons that could drop 500 to 1000 leaflets 600 miles in the interior. We developed a new type that scattered 10,000 sheets singly. With that machine gun in a week we could spray three million verbal bullets: a circular showing the mounting German losses, another showing the mounting Allied gains in the growing A. E. F. Such bullets found billets, and Hindenbush issued an order calling them "leaflets intended to kill the soul," and warning that "the enemy is ingenious. He knows how to mix the little powder for everyone." Soldiers must turn them in or be severely punished. In July 300,000 were turned in, but more were kept, especially our translation of General Pershing's order that Germans who surrendered should get the same food as American doughboys: white bread, bacon, condensed milk, sugar, real coffee. They saved that one to present to the Americans as a meal ticket.

Whereat Captain Sanford Griffith, chief prisoner-questioner of the First Army, asked them to sign another ticket. This copy of their own *Feldpostkarte* described that food and said:

"This is what the American Army gives its prisoners. Don't worry about me."

Those postcards G-2 mailed in Switzerland for delivery to thousands of German families. And did they help desertions? So did the work from Switzerland of Dr. Frank E. Bohn of the Friends of German Democracy, an organization of German-Americans who helped a colony of German exiles work for revolution. Their newspaper, *Die Freie Zeitung*, that told how Germany was losing the war and had better lose the Kaiser, was mailed to thousands of sympathizers within Germany, with German postage stamps counterfeited in England. Today they are a collector's item. A similar newspaper in Holland had to suspend when the German secret service kidnapped its editor across the frontier, where his fate is unknown.

They needed the strong arm by late summer, 1918, for Germany was nearing utter collapse. That news came during August from Allied spies all over the country:

"German soldiers sell the clothes of their own dead comrades. They cut the leather saddles and harness to pieces to sell as re-soles for shoes. The wounded sell their shoes to the unwounded."

"In five places troops have refused to go to the front."

"The working classes speak secretly of deliverance by the Americans and hope that militarism will be overwhelmed."

The American victory of St. Mihiel strengthened that hope, also the Allies' conviction that American aid for German democracy was the best propaganda to

help end the war. Then to the Allied secret services in Denmark came an emissary who was to shape world history in manner hitherto untold. He might be called the Unknown Sailor, for he was a deserter from the German Fleet at Kiel.

"They are tired of the war," he said. "The submarine crews have too much service; the rest of the 80,000 sailors, too little. Morale is rotting. Many revolutionary comrades are at work, and I have come for Allied help."

"A stool pigeon or a nut," thought the Allied secret service chiefs; but not the American, Colonel Siqueland.

"What's your idea?" he asked.

The German's idea was not postage stamps, but bread tickets—counterfeit ones. The sailor would risk smuggling them to his comrades in Kiel. With them, they could recruit more comrades, for rations were short and waverers many. Just tell them that if they joined up, they ate . . .

Siqueland sold his British friend on the idea. Fast as British presses ground out tickets, lusty German revolutionaries ate up the bread. As their number grew, so shrank the supply of bread for non-revolutionaries. Result, a riot, and arrests by German police. One, it is said, was a woman revolutionary who was shot, but her name and details are lacking.

The Unknown Sailor suggested a more daring stroke. This time the presses produced German marks, counterfeited so cleverly that they were not detected, and, Hindenbush said in his memoirs, hastened Germany's fall. The revolutionaries used them, not in Kiel alone, but also elsewhere in Germany, in the myriad ways in which revolutionaries can use money. At many points Allied and American secret and propaganda services were now working in cahoots with them, helping them to realize their hope for a revolution that should not only end the war but free Germany from the military dictatorship of Hindenbush-Ludendorff.

Dangerous work, but North Germany was netted by an underground railway with stations in obscure inns in Ham-



(11 a.m. NOVEMBER 11th, 1918)

burg, Bremen and other cities. In these stations sought refuge members of the deserters' club from Holland, who were darting back into Germany on quick whispering campaigns of revolt and defeat, distributing leaflets, even burning munition plants (Continued on page 44)

Before The Armistice and Behind It

(Continued from page 43)

or wrecking trains. The ticket to the underground railroad was a password which the revolutionaries imparted to the American secret service on condition that Allied spies should use it to gain shelter only if they were in great danger.

What wonder the Allied and American secret services predicted the German revolution as confidently as a radio announcer introduces a program? Word of it was coming from Captain Griffith, cleverly pumping prisoners taken in the Meuse-Argonne, and from secret services in the neutral countries. One such branch of the American service told Chaumont and Washington in late October that it would break out any day, for agents had just returned from Berlin, where they had talked with the leaders.

The Red Embassy at Berlin had been a center of intrigue. It had imported and distributed in Germany revolutionary propaganda by the packing case—until the German secret service arranged that

in a railroad station one case should fall, break open and disgorge its telltale load. Then Ambassador Joffe was expelled, but not until November 4th, after he had supplied the German revolutionaries Cohn and Barth with ten million marks, 1500 pistols and 27,000 cartridges. And hands willing to use them had been freed by the Liberal but timid Chancellor Max of Baden who, crying "The Americans will break through and devastate the country!" released from prison thousands of political prisoners. They promptly spread over the country, devastating it quite another way.

As the doughboys thundered at the gates of Sedan, at Kiel a German sailor climbed the stack of the *Moltke* and started to paint it red. On all the ships the engine-room crews drew their fires and joined the crowds forming ashore, among whom glowed red armbands—the first. Perhaps the Unknown Sailor was there, grinning. The revolution!

From Kiel it exploded like firecrackers along the underground railroad. November 6th, Hamburg, Bremen; November 7th, Munich; November 9th, Berlin. At Foch's railroad-car headquarters the German Armistice Delegation begged for machine guns enough to save something of the old Germany, of which now well-nigh the only relic was the Kaiser.

But the Kaiser was at G. H. Q. with the telephone off the hook to escape Chancellor Max's incessant appeals that he abdicate. At last, on November 10th, the Kaiser announced:

"I abdicate as Emperor of Germany, but not as King of Prussia."

"Kings are out, too!" retorted a rudely revolutionary Berlin. "Already the Republic is proclaimed!"

So the front pages screamed that morning of November 11th, twenty years ago. But not even a whisper about the secret services, both Allied and American.

Ducks

(Continued from page 11)

flying toward me, high up, with the bright sun bringing out the green of his breast, as he hurried from one Nebraska lake to another, or his instant crumpling as the dear little 20-gauge that my pals called the popgun spoke its high staccato?

I suppose one reason ducks are my favorite game is that they are hard to hurt and not easy to kill. They are shy and wise and can they carry away shot? That waterproof suit they wear is almost as hard to pierce as armor of a tank.

Wait, now, why not hark back to black George and his first startled glimpse of what might be done by an auto gun?

My two friends and I went from San Antone to the Gulf, where the old market hunter had a shelter. There one could eat and sleep. Flat-bottomed power-boat, skiffs, decoys and here and there blinds were ready. These blinds were simply but effectively designed. Nothing but willows stuck into the bottom of the Gulf, in the shape of a boat, their tops just high enough to conceal the gunner as he sat. When the birds came and he rose, his head and arms were above the blind.

In the power-boat, we three, with a colored man at the helm, and three black boys, made from shore, towing three skiffs. Not far along, George and I took a small boat with decoys, gun and ammunition. George was a prototype of a Greek god in ebony. That was not hard to see, for all he wore was a tattered pair of faded overalls. No hat, shirt or shoes

disturbed him. I wondered at the simplicity of his garb, not then being familiar with the local system of gathering up dead ducks.

As George rowed me to the blinds, not too far away, I spoke what were meant to be a few pleasant words, intended to make us acquainted and to put him at his ease, but only a few words, for the boy was sullen, and you know what a sullen black boy can be like. Silently, then, he began to put out the decoys and afterward thrust the boat bow first through the easily-bent willow wands.

We had not been waiting ten minutes when a lone sprig came along, about forty yards up. He flew straight over us. I rose, he spiraled in the fashion of that peculiar duck, I fired three quick shots, missed each. The sprig went on.

George looked darker and darker.

A few minutes later, practically the identical performance occurred, and again, after three misses, the duck passed out of our lives.

As I looked at George, I saw that he was as one having a divided mind. I am sure that he felt he ought either to burst into tears or to kill me and then commit suicide. There was no speech between us—no words would answer.

Then came a lone Canada goose, rather far out and not stopping. I knocked him down with a broken wing. Now I saw George as a substitute for a Chesapeake Bay retriever. The way he went after that wounded bird was a

caution. The water, shallow for the most part, two or three feet, with an occasional deeper channel, seemed only to inspire him. He took it all in his stride or stroke. When he came back with the goose I could see that he had decided to let me live a little longer, at least.

Soon two more geese came. I downed them. Later ducks sauntered by and another goose, so that when we picked up at dusk there were four geese and eight ducks.

George was almost cheery as he rowed over to the launch, which already had taken on my two companions. Once in the power-boat and after a few words with the other retriever boys George was positively gay, to the point of laughing out loud. I learned that the boys gambled and often risked their all on the kill of their respective gunners. George had not been too joyous to draw me in the first place, but now things looked different. Geese, it seems, count three, so that our bag equalled twenty ducks. That happened to be high for the afternoon and made George the "winnah."

The next morning, the same party started about nine o'clock. I had wanted to get up earlier and be in the blind by daybreak, but was told there were plenty of birds.

In a little while, there were George and I back in the same blind, but what a change in him. He was as chirpy as a robin.

We hadn't long to wait. Three widgeon

were our first visitors. They came close enough, my eye was right, and George, having just gathered up the last of them, was seating himself when I saw five red-heads heading our way.

As you know, canvasbacks and red-heads are alike in that they do very little trifling with decoys. They come in or they pass by, without much hesitation. These five were about to pass by, some thirty yards off. They were flying twenty feet above the water, in a string, equally spaced—say ten feet apart, following the leader. As they came almost abreast, I rose and gave them 1-2-3-4-5. Each fell in his place as if forming up for aquatic drill. It was one of those lucky flukes that any man who shoots a great deal will have happen to him once out of a thousand times. The ducks all being in the water, I looked at George, to see if he might be starting to pick them up. There he sat, jaw dropping, eyes popping. "Well! What's the matter? Go get them!" He shook his head and drew a deep breath. Then, in a voice that trembled and was full of awe, he quavered: "Fo' de Lawd, boss, dat gun uh yourn she certnly do jest squirt shot!"

The ducks kept coming. I got no more 5's that morning, of course, but in twenty-five minutes I had our twenty-five ducks and George was taking up ready to go in, and again he won, for though the others got the limit we were in first and he took the pot.

Oh, yes, you are right. I did say something of shooting ducks in Scotland. Will you forgive me? I am sure you know how it is, with old sportsmen, old soldiers or any other old men whose lives have been full. They love to hark back. I suppose that is because they have seen and done and felt so much. At any rate, now that you have forgiven me, let us return to that talk between my two friends and myself when the Colonel and the Chief were spending the evening with me.

You might have expected me to forget the conversation with its attendant invitation almost immediately—if you are crazy—otherwise you may be quite sure that sleeping or waking the thought of that suggested expedition was never quite out of my mind.

I planned and I hoped and I worked for it as a boy struggles to save his first money to get Fourth-of-July fireworks. I almost came to the point of feeling sure I would die before the time came around, much as I used to feel when I was a little shaver and counted the long months between me and Christmas. But nothing happened except good things. My business went along well, two or three new clients with reasonable retainers in their hands appeared as it were out of a clear sky, and by midsummer of 1911 dalliance with the ducks began to loom large in the fall foreground.

I crossed on the *Olympic*. Many of you will remember her. So do I—in peace and in war—happily and horribly—but, if you don't mind, (Continued on page 46)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'

FROM THE LOOKS OF OUR FRIEND'S FARMHOUSE THERE'S A REAL OLD-FASHIONED HALLOWE'EN IN STORE FOR US

TRAILER TRIP HALLOWE'EN IN NEW ENGLAND

GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN. WE HAD SUCH FUN AT THE COUNTY FAIR TOGETHER

WELCOME, WELCOME—JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE GAMES THE BOYS HAVE GOTTEN UP FOR TONIGHT

LOOK AT CHUBBINS SNAP UP THOSE APPLES ---- SHE'LL WIN SURE!

GUESS SHE CAN SHOW HER FATHER HOW IT'S DONE, EH JUDGE?

I'LL JUST HAVE TO STICK TO MY PIPE COLLECTING

CAREFUL, CHUBBINS, NONE OF US COULD PIN THE WITCH RIGHT IN THE CENTER

GOOD FOR YOU, CHUBBINS! IT'S PERFECT!

Congratulations, Judge—Your daughter's won almost as many prizes tonight as my family did at the County Fair!

REMEMBER UNCLE GEORGE'S PRIZE PUMPKIN? HE MADE IT INTO THIS HUGE JACK-O'-LANTERN

WE FOUND MISTER JACK-O'-LANTERN LOOKS EVEN MORE AT HOME WITH A PIPE IN HIS MOUTH—SO I MADE THIS BIG CORN-COB FOR HIM

HE DOES LOOK HAPPIER, UNCLE GEORGE

WELL, ANYBODY MAY LOOK HAPPIER WITH A PIPE, BUT WHEN THERE'S PRINCE ALBERT IN IT, YOU CAN BE SURE HE IS HAPPIER—EH, JUDGE?

YOU'LL GET AN OK ON THAT STATEMENT FROM ANY PA. SMOKER—THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!

SMOKING PLEASURE GALORE IN STORE FOR YOU!

THERE'S BETTER TOBACCO IN RIPE, FULL-BODIED PRINCE ALBERT—IT'S EXTRA RICH-TASTING, YET THERE'S NO BITE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

P.A.'S THE JOY SMOKE IN 'MAKIN' CIGARETTES, TOO—AND I GET AROUND 70 TASTY SMOKES FROM EACH TIN

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Copr., 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Ducks

(Continued from page 45)

let us get to the ducks in Scotland. Some other day, if we feel like it, we may talk together about that great ship.

The setup for the Scotch ducks was this! There were five of us to shoot, numbered one to five. We were the "guns." Each had two shotguns and a man to do the loading. We gathered at the lake. I found it a body of water about five hundred yards long and not over two hundred yards across at the widest point. Pine and fir trees stood upon the north end and the east side of it. The other shores were broken ground, showing only an occasional tree. To the north of us the hill rose up to an approximate height of two hundred feet, attaining this level at a distance of a half-mile or so from the water's edge.

Albert, who accompanied the Chief, raised a small brass trumpet he carried and sounded a shrill, unmusical note. This was answered from over the crest to the northeast by three short blasts from a similar horn. In direct response to the signal and its answer I caught a movement on the part of my loader as he said in excited accents: "There they come! There they come!"

Over the tops of the trees, from the place where I had heard the answering horn, swiftly hurtling to their home lake, came five big mallards. Flying high, they were, and though unconscious of danger, apparently disposed to settle in the lower part of the lake, while the guns were disposed around the upper. In fact, two of the guns were on the upper right hand side, one in a boat in the middle of the lake, while the last two, numbers four and five, were opposite one and two on the left upper side of the lake as you looked up it.

The mallards came straight on for the center of the lake, about forty yards above the water. They passed a little to one side of number three in the boat, to receive his salute. He killed one and wounded another. They swung over me,

who was number four, climbing and twisting to get away. I took the wounded one and another. One hit the water, the other the shore.

Scarcely had the five been disposed of when here came three. They met the fate of their brethren and were followed in turn by four. Then a lone duck. Then five again, and five and four. So on for fifteen minutes. Then Albert's horn blew, calling forth its answer from the hill. The flight ceased and the guns changed position, number one becoming number two—that is, all giving way from right to left one down.

What happened during the first period was repeated in the second, and done over in the third. All of the glamour and charm and seductive allure of pass shooting was present in this form of sport. I could not shake off the feeling that the ducks would stop coming, that every one I saw headed toward the lake was the last one. But they kept on and on and on until we stopped for luncheon.

Allen, the butler from the castle, and his troop of footman satellites had set up trestles and laid a damask-draped table in the open ground, roofed only by the gray sky. Here the five hungry sportsmen sat down to a piping hot array of luscious viands, which, completed by some rare old port and an exceptional quality Havana, left us in almost too good humor to care for more shooting.

However, I did not notice anybody flunking a shot when we were back on the lake and the ducks had recommenced their descent upon us.

At four o'clock the horn blew from the hilltop a prolonged blast as a token that the last duck had taken wing. There were a few cripples to pick up, but only a few, because fifteen or twenty gillies had been about the lake all day, gathering from shore and boat the dead and wounded ducks. When the bag was laid out upon the shore for counting in lines of twenty-five we found an even six hundred and

fifty. A few more were picked up later.

And now you will want to know how all this was possible. You will be wondering where the ducks came from and how it was that just when we wanted them they were coming to us. This is the way of it: The Chief bought mallard eggs to add to the store he acquired from the setting of his own ducks. These eggs were put under hens, and the ducklings hatched out were placed in one of three different lakes upon the estate.

They were fed night and morning, at a point distant about half a mile from the home waters. As little fellows, they were, of course, fed fully. As they grew old enough to walk well and fly they were gradually coaxed further and further up the hill until at last they reached the full distance.

Here, after a time, they quickly learned to fly back, after the morning and evening meal. This became habit with them, and a flight always followed a feeding. Sometimes several wide circuits, but always a return to the home waters. When the time came to shoot, the large wire-netting partial enclosure in which the birds had been feeding was completed while they were within. Then they were released at the signal in lots of from one to five. There you have a description of the machinery which guaranteed to the sportsman a shot, or as many shots as he liked, when and where he desired.

All the birds were in prime condition. Those not used at the Castle or given to friends were sent to Edinburgh or London and sold. None was wasted. They were their own birds, to be sure, but I confess I squirmed a little inside to see so many dead at once.

Remember what I told you earlier about the real sport of getting a few birds at home, with much hard work? Nonetheless, the shooting in Scotland—ducks, deer and all—was something to have done, and I am glad the chance came my way.

The Woman Who Couldn't Come Home

(Continued from page 24)

"Start it well; and let the natives carry on by themselves."

It is in accomplishing great deeds with small means that Miss Carr is at her best. The job she performed at Corinth from 1924 to 1926 was one of her best. The Near East Relief had moved 3000 orphans from Smyrna and put them in an old army barracks at Corinth, a city of 10,000. Instantly the staff and children were attacked by malaria. After two weeks more than 2000 were sick. There

was no place to move the children. Huge doses of quinine were not stopping the epidemic. Men had been draining swamps to kill malaria-carrying mosquitoes, but their work was not thorough.

Miss Carr organized the Greek women from the best families in Corinth and turned them into inspectors. She took 93 of the older orphan boys and put them to work digging ditches. She toured the city with a horse and wagon and helper, pouring oil on every wet spot. She couldn't

get around fast enough, so she spent \$500 of her own to buy a second-hand automobile to carry the oil. When the job was done she sold the car at a \$75 loss—that's the only automobile she ever owned. She made sure that all wells were covered, in many cases going into back yards and doing it herself. She saw that every hoof-print that held water, every puddle was drained or oiled. A hundred miles of drainage ditches were dug. Until she reached them, mosquitoes and larvae

**"WHAT A
WHALE OF A WALLOP
NITRO EXPRESS HAS!"**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

says GRANTLAND RICE



could be dipped out of some irrigating tanks like moss. Several thousand natives had to be educated to the battle. When she finished her three-year job there was only one patient in the hospital—a boy who had cut his finger with a knife. How many lives she saved nobody ever took the trouble to find out.

She was once called upon to fight a typhus epidemic several hundred miles up the coast from Athens. To stop the typhus she'd have to kill the lice, and to do that she'd need a delouser. Officials at Athens told her they had none, but she poked around and found one they'd used in the war. It weighed about a ton, and the regular boat up the coast couldn't carry it. She rented a barge, had the delouser loaded on it, and demanded that the owner of the boat tow it. He protested that the waves would sink the barge. She argued till he gave up, and for days and nights she sat in the stern of the barge as it crawled along the coast. They reached the town in the middle of the third night, unloaded the delouser on a rickety pier—and wham!—the pier gave way. Miss Carr woke up the mayor, demanded men and horses, and got the delouser safely to shore. She stopped the typhus.

On another occasion she was fighting tuberculosis in a section of Athens. The police, in their attempt to force food sellers to observe sanitary regulations, were stumped. Unless a policeman stood in front of each shop all day long, the indifferent merchants broke the laws continuously. And there weren't enough police to do that.

It made Miss Carr mighty mad. She had been teaching several thousand refugee women how to care for tuberculous patients; showing them how flies carry germs, how the slovenly merchant was the enemy of every person who wanted to keep well. Now she incited her women to active revolt. She had huge pictures made, showing how sidewalks must be kept clean, shops whitewashed, food kept under screens and glass. When the women discovered a lawbreaker they would gang up in front of his shop, wave their fists, and shout that he was trying to murder their children. That ended the lawbreaker.

Time and again she has seen the work she has started taken up and carried on by the people themselves; seen filthy plague spots turned into tidy and healthy, if poor, communities.

One of her most important jobs was at Kaisariani, a city of 40,000 refugees on the edge of Athens, the worst plague spot in Greece. Beginning in 1930, she worked for four years in a section housing 10,000 men, women and children in the most unbelievable extremes of poverty. Families were crowded into barracks hastily built of boards and tin and paper. The gutter was the sewage system. Vermin was everywhere. Water was so scarce that bathing was a rare rite. A survey of a thousand families (Continued on page 48)

TRUST GRANTRICE to know what's what in sports. Tops among sports scribes, he fishes and hunts with sports figures whose names make news. And what shell does Grant tuck in his Remington pump gun? Nitro Express, of course. But let Grant tell you:

"When I shoot, I want a load that goes places and packs plenty of wallop when it gets there. That's why I shoot Nitro Express.

DOUBLE "WET-PROOF" . . . "Nitro Express is double Wet-Proof . . . take it from a fellow who's hunted in everything from a drizzle to a downpour.

NO BARREL CLEANING . . . "And Kleanbore priming in Nitro Express keeps my gun bore bright, even without cleaning!"

BALANCED PATTERNS . . . Nitro Express shells have balanced patterns at all ranges, with no fringed edges and no holes for game to slip through.

Take a tip from Rice and other in-the-know sportsmen. Shoot Nitro Express or Arrow Express (with lacquered body and extra-high head). Both have standard brands of progressive burning powders and gas-tight wadding to keep every ounce of super-power behind the shot.

Grant's gun, you'll notice, is the famous Remington Model 31AP pump action shotgun. And don't forget—if it's Remington, it's right! Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Member of the American Wildlife Institute
"For a more abundant game supply"

Remington

DUPONT



Nitro Express, Arrow Express, Wet-Proof and Kleanbore are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by the Remington Arms Co., Inc.

The Woman Who Couldn't Come Home

(Continued from page 47)

in one section showed 430 cases of tuberculosis—and it was increasing.

Then Miss Carr, enlisting a little government aid, went to work to show Greece what could be done. Three years later, in the same section, only 33 cases of tuberculosis could be found in 1332 families.

Examine any week in Miss Carr's life since she sailed for France on the *Finland* and you find excitement and drama. Relief work is always dangerous. You can't help everybody, and those who are left out often go berserk.

Though Miss Carr is intensely practical, her work has taken her to the threshold of scientific discoveries. She never follows them up; she holds herself rigidly to the question: How much good can it do the people I am trying to help now?

But with all her vitality, Miss Carr is only human, and the strain tells. Often she goes home and becomes almost hysterical over the seemingly hopeless con-

dition of so many thousands of people. To forget, she goes to dances and movies and to the beach. Sometimes she can't stand it and goes on a bust. In 1922, after months of work in Poland, Serbia and Czechoslovakia, in snow and rain, with starving children and crippled soldiers, she quit. She was through with relief work forever. She and another nurse, with the same idea, had saved \$1500 each, and went on a three months' tear. They toured Europe and Egypt and spent everything except passage money back to America. When Miss Carr arrived in New York, dead broke, she was sure she would never, never—and then the Red Cross asked her if she wouldn't go to Greece.

Three years later she again felt she could stand it no longer. It was after a five-day trip on a donkey through Western Greece, to see that the refugees were getting their supplies and that the camps were in order. She was warned not to go;

the mountains were full of bandits thirsty for loot. But she insisted. It wasn't that she was brave. She was so tired she honestly hoped a bandit would end her troubles. She saw no bandits.

But at the end of the trip she gave up. Having heard of a man who had toured Egypt and the Nile in a private caravan, she decided to do that. Her caravan consisted of nine Arabs, four camels and a donkey. Then, every cent gone but feeling swell, she went back to Greece and to work. "Mister," she says with deep feeling, "that was *some* trip!"

In Miss Carr's desk at home is a little leather-bound diary she bought when she went to France. The entries to date are as follows: "June 9, 1917. Boarded *Finland*. June 10. In harbor. June 11. In harbor. June 12. In harbor. June 13. Sailed. Very rough. Very busy." Life has been so very rough, ever since, and she has been so very busy, that Miss Carr has never had time to make another entry.

Homecoming

(Continued from page 3)

officer from one casket to another. The officer then left the room and another officer entered and performed the same duties, and then a third officer, so that by the time the three officers had finished their work any possible means of identifying the body or the cemetery from which it came had been destroyed. This was done so that any chance of identifying the cemetery and then tracing what troops may have fought in that locality and the States from which they came might be in vain.

The bodies were now placed in the caskets on which they rested and the caskets closed. The doors were then opened, and Sergeant Edward S. Younger, Headquarters of the Second Battalion, 59th Infantry, who had been selected for the duty due to his excellent war record, was handed a spray of white roses by General Allen. Passing the four coffins, Sergeant Younger turned and passed again. Twice he made the turn more slowly, then, pausing, he gently raised his hand and amid an intense and impressive silence placed the roses on the casket furthest to the right looking from the door. The body was then removed to another room and there placed in a special casket on which was engraved: AN UNKNOWN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO GAVE HIS LIFE IN THE GREAT WAR. An American Flag was placed over the casket, and the body was ready for the journey home.

From one to five o'clock the body of

the Unknown lay in state at the hôtel de ville of Châlons. The train left for Paris and remained in the Paris yards overnight under heavy guard. On the morning of the 26th the journey was continued to Le Havre. The solemn procession was headed by French soldiers, followed by a detachment of French Marines. Then came one hundred representatives of the French veteran organizations bearing flowers and wreaths. Behind came twenty-four American soldiers without sidearms, and then the caisson drawn by six horses. General Allen walked with M. Maginot, representing the French Government, on his right, and Admiral Barthès on his left.

As the solemn parade started on its march to the pier, all the church bells in the city started tolling, and they tolled all during the march and until the Unknown had left the shores of France. The procession wound its way through the city streets to the dock where the *Olympia*, former flagship of Admiral Dewey, awaited its solemn burden.

IN THE gray dawn of November 11, 1921, the city of Washington is astir early. The third anniversary of the signing of the Armistice has been selected for the entombment in Arlington Cemetery of the American Unknown Soldier. A glittering cortège leaves the capitol and winds its way through the streets of Washington across the Potomac. This

procession is led by a car containing President Warren G. Harding, followed in turn by a car which bears the shrunken and wasted form of former President Wilson. The procession soon arrives at Arlington Cemetery, and the casket is carried from the caisson to the awaiting tomb.

Present at the services centering around the tomb are members of the Cabinet and of the Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives, together with many generals and admirals and other officers. Also to be seen among the throng are ex-President Taft and Vice President Coolidge, while nearby is the General of the Armies, John J. Pershing. Representing Allied nations are Marshal Foch, Premier Briand of France, Lord Balfour of England, Admiral Lord Beatty of the British Navy, Generalissimo Diaz of the Italian armies, General Baron Jacques of Belgium, General the Earl of Cowan, and Tokugawa, Prince of Japan.

After the invocation and the singing of a hymn, President Harding advances and with deep reverence places upon the casket a simple spray of flowers. Marshal Foch comes forward and removing the star of the Legion of Honor from his breast, bestows it upon the Unknown in the name of the Republic of France. He is followed by many others who deposit upon the simple casket the orders and decorations of the Allied nations.

So was laid to rest the Unknown American Soldier.

We're Not Ashamed of It

(Continued from page 7)

not get overseas." He was drilling to go, or drilling others to go, to make sure there would be enough.

Heinie, as he met our arriving divisions, found they were up to the early samples. More and more were coming—more and more with the same glint in their eyes.

It turned out that two millions of us in France were enough—enough because of the way those at the front were fighting—because of the two millions coming up from behind—because all the four millions had kept on driving so hard in that mighty, immortal effort.

Never had there been its like under a merciless military régime, its like in American speed in mastering the professional game of war through intensive labor and industry, and in attack without respite on the battle line.

Suppose there had not been such unconquerable spirit and energy, Army and Navy, by land and sea, backed by quick American adaptability and intelligence. We might not have finished the war in 1918. It might have gone on through 1919.

What then? Envision that, pacifist and Little Boy Blue who now think we lost the war.

In 1919, as our weary Allies marked time and waited on our offensives, we should have had to bear the great brunt of the fighting and the losses. There would be more and far larger fields of American white crosses in France, scores of more veteran hospitals at home, and hosts of more men broken physically and mentally as the cruel price on top of twice as large a war debt.

From this, for God and Country, we saved America by finishing the job in 1918 instead of 1919, the while we saved Europe from more prolonged misery, agony and bloodletting in that war. For it was that war it was our job to end. Is that something to be ashamed of?

Or that, eighteen months after we entered the war unprepared, we overcame the greatest military machine of all time across three thousand miles of ocean, and set our flag on the Rhine, without malice toward any nation or people?

Are we ashamed of patriotism? Of striking the blows when the country called for blows? Of a job cleanly carried through from start to finish? That when it was over we kept the faith of our bargain by returning quietly to civil life and our country kept the faith with its bargain by asking no indemnity or territory as the reward of victory?

There is imperishable glory in this if not in war as war, which we have a practical while Little Boy Blue has only a theoretical reason to abhor. It is a reminder to be stressed on Armistice Day.

"How about another helping of that good

VELVET tobacco!"



Better smoking tobacco

Velvet
—the **MILDNESS**
of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood
—the **FLAVOR**
of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both

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Now Showing: Legion

(Continued from page 22)

Indian village and gave it the sonorous name of El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora, La Reina de Los Angeles—the City of our Lady, the Queen of the Angels. With the passing years and increasing importance of the pueblo, town and city, it has shed forty of the original forty-two letters of its name and is now irreverently referred to as L. A.—the movie capital of the world. But whether Spanish mission, Mexican Pueblo, or great American city, it has never before been called upon to entertain such a host as that which made up the attendance at the National Convention of The American Legion during the week of September 18, 1938. Well did the citizens of the City of Our Lady, The Queen of the Angels acquit themselves. Reluctantly the tired but happy conventionaires turned away from the hospitable city at the end of the meeting, though it will be weeks before the last Legion cap worn by a convention visitor disappears from the scene.

City of a thousand sights, spread out over an area of 450.75 square miles, the fifth largest city in the United States; center of the moving picture industry and home of the great movie stars, where celebrities whose names are household words throughout the world can be seen at work and at play; beaches and recreation centers, all set in a most interesting section in a genial clime, combined to make Los Angeles an ideal convention center for the Legion (or any other organization—no charge to the City Convention Bureau). The appeal was irresistible, the hospitality boundless. And, though assured the Legion week weather was a bit unusual, on the up side, the Legion still likes it and votes Los Angeles a Queen of Hosts.

Aside from the regularly-scheduled reunions of war-time buddies, and entirely apart from the convention routine, it is a safe bet that there were more family gatherings and reunions of old friends in Los Angeles than in any city in which the national meeting has been held. Census figures say (and there is a note of finality in the official statement of a census statistician) that one out of every three people who have settled west of the Rocky Mountains during the past ten years has settled in Los Angeles County. There were few visitors who did not, casually and without prearrangement, bump into some one from the old home town, or take an evening out to have dinner with Uncle

Ned and Aunt Sally in their home. Other hundreds remembered that old schoolmates were doing things in Hollywood and getting their names on the flickers; well, there'll be a lot of prideful "I knew him whens" from this time on.

The serious work of the convention began on Friday when the Resolution Assignment Committee, saddened by the



California poppy girls greet the 40-and-8 equipment of Kokomo (Indiana) Voiture on its arrival in Los Angeles. The blossoms are not the crimson French variety, but the yellow native to the Golden State

recent death of its Chairman and long-time member, Dr. W. T. Dunning of Gonzales, Texas, took up its task of routing to the various convention committees the 658 resolutions submitted by the fifty-eight Departments of the Legion. Each resolution submitted was studied and classified by subject, then sent to the proper committee to insure careful consideration and recommendation to the convention as a whole for final disposition. This is the serious work of the Legion that goes on while carnival reigns in the streets—it is the side of a Legion convention that the man in the street does not see, and to which perhaps little thought is given by non-Legionnaires while observing the merrymaking and festivities that attend upon the great national meetings. While attendance at Los Angeles ran well up toward 150,000 (any guess is good after passing the hundred thousand mark—no official figures can ever be given) the actual working body of Legionnaires in attendance numbered but 1,341 officially-elected delegates, plus a few hundred others—Past National Commanders, members of the National Executive Committee, chairmen and members of working committees. It is always this small group, a fraction of the total body of

visitors, who make up the official convention and carry on the serious work of the organization, map its program and enunciate its policies. They were the ones who applied themselves to their assigned tasks while merrymaking thousands elbowed and jostled along the crowded streets and made a picnic ground of Sixth Street, flowing out and eddying around in all the feeders from Figueroa down to Main.

Nearly all day Sunday the National Executive Committee sat in session, closing up the work of the past year, catching up loose ends, hearing reports of special committees, and listening to occasional bursts of oratorical fireworks. Appointments were made to fill vacancies in the national organization caused by death or resignation, and the work of the year completed insofar as that body was able to accomplish such an end. Other committees met and went about their work; men who give their time and energy to the Legion throughout the year, voluntarily and without thought of reward, also gave their time at that moment when the holiday spirit was rife.

The first official event opening the great Convention of 1938 was an impressive succession of song, martial music, recitative and colorful pageantry recounting the glory of the fallen when, under a star-spangled sky, an overflow audience of more than 30,000 persons honored America's silent legion of World War dead at Hollywood Bowl on Sunday night. It was a dramatic fusing of reverence and patriotism, reaching a moving climax in an illuminated mountainside spectacle, with The American Legion emblem, a gold star and an American Flag standing out in relief high above a field of white crosses sown with scarlet poppies.

The great audience packed every inch of space in the Bowl and overflowed on the ramps outside. Tier upon tier of reverent faces looked down as a river of standards—nearly eight hundred American Flags and Legion banners—streamed into the Bowl for the ceremony which officially ushered in the 1938 convention.

National Commander Doherty called the service to attention and when honor had been paid to the colors introduced Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin of Los Angeles and Father Frank J. Lawler, National Chaplain, who pronounced invocations. Joe Colling (Continued on page 53)

A Money-Making Opportunity for Men of Character

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR
AN INVENTION EXPECTED TO REPLACE
A MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY

Costly Work Formerly "Sent Out" by Business Men Now Done by Themselves at a Fraction of the Expense

This is a call for men everywhere to handle exclusive agency for one of the most unique business inventions of the day.

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the phonograph industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the phonograph into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple invention which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

Not a "Gadget"— Not a "Knick-Knack"—

but a valuable, proved device which has been sold successfully by business novices as well as seasoned veterans.

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the inventor hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this invention. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

Some of the Savings You Can Show

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A man working small city in N. Y. State made \$10,805 in 9 months. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

Profits Typical of the Young, Growing Industry

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$5.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

This Business Has Nothing to Do With House to House Canvassing

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

F. E. ARMSTRONG, President
Dept. 4020-M, Mobile, Ala.

RUSH FOR EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROPOSITION

F. E. ARMSTRONG, Pres., Dept. 4020-M, Mobile, Ala.
Without obligation to me, send me full information on your proposition.

Name.....
Street or Route.....
Box No.....
City.....
State.....



Now Showing: Legion

(Continued from page 50)

conducted the Hollywood Post Band in a medley of Allied national airs, then massed groups of choristers loosed a flood of tuneful memories with the songs "In Flanders Field" and "The Long, Long Trail."

The snap and precision of San Gabriel Drum and Bugle Corps, National Champions of 1936 and 1938, drew an ovation from the crowd. Trim in brilliant yellow silk shirts and Old California costumes, San Gabriel brisked through a rapid succession of intricate musical maneuvers. They were followed by the Chanters Post, of Los Angeles, singing a musical version of Rudyard Kipling's imposing "Hymn Before Action" and "Dear Land of Home."

A fanfare of bugles announced the first pageant, and Herbert Marshall, British-born actor, gave a running commentary as the production developed. Marshall spoke briefly, introducing himself as an "English comrade in arms." A revolving globe representing the world rotated as Marshall reviewed the beginning of the World War and the nations involved, and finally the birth of The American Legion.

Bobby Breen, youthful screen and radio star, sang "Danny Boy" so sweetly that the crowd demanded an encore before the program could proceed. A second fanfare of bugles introduced the pageant "Golden Lady," played by Fay Holden as a Gold Star mother, John Howard, Robert Preston, and Leard Davis. The entire service was directed by Bruce Herman.

The climax of the dramatically moving program came when "The Vision of the Hills" was revealed to the thousands who sat or stood hushed within the Bowl. The shell of the stage moved aside, and on the mountain slope, hidden from the audience by the shell and the darkness, powerful floodlights revealed a green field studded with white crosses and bedded down with 75,000 hospital-made memorial poppies. Standing at the end, as a guard of honor and a pledge of remembrance, were the eight hundred flags which had streamed through the Bowl at the opening of the ceremony. Then, as Richard Stanley raised his voice in the poignant strains of "My Buddy," hundreds of white pigeons were released from cotes under the flags and fluttered up through the blinding glare of the lights, circling around and around over the field of crosses—then losing themselves in the darkness. Above the field, one after another, appeared an illuminated American Legion emblem, then above it a Gold Star, and finally a huge American flag was unfurled.

Stirring chords of "The Star-Spangled Banner" played by Hollywood Post Band cut through the solemnity of the moment, and the ceremony ended in the thunder of

a twelve-gun salute and the clear notes of Taps sounded by Bugler Aimé Reinwald, echoing from the mountains and finally losing themselves in the distance. The opening service—colorful, spectacular, reverential—in which the Legion made obeisance to the Almighty and rededicated itself to patriotism in its homeland gave the keynote and the theme motif to the convention sessions which followed.

The opening session of the Convention, scheduled to start at 9 o'clock, was held in the great Shrine Auditorium on Monday morning. The delegates and visitors had passed a noisy and exhausting night, but long before the hour set for the official opening streams of arrivals indicated a capacity crowd. Crescent City Post Band of New Orleans reached the immense stage at 8:45 to play the opening concert, taking the place of Musicians Post Band of St. Louis, National Champions, which had been unable to attend. Then at 9:05 the National Champion San Gabriel (California) Drum and Bugle Corps got a big hand when it came on the stage playing "Something About a Soldier."

National Commander Daniel J. Doherty called the convention to order at exactly 9:35 when he rapped smartly on the miniature Liberty Bell. The first session, as is customary, was for the most part devoted to greetings from the host State, City and Department, the formal organization of the convention and the delivery of the report of the National Commander.

When this Twentieth National Convention of The American Legion was called to order the very air was charged with tenseness. It was a moment of grave concern, and there were questions of serious import to be considered. Delegates and members of the convention were determined that, insofar as it lay within the power of the Legion, we, as a nation, would preserve our freedom and independence from European entanglements and, in the event of a European war, would seek to preserve strict neutrality. At the same time it was recognized that our only hope of maintaining a status of independence and neutrality was in the strength of our national defense, and in building a home defense through a program of Americanism, patriotic education, a constant fight against subversive influences and the borers-from-within. The audience roared its approval as speaker after speaker echoed that sentiment.

Father Frank J. Lawler, National Chaplain, in his invocation asked the Almighty to "give us wisdom for the future." The colors were advanced and John Boles, distinguished screen star who had consented to act as official soloist, stepped to the microphone. "What I

hear and read in these days makes me glad I am an American," he said. "So—let's all sing." Then he lifted his baritone voice in leading the throng in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The first official greetings were spoken by Governor Frank F. Merriam, of California. "It is a happy thing to have you here," said the Governor. "We admire you for what you were. We admire you for the things you have done. We admire you for what you are at the present time. California perhaps as greatly as any State in the entire nation appreciates the Legion and the things for which it stands. We have everything in California that you have in all the other States put together—that is, everything that is good. We are made up of people from the other States. It is said that if you remain here in California for ten years you will meet every person you ever knew."

Commissioner Otto J. Emme, Legionnaire, represented Mayor Frank L. Shaw in delivering the greetings of the City of Los Angeles, and told visitors that the traditions of old pueblo hospitality held good, a heritage from the Franciscan Fathers who built the early missions and laid the foundations for the California of today.

Past National Commander John R. Quinn, an Angeleno and President of the 1938 American Legion Convention Corporation, received an ovation when he was introduced by National Commander Doherty as "a true friend, a bulwark of the Legion, and one of the finest exemplifications of American manhood."

"In this city," said Past National Commander Quinn, "you can stray farther and see more without stepping outside the city limits than in any other city in the world. The lights by which you read find the source of energy in mountain streams hundreds of miles away. The water you drink is piped from mountain lakes as far away from here as New York is from Boston. Los Angeles waited a long spell to get you out here. But once you decided to come the boys out here pitched in with a will that made my task as President of the Corporation an easy one. I want to thank them sincerely."

"The people of Los Angeles," he continued, "know that there are really two conventions in progress here. One is for the discussion and determination of a program vastly significant to our country. The other is a reunion of comrades who gather to renew acquaintances and raise the roof. The people of Los Angeles will enter into the spirit of this roof-raising. The more fun you have the better Los Angeles will like it."

Joseph S. Long, retiring Department Commander, spoke for the Legionnaires of California. (Continued on page 54)

Now Showing: Legion

(Continued from page 53)

He referred to the social life in the early days of California, and to the hospitable communities centered around the haciendas of the great ranchos, when above the door of the adobe houses a sign-board invited the weary and worn travelers: "Come in, friend, this is your house." "California has changed considerably since then," he said. "The pueblos and presidios are great and thriving cities. The great ranchos have been developed into flowering gardens, beautiful groves and vineyards. Yet that spirit of early California still lives on. The Legion bids you welcome with open arms and says to you; 'Come in, friend, this is your house.'"

The response to the addresses of welcome, most appropriately, was made by Past National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., of San Francisco—a native son of the Golden State who served the Legion as its leader in 1934-1935. Addressing himself to Governor Merriam, Past National Commander Belgrano said: "We expected you to say most of the things that you did this morning, because we know that in speaking for all of the people of this State you spoke for a people who respect the emblem of The American Legion."

Past National Commander John R. Quinn returned to the speakers' stand, and beside him stood Legionnaire and Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of the City of New York, to receive from the Legion the medallion presented in recognition of New York's hospitality to the 1937 National Convention.

"The Legion left only pleasant memories in New York," Mayor LaGuardia said in accepting the medallion on behalf of his city. "That convention established a record for size of the parade and set a record for attendance at the parade. New York City does not want these records to be permanent. We hope all the records established in New York will be surpassed and exceeded by this and other conventions. But we serve notice that as soon as that record is broken we ask for the turn next." He injected a bit of humor when he borrowed a bit of Hollywood phraseology to invite Legionnaires to attend the 1939 New York World's Fair. Throwing his arms upward and almost screaming, he promised; "You'll see the most colossal, the most stupendous—" but his words were lost in a wave of shrieking, laughing applause.

Continuing the address in a serious

vein, Mayor LaGuardia said: "Whatever position our Government may take in regard to foreign affairs is the position of the American people. While we may disagree among ourselves in local and domestic matters, I know that it is the spirit of The American Legion, and every service man, to stand by our Government one hundred percent strong."

Greetings from The American Legion Auxiliary was delivered by Mrs. Malcolm



Legionnaire visitors see again a bit of sunny France in a set on the Warner Brothers lot in Burbank

Douglas, National President. Cheers greeted her declaration that "if the nation is to have peace it must be strong and well armed," and more applause when she urged that "before worrying about the fate of democracy in other parts of the world, let us first safeguard democracy here at home."

"Where the Legion marches, we march," Mrs. Douglas continued, "What the Legion orders, we execute; the charge the Legion gives us we assume."

Chef de Chemin de Fer Fred G. Fraser spoke for the Forty and Eight when he reviewed the great work of that organization during the past year in the enlargement of its child welfare program and its renewed efforts on behalf of the disabled. "You are aware that some of the time I spent abroad," he said, "was used to make hospital visitations. I was shocked at what I saw in the way of treatment accorded ex-service men in foreign countries. Joy came into my sorrowing heart when I compared the conditions in foreign lands with those in my own country. Here in America we give to the disabled ex-service men efficient hospitalization in modern structures. This great hospitalization and care has been brought about by the constant surveillance and care of The American Legion."

The guest speaker on the morning program who sounded the keynote of the convention was David I. Walsh, United States Senator from Massachusetts and Chairman of the powerful Senate Naval Affairs Committee—a speech that was interrupted again and again with applause and cheers. The audience heard him urge that we "shun war as we would a poisonous reptile," and stamped agreement when he said: "We must be prepared to protect and defend our shores, our people, our property and our homes against invasion or foreign aggression." Thunderous applause greeted his demand that we have "an American Navy of such size that it may single-handed be a match at sea against any foreign power or combination of powers." And his hearers gave full assent when he let loose a verbal bombardment of Communism, Fascism, Nazism and other alien philosophies.

Reminding the veterans that in 1917 and 1918 they fought to save the ideals of democracy, he declared: "Today, at home and abroad, we behold the very negation of those ideals. In some of our former Allied countries

and their adversaries of 1917, democracy has been cast into scorn and contempt. Force and tyranny have replaced moral suasion and individual freedom as the most modern instruments of government. Coercive dictatorships, suppressing most of the principles we have cherished, in some cases contrived by tyrants more ruthless than Nero, more merciless than the primitive savage, are the order of today.

"Insolent aggressors in control of millions of enslaved subjects, who recognize the laws of neither God nor man, are planning and pursuing policies in complete disregard of the lessons of the World War. In the midst of a darkness and despair that hangs over the world, with human beings crying out everywhere for peace, I plead with this powerful and patriotic organization to accept the challenge to preserve peace and order here and in our own America."

Three outstanding elements of the challenge—neutrality, national defense and radicalism—drew ringing words from the distinguished Massachusetts statesman. Declaring that he could in no measure agree with those who believe that American participation in the next war is inevitable, he said:

"I urge a policy of unquestioned and

A perfect blend- A perfect friend

affirmative neutrality. We must strain every effort, employ every means of vigilance, exhaust every alternative short of mischievous meddling to prevent another world conflict. We must courageously and tenaciously cling to the Washingtonian policy of minding our own business, tending to our own affairs and letting all other nations do likewise. As a nation, we have no preordained mandate to police the rest of the world. To meddle with the explosive rivalries of Europe—rivalries, jealousies, animosities and enmities which antedate our own origin as a free, independent government—is to invite disaster."

Senator Walsh urged complete cessation of trade and commerce with all belligerents in event of war, pointing out that the present neutrality act, leaving the impositions of embargoes to the discretion of Government officials, "permits a variable and changing attitude by our Government instead of a positive, inflexible, fixed position requiring complete detachment."

Against subversive influences, Senator Walsh warned: "We must exert our utmost influence in thought, speech and action against the apostles of foreign philosophies, alien to American ideals, who would, if they had their way, topple our most precious institutions about us and erect on the ruins the superstructure of destructive authoritarian government."

From France came M. Georges Rivollet, General Secretary of the National Confederation of ex-Service Men and War Victims and a former cabinet minister, to bring the fraternal greetings of four million French comrades of the World War who are grouped in the National Confederation. "The sincere friendship which always unites the ex-service men of France and the United States permits them to face unflinchingly whatever events may happen," he said.

A message was read from William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, regretting his inability to attend the convention because of official duties attendant upon the opening of the annual meeting of the American Federation of Labor at Houston, Texas. He commended the Legion for its stand on the child labor amendment and on its unwavering policy of strict neutrality, and promised continued support and co-operation in the Legion's drive against "Communism, Fascism, Nazism as autocratic, destructive and dictatorial. We are uncompromisingly opposed to the sort of philosophy which all those forms of government control represent."

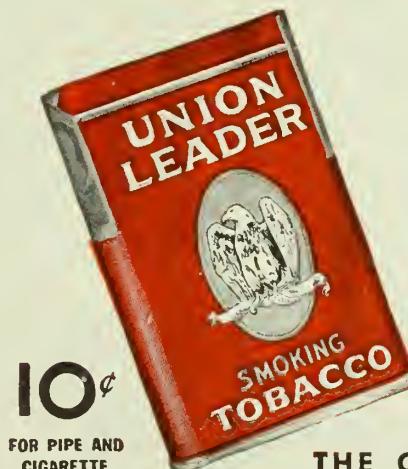
An interesting sidelight of the opening session was the appearance of Mayor Edward J. Kelly of Chicago, who, for the fourth consecutive time since the great Chicago National Convention of 1933, came before the delegates to urge their return for the 1939 annual meeting. Mayor Kelly spoke so convincingly of the desire of Chicago (Continued on page 56)



↑ **IN 1913** . . . "About the time of this picture I was doin' my darnedest to like pipe smoking but it wasn't until I came across Union Leader, that I found how sweet and mellow a pipe tobacco could be. And Union Leader and me are even better pals today than 25 years ago."

← **TODAY** . . . "I'm 65 now and looking back at a long life, I can truthfully say Union Leader has done a lot to make the hard times easier and the good times better. I never expect to find kindlier tobacco I like so well at any price." Mr. E. G. Ross, Newport, Minn.

Union Leader



ALWAYS . . . Day in and day out, for more than a third of a century, UNION LEADER has brought thousands of men deep smoking contentment. This choice hill-grown Burley from Kentucky is aged in oak and specially processed to remove all burn and bite. You'll find it the mellowest, most flavorful tobacco a dime ever bought! Try a tin . . . today!

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Now Showing: Legion

(Continued from page 55)

again to entertain the Legion that at the conclusion of his address there was little doubt that America's second city would get the call.

"Chicago is Legion conscious," said Mayor Kelly. "Chicago has learned to love The American Legion; we are asking you to come back to the people who really appreciate you; people who feel you did the city a lot of good. Chicago wants you." (Certain columnists please copy.)

Buttressing the invitation so cordially extended by the Mayor, Phil Collins, President of the Chicago 1933 Convention Corporation, stepped to the rostrum and handed National Commander Doherty a certified check for \$27,050 as a testimonial of good faith. He stated that additional funds and pledges amounting to \$100,000 had been raised by the Citizen Committee and \$50,000 in an appropriation made by the State of Illinois, thus guaranteeing adequate financial capacity. At the Wednesday morning session James P. Ringley, Chairman of the Convention Liaison Committee, told the convention in his official report that Chicago was the unanimous choice of his Committee, a conclusion that seemed to coincide with the unanimous thought of the delegates. The 1939 National Convention will be held at Chicago, Illinois, on September 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th, 1939.

"Boston wants the Convention in 1940," announced National Commander Doherty when he presented Mayor Maurice J. Tobin of Boston. The youthful executive of the Hub City, tall, clean-cut, clear voiced and looking little older than a college student, made an eloquent appeal for his city for the 1940 meeting. Later, Department Commander Fred A. Bottger of Missouri invited the Legion to return to Kansas City for its 1941 Convention, and Department Commander Henry O. Regner of Wisconsin presented the invitation of Milwaukee for the same year.

A number of distinguished guests were presented to the convention. One of these was a white haired man who walked slowly to the front of the stage to receive an ovation lasting several minutes. He was Dr. Overton H. Mennett, immediate Past Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

A custom almost as old as the Legion itself is that of dining the distinguished guests on the evening of the first day of the annual get-together. When National Commander Doherty arrived at the Biltmore Bowl on Monday evening to take his place as the host at the annual dinner he greeted an array of guests seldom if ever equaled at a National Convention. At the head table were men whose names are famous throughout the world in

military and civil life, many of which will remain for all time in American history. There were military leaders, governors, United States Senators, mayors of America's largest cities.

Two hours of music and entertainment by Hollywood's finest comedians and vocal artists preceded the address of the evening by J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Jack Benny, as master of ceremonies, laid 'em in the aisles with his humorous quips and wisecracks, introducing Gene Austin with Candy and Coco, Bob Burns and his bazooka, and Nelson Eddy, who stopped the show and was forced to respond to an encore. Maurice Menge's orchestra played the songs of the forty-eight States, interspersed with frequent impromptu acts by Legionnaire musicians and vocalists—including "Home On the Range" by popular Fred Young, Department Adjutant of Texas.

Director Hoover hailed The American Legion as a mighty fortress safeguarding American ideals and institutions. "It is to such groups as The American Legion," he said, "that our citizens may well look for the fullest development of the principles of Americanism."

The twin evils of the unholy union of politics and crime and of the abuse of the parole system must be ended if the growing lawlessness is to be checked, he asserted. "I firmly believe that first offenders, in many instances, should be given parole consideration," he said, "and I am equally of firm belief that hardened habitual criminals are best behind the bars. I am a friend of parole, but I cannot justify the senseless, super-sentimental application of misguided sympathy for depraved and unreformed criminals. Mollycoddling of prisoners must be stopped. Sternness and justice must be tempered with wisdom." He stated as his belief that the solution of the crime problem is one of education.

A most welcome break in the exhausting routine of the official sessions was that afforded on Monday afternoon when one of the great motion-pictures studios capitulated to an assaulting force of 35,000 Legionnaires and their friends. For five hours a procession of visitors, by invitation, streamed through the Warner Brothers lot in Burbank, and at the conclusion screen luminaries filled a studio grandstand to give the Legionnaires a rousing cheer.

Exterior scenes from a war-time picture and a western thriller were directed by the kibitzing Legionnaires as they passed through the studio back lot where companies were attempting to film sequences in forthcoming productions. It's safe to lay a dime to a doughnut that for many months to come many of these same

Legionnaires will be pointing out to friends in their home town just where they stood when a certain scene was shot. Anyway, it was a great experience for most of the 35,000 visitors.

Ranking national officers of the Legion and their guests were entertained at a luncheon held on one of the sound stages during the visiting hours, with Harry M. and Jack L. Warner, executive heads of the corporation, as hosts.

The official sessions were resumed on Wednesday morning at the Philharmonic Auditorium, after a recess of one day for the gigantic nine-hour parade—the greatest and most colorful the Pacific Coast ever saw—and reunions and meetings arranged by generous hosts who were determined to account for almost every hour spent in Los Angeles. It was a rather worn body of delegates and conventioneers who were in their seats on Wednesday morning.

President Roosevelt, who had been invited to attend the convention, found that the pressure of public affairs would not permit his acceptance. His message was read at the opening session. "I regret exceedingly," said the message, "that I shall be unable to be present in person. I recall with pleasure the warmth of the welcome you accorded me when I attended the convention in Chicago five years ago."

"Each of you today," the message continued, "is in a position to promote responsible American citizenship. In many communities there is a need of such education in citizenship. How better can you now serve than as missionaries in American democracy? Happily, we are now at peace, but there is work to be done. The American Legion will assist, as it has always done, in maintaining and defending those true American principles of freedom, tolerance, justice and humanity, which are a part of our priceless heritage."

At this and a later session of the convention addresses were heard from W. Frank Persons, Director of the United States Employment Service; Past National Commander James A. Drain, who spoke on the social security act and the intimate relationship of Legion ideals and activities to that subject; Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans' Affairs; Reuben T. Shaw, President of the National Education Association; Owen A. Galvin, National Commander of the Disabled American War Veterans; Rice W. Means, Past Department Commander of the Legion of the District of Columbia and Past Commander-in-Chief of the United Spanish-American War Veterans; General Charles P. Summerall; Major General Frank Parker; L. A. Basler, representing the Dominion Presi-

dent of the Canadian Legion, and Past Department Commander B. W. Gearhart of California, now a member of Congress, who presented to the Legion the pen with which President Roosevelt signed the Act of Congress making Armistice Day a legal holiday.

Greetings were read from General John J. Pershing, war-time commander of the A. E. F., who was in France; also messages from Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring, a Past Department Commander of Kansas, and Past National Commander Paul V. McNutt, now High Commissioner to the Philippines.

The reports of the several committees—the delegates who had wrestled with the 658 separate resolutions sent up from the Department conventions for consideration—approved one after another, with little debate or opposition from the floor. A little flurry was created when a delegate from the District of Columbia gained the floor to urge action on a resolution with reference to the service of Negroes in the Army which had been rejected by the Committee on National Defense. The report of the committee was adopted as read, after a bit of parliamentary maneuvering. It was not until the report of the Legislative Committee was presented by Chairman Frank L. Pinola that the fireworks started.

In the closing session the debate on the committee-recommended resolution on universal service in time of war was sharp and heated. The battle was fought by Senators, Representatives, Past National Commanders and buck privates—all Legionnaires—and though it lasted only ninety minutes the decision of the assembled delegates, on roll call, was most decisive.

The resolution which precipitated the debate read as follows: "We demand of Congress the immediate passage of legislation enacting that principle (universal service) into law providing, *inter alia*, for the approval by Congress of regulations promulgated by the President of the draft of manpower of the nation, containing an adequate taxing feature which will recover the profits arising from war, and providing for the draft of wealth by means of mandatory loans at low interest rates and graduated in proportion to the net wealth of each individual, increasing the amount of the required loan in each case in a ratio similar to the graduated income tax."

The proposed resolution embodied a radical departure from long-established Legion policy in urging the enactment of legislation designed to provide for universal service and to take the profit out of war. That the provision of the resolution calling for conscription of wealth and property did not strike a responsive chord was at once apparent. Delegates shifted uneasily in their seats. Immediately, Legionnaire Tom Miller of Nevada claimed the floor to present a substitute resolution, which reaffirmed the position taken by former (Continued on page 58)



NORTH



SOUTH



WEST



EAST



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ENRICHES THE FLAVOR OF ANY TOBACCO

HONEY IN
THE BOWL
(Yellow)



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NEXT PIPE

\$1 YELLO-BOLE

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Yello-Bole has *real honey* in the bowl. The honey seeps into the briar wood as you smoke, and keeps on blending its flavor with the pipe. Result: Yello-Bole starts sweet, stays sweet. You spend \$20 or more a year for tobacco, and \$1 spent on Yello-Bole will make tobacco much more enjoyable.

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(Continued from page 57)

National Conventions. His substitute provided:

"That the Twentieth National Convention of The American Legion demands that the principle of universal service be again presented to the forthcoming session of the Congress as a major point in the legislative program of this organization to the end that immediate action may be had thereon, so that the principle of 'equal service for all, special profits and privileges for none' may be enacted by the Congress and approved by the President in advance of any national emergency or war. We reiterate our approval of the Sheppard-May Bill now before the Congress."

The presentation of the Miller substitute precipitated a heated debate, participated in by Department Commander Herbert L. Rhodes of Maryland; Legionnaire Josh Lee, United States Senator from Oklahoma; Past Department Commander James McCann of France; Past Department Commander Frank Mathews, Jr., of New Jersey; Past Department Commander Jerry Cross of New York; Past National Commander Harry W. Colmery; Legionnaire H. C. Nami of Texas, and other delegates. At one stage in the debate the feeling became so tense that a thin chorus of boos was hurled at the speaker. This brought a sharp rebuke from National Commander Doherty, who interrupted the speaker long enough to admonish the convention "You are all Legionnaires and fundamentally gentlemen. There should never be boos to a Legionnaire in a Legion meeting."

The debate promised to go on and on, but Past National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil of Kansas cut it short when he moved the previous question.

Demand for a roll-call by Departments on the substitute resolution was made by Oklahoma, Maine, Nevada and Illinois. So that the delegates might have a clear understanding of the question at issue the two resolutions were again read. The roll call was started by National Adjutant Frank E. Samuel and continued on down until each of the fifty-eight Departments and the several out-lying Posts had recorded its vote. The result, as announced at the conclusion of the poll, was overwhelmingly in favor of the Miller substitute, 1,139 votes for it to 184 against, which reaffirmed the stand of the organization taken at the Cleveland and New York Conventions.

Nerves of the delegates, strung to considerable tenseness during the debate on the universal service resolution, relaxed almost visibly as National Commander Doherty announced the next order of business—election of National officers.

While several candidates for the place

of leadership had actively prosecuted their campaigns earlier in the week, one by one they withdrew from the field leaving but one of their number to go before the convention. Even as Department Commander Harry R. Lawton of Washington strode to the platform to give to the Legion the name of Stephen F. Chadwick, of Seattle, as the next National Commander, delegates started taking down the Department banners and

name of Past Department Commander Charles W. Crush of Virginia; National Committeeman Maurice F. Devine of New Hampshire presented Edward J. Quinn of Maine, and Past Department Commander Adrian Boyd named Past Department Commander James Crawley of Mississippi. The roll call was carried to the end of the list of Departments, but no other nominations being heard, the five Legionnaires named were elected by acclamation.

The last regular order of business was the election of a National Chaplain. Past National Committeeman Sam W. Reynolds in an eloquent address presented the name of Rev. Jerome L. Fritsche of Kearney, Nebraska, and Department Commander Herbert L. Rhodes placed Rev. Raymond W. Cook, of Baltimore, Maryland, in nomination. A roll call of Departments had been carried far down the list when it was seen that the majority of the delegates favored the election of Legionnaire Fritsche, and Commander Rhodes asked that the roll call be discontinued and that Rev. Mr. Fritsche's election be made unanimous.

The official session, with the completion of the election, drew near a close. Past National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil formally installed National Commander Chadwick when he presented to him the stand of colors—the silken American flag and the banner of the National Commander. "This may be a tough year," said O'Neil, "due to chaotic conditions in the world and 'isms' within. The new Commander knows his way around and he can meet the challenges. He knows how to lead, and I am glad to present him these colors."

The concluding ceremony was the presentation of the colors carried during the past year to Past National Commander Doherty by Past National Commander Ray Murphy. "You, Past Commander Dan," said Murphy, "now join the ranks of the 'elder statesmen'. Your comrades recognize your loyalty, your clarity of vision with which you have led the Legion to high accomplishment. This moment comes to a retiring Commander charged with emotion and filled with an almost sacred significance. His year lies behind him, his home before, and for him all the days of his life there will be memories of the great heart and sublime soul of patriotic America."

SUMMARY OF OFFICIAL ACTIONS

In addition to the highly important convention actions mentioned earlier in this summary, the convention adopted a series of resolutions dealing with all of the leading activities and interests of the Legion. These resolutions, relating to such



began to edge their way toward the stage, each one wanting to be first to reach the stage in the great ovation and demonstration that is accorded a newly-elected National Commander of The American Legion. So certain were these delegates that Steve Chadwick, after long years of valiant Legion service, was to be elected that the demonstration started before Commander Lawton had finished his nominating speech, and the Assistant Sergeants-at-Arms had some difficulty in maintaining order until the formalities could be effected and the unanimous election of the new National Commander announced. In fact they were almost overwhelmed by the surge for the platform. Cameramen bombarded the center of the stage and for a time the flash of bulbs gave the effect of a miniature Fourth of July fireworks display. The band struck up "Bow Down to Washington." The ovation continued for several minutes, with a drum and bugle corps from the new Commander's home Department bugling and drumming, but scarcely being heard above the din.

Order restored, the election of five National Vice Commanders to serve with National Commander Chadwick was the next order of business. On a roll call of Departments, Past Department Commander Lawrence Smith nominated Past Department Commander Henry Oakey of Wisconsin; Past National Committeeman I. A. Lougaris nominated Earl T. Ross of Nevada; National Committeeman Wilmer L. O'Flaherty offered the

subjects as Americanism, national defense, child welfare, foreign relations, rehabilitation, legislation and finance, form the Legion's working program for the year ahead. The most significant of these resolutions presented and approved are here summarized:

REHABILITATION

The Rehabilitation Committee had before it for consideration 297 separate resolutions, many of which, however, were duplicates adopted by two or more Departments or related to a single subject. The Committee sat long hours during the first days of the convention studying the resolutions and formulating a report. Many of the resolutions had to do with purely local matters or were of such technical character as to require more complete study and attention than could be given in the limited time. These resolutions were referred to the National Rehabilitation Committee for action and report to the sponsoring Department. High spots in the report were:

Reaffirmed Legion policy: That all cases of active pulmonary tuberculosis be granted a permanent and total rating when hospitalized. That service-connected cases now rated at less than ten percent be reviewed and rerated. That the minimum rating for service-incurred gunshot wounds be fixed at ten percent. That burial flags be available at all post offices in localities where there is a Post of a veterans' organization. That hearings should be permitted on all administrative reviews or appeals. That the board of original jurisdiction should have complete authority to allow a claim on the basis of new and material evidence without reference to the central office. That full credence be always given lay evidence, although it be based upon memory alone, unless rebutted or conflicting in nature. That the compensation payable for the presumptively service-connected cases be not less than that paid to directly service-connected cases. That there should be no time limit for making application for burial allowance.

Also asked that the Veterans' Administration remain an independent agency. That the fourth point of the 1933 four-point program relating to widows and orphans be pressed. That the so-called "misconduct clause" be eliminated in legislation relating to World War veterans. That constitutional psychopathic inferiority be considered as a disease for compensation purposes. That hospitalized veterans be allowed artificial limbs or other prosthetics which may be needed. That insurance payments awarded by judgment be not discontinued except upon decree of court. That compromise of government (converted) insurance suits be permitted.

CHILD WELFARE

The convention directed that the Child Welfare Committee continue its program to meet the needs of the whole child and

to avoid undue specialization where such would tend to exclude other essentials of the broad program. That the Committee and Division at National Headquarters urge and assist the Departments to use every effort to protect existing constructive provisions and to secure improvement in laws affecting children during the coming legislative year. That there be a closer coordination in the child welfare committees of The American Legion and its affiliated bodies. That the child welfare area school-conferences be continued. That special services to Departments be rendered on a temporary basis

from the National Child Welfare Division.

A clear definition of the term "crippled child" was offered by the Committee to the Federal and State governments. The Legion's definition is "any person under the age of twenty-one years, who by reason of congenital or acquired handicap is deprived of a normal state of life, happiness and opportunity, by reason of defect and handicaps of sight, hearing, speech and articulation, facial defects and deformities, scars and burns, posture, locomotion, use of arms, hands and fingers, disabling heart conditions, deficiencies in the

(Continued on page 60)

OFFER TO YOUNG MEN

Who Hanker to Smoke a Pipe



MEN: Complete smoking pleasure comes only from smoking fine tobacco, and starting under ideal conditions. Through this unusual offer we are introducing to you pipe smoking at its best.

Here's Our Offer

FIRST: Trial Packets of each of the three styles of world-famous Edgeworth, wrapped in heavy foil. Edgeworth, famous for more than 35 years, has always contained only the finest tobacco leaf on the market. We know that you cannot make good tobacco from cheap tobacco leaf any more than you can get the pleasure of choicest porterhouse steak for a rump

Edgeworth always carries a written guarantee of satisfaction, or money refunded. Edgeworth is on sale everywhere in convenient pocket tins at 15¢.

steak price. We gladly pay premium prices to give you a finer smoke. This costly leaf is then manufactured to the high Edgeworth standard—better tobacco, made to smoke cooler, means no tongue bite and permits you to enjoy fully its enhanced flavor, greater mildness and richer aroma.

SECOND: A handsome *Signature* Pipe (made by Linkman) that has been mechanically pre-smoked (already "Broken-In") with genuine Edgeworth. It's sweet and gentle from the start. Then to give you an added interest in this pipe, we engrave your own personal *signature* in gold color on the stem. No pipe so personal.

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Enclosed please find \$1.00 for your Edgeworth Sampler Kit... Opposite is my signature to engrave on the stem of the pipe. (Please print clearly your name and address below.)

SIGNATURE

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Please write your normal signature clearly within exact space allotted

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

PLEASE SEND US YOUR DEALER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

Dealer's Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

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(Continued from page 59)

use of body or limbs, excluding serious mental abnormalities unless found in conjunction with physical crippling."

The 40 and 8 was commended for its far-reaching preventive and protective service through the diphtheria immunization program and for its acceptance of the now-termed "Indiana Plan." The convention also asked that the Federal Social Security Act be amended and extended to include dependent children being maintained by public or private agencies in selected and supervised foster family homes with non-relatives, and that the provisions of this act be extended to include dependent children in Puerto Rico.

FINANCE

The convention adopted the recommendation of the Finance Committee that the annual per capita dues of The American Legion, for national purposes, be fixed at one dollar for the 1930 year, to be allocated by the National Finance Committee, with the provision that not to exceed seventy-five cents of the whole be used for the national publications. It was also mandated that the Publishing Commission provide space in the publications for a comprehensive statement of the national budget, and for a complete report of the salaries and expenses of the employes of the national organization.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

The National Defense Committee presented a report that embodies in full the Legion's national defense program. This program is divided into three sections, Army, Navy and Aviation.

1. A Regular Army of 15,000 commissioned and 180,000 enlisted personnel to meet the needs of armament already legislated, an increase of 2,240 commissioned and 15,000 enlisted. An enlisted Regular Army Reserve of 150,000, of which the past Congress authorized 75,000 and provided for the first increment.

2. A National Guard of 210,000 with proportionate officers. The present authorized strength of the Guard is 205,000 officers and men.

3. Fourteen days' annual training for every combat reserve officer, with a minimum training of 30,000 annually. Asked that 1,000 air reserve officers be placed on extended active duty; that 1,000 young reserve officers be trained annually, of whom ten percent be commissioned in the Regular Army, and that 300 reserve officers attend the general and special service schools.

4. To maintain the reserve officer personnel at 120,000, graduate officers must be held at 9,000 annually. Asked that a uniform allowance of \$100 be granted reserve officers at time of first tour of duty after receiving commission.

5. A Citizens' Military Training Camp with 50,000 youths training annually.

6. Recommended a study of a plan to create an enlisted reserve of specialists.

meet the emergency war needs of the fleet.

2. Recommended the establishment of air bases on the Panama-Hawaiian-Alaskan line of defense, and commercial air bases on Midway and Wake Islands, also the establishment of adequate naval supply and repair bases in the Western Pacific and Caribbean.

3. That privately owned shipyards be rehabilitated, particularly on the Pacific by the allocation of new tonnage and that this construction be a continuous program over a period of years.

4. Adequate Naval and Marine Corps Reserve, with provision to insure two weeks' active duty afloat and forty-eight paid armorial drills each year.

5. New naval training ships to replace the obsolete ships now being used by the Naval Reserves on the Great Lakes.

6. Endorsed the completion of the contemplated highway to Alaska.

7. Commended the United States Maritime Commission for its definite program of training officers and seamen for the American Merchant Marine service, and recommended that essential legislation be enacted to restore, preserve and maintain discipline in that service, and also recommended that a mediation board be established.

8. That intercoastal ships be subsidized, and that new Naval ROTC units be established in colleges requesting them.

The recommendations for Aviation were as follows:

1. Acquisition of 1,500 planes annually over a period of five years, to the end that the ultimate objective of 8,000 serviceable planes may be obtained, and the establishment of at least one well-equipped flying field in each strategic area.

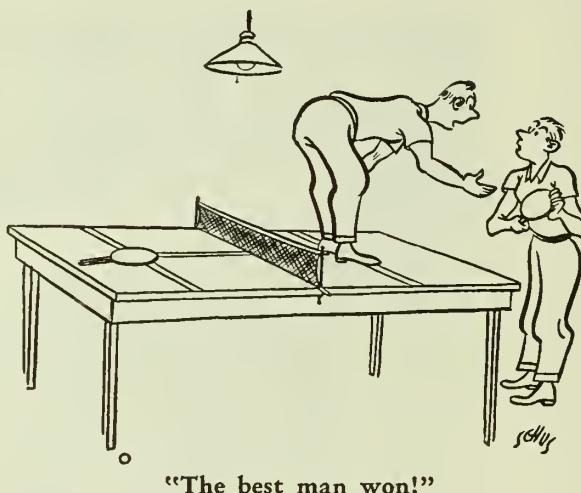
2. Urged continued support of commercial aviation.

3. Recommended appropriation of \$10,000,000 special reserve fund for development or purchase of outstanding designs or inventions of aircraft engines or accessories.

4. Asked the grant of Federal aid for the construction, improvement, development and maintenance of municipal airports in areas where such fields are necessary or advisable in the plan of national defense.

5. Recommended the creation of a standing committee on aeronautics in the United States House of Representatives and Senate.

6. Urged the adoption of an airship building program under either the Army or Navy supervision; aid in the development of a commercial program, and the



"The best man won!"

7. Improvement of coast defense and sufficient appropriation for continued modernization of arms and equipment for all branches, with special attention to aircraft, anti-tank, and anti-aircraft, and the increase of mechanized and motorized equipment.

8. Gradual accumulation of combat munitions in essential calibres to meet the needs of a balanced force of approximately 1,100,000 in active operation until production can supply reasonable needs.

9. Readjustment in pay and allowances to the end that members of the National Guard and reserve components shall be entitled to the same benefits for sickness and injuries sustained in line of duty while on active duty as are extended to the members of the regular establishment.

10. Establishment of a \$440,000,000 war reserve to meet the needs of the mobilization of the first one-million-man contingent, and of a \$150,000,000 reserve to meet the needs of the Regular Army and National Guard.

11. Support of the War Department industrial mobilization plan, and recommendation of further appropriations for placing "educational orders" with private companies for the production of vital war equipment and munitions.

The following Navy recommendations were made:

1. Reaffirmed the Legion policy of a Navy second to none, supported by a merchant marine auxiliary sufficient to

construction of one or more full-sized rigid airships.

7. Recommended that not one cubic foot of helium gas be permitted to be exported to any country at any time for any use.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

In session at a moment when undeclared wars were raging in Europe and Asia, in an atmosphere tense with fear and dread of an imminent rupture in the relations of great European powers, the Committee on Foreign Relations reported briefly recommending a reaffirmation of long-established Legion policy of non-intervention in the quarrels of other nations, and strict adherence to the Monroe Doctrine. It also reaffirmed the position taken at previous conventions insisting upon payment of the European war debts to the United States.

EDUCATION OF WAR ORPHANS

The Convention Committee reported a year of constant watchfulness over the interests of the war orphans who have come under the supervision and receive the benefits provided by the Legion or through Legion efforts. Two recommendations were made, both of which were adopted:

1. The allowance of \$15 per month paid to orphans over the age of 18 who seek higher education is not adequate, therefore it was recommended that the amount payable under the present pension law be increased to \$25 per month until the child reaches the age of 21.

2. That the war orphans' education program be extended to include post-war orphans. This class was defined as "children of a parent who has died since the end of the World War by reason of war service, that is, by reason of service-connected disability."

INTERNAL ORGANIZATION

The Convention adopted the report of the Committee of Internal Organization which, among other things, provided that all programs mandated by the National Convention be co-ordinated through National Headquarters; continuance of the annual conference of Department Commanders and Department Adjutants at the Indianapolis offices; that the annual membership quotas be determined on the basis of the average membership for the four previous years as of December 31st, not counting the current year. This method was made retroactive for the 1930 quotas.

The Committee recommended the establishment of a Department of Greece to be composed of the Posts at Athens, Tripolis and Patras. This recommendation, after some debate, was rejected by a *viva voce* vote.

AMERICANISM

Age limit of boys competing in the junior baseball program extended to include boys who (Continued on page 62)

NOTHING
HAS BEEN CHANGED
BUT THE PRICE!



LONG famous for extra wear that makes them cost less in the end . . . Florsheims now also cost less at the start. The Florsheim price has been lowered. Style illustrated above, The GARFIELD, S-509, in black calf; also brown calf, S-510.

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SOME HIGHER

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"IT TAUGHT THE OLD DOG A NEW TRICK"



"Junior showed us your ad," writes W. W. B. "Said he had to have a Royal Portable for homework."



"Your 'Free Home Trial' sounded good to us. So we sent in the coupon that very night."



"Immediately Junior started doing homework easier and faster. And that gave me an idea . . ."



"Typing's a cinch—with a Royal. Now I work out ideas on it. Already I've gotten one raise."

ACT NOW! Mail coupon today for full details of Royal's offer—all about models, prices, terms—everything. No obligation.

FREE! Royal's Instant Typing Chart shows you how to type RIGHT.

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See a Royal Portable . . . try it in your own home! Know all about it before you risk a penny. See exactly how a Royal will help you whatever your job—help everyone in your family write faster, think faster—do more, be more. Then—own it on your own terms—cash or **ONLY A FEW CENTS A DAY**. The easy, modern way to own a Royal. Your choice of five models—all factory-new, reasonably priced.



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Tell me how I can own—for only a few cents a day—a latest model Royal Portable—with **FREE HOME TRIAL**.

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CITY _____ STATE _____



YOU d-r-a-g in the mornings when you get out of bed. Your step has lost its "spring" . . . your hand its cunning, at work or games. Your shoulders sag—and then your waistline. No wonder "they" begin to watch you—ask if you're the man you used to be.

Life CAN Begin at 40! Yet life can begin at 40! You're smarter—more experienced than you ever were before. All you need is to get that body of yours tuned up till it begins to hum again—till you feel the power inside you raring to go—till your nerves are something to laugh at.

What Science tells You! A sudden decline in health at 40 is often due to vitamin deficiency.

"Oh," but you say, "I've taken vitamins. They didn't seem to help me."

All too often that's the experience of people over 40 . . . because weaker digestion at middle age may prevent you from getting full benefit from vitamins you do consume.

There is a food that can help correct these "after-40" troubles—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. Eat it regularly, and we promise, not a miracle of rejuvenation, but a steady improvement of that rundown feeling due to lack of certain vitamins and slow digestion.

Especially Helpful after 40 For Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in four vitamins that many people particularly need at middle age. And in addition this fresh yeast acts like a vitamin "booster" for people with a weak digestion. It provides vitamins in a helpful form and aids in their assimilation by stimulating slow digestion. In this way it also helps you to get more nourishment from other foods . . . helps to give you better elimination, helps keep your system free of toxic intestinal wastes.

It's Up to You Every grocer has Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat it regularly one-half hour before meals—plain or dissolved in water.

"A few years ago my digestion went back on me. I noticed a gradual effect on my work. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. It stimulated my digestion and helped me a lot. Now—at 44—I'm getting new business, and my chances for promotion seem good." **ALBERT P. SMITH**

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(Continued from page 61)

will not attain their seventeenth birthday before January 1st of the year in which they compete.

Pledged continued effort in support of Federal and State governments in conservation of natural resources.

Urged support of a campaign to curb the illicit and dangerous use of marijuana by means of an educational program and legislation.

Recommended that Legion Posts and Departments redouble their efforts to complete the enactment in every State of the four-model crime-control acts drafted by the Interstate Commission on Crime.

Approved revision of the Uniform State Firearms Act looking to the control of sale and possession of firearms, but with due regard to the needs of national defense and the sportsmen.

Reaffirmed the previously-expressed policy of finger-printing all persons in the United States.

Asked that Congress take appropriate action to secure for the records of the Government copies of consulate registrations of all aliens now in this country, particularly those of German and Austrian nationality required to register by order of their government.

Favored the deportation of any alien who at any time shall be convicted of a felony in any court, and demanded the immediate trial and deportation of Harry Bridges and like undesirable aliens.

Demanded Congressional investigation of certain officials of the Department of Labor who have allegedly failed in the enforcement of laws relative to immigration and deportation and who have consistently blocked the passage of new and much-needed laws to regulate immigration and deportation.

Recommended that immigration laws be amended to deny nationals of any country which refuses to accept the undesirables of that nation when deported from the United States.

Urged that immigration to the United States be totally restricted for a period of at least ten years, or until such time as we can take up the slack and find jobs for citizens of the United States.

Favored the enactment of a law providing that all aliens, upon entry to the United States, be issued forms of declaration of intention to become citizens, which declarations shall remain valid and permit aliens to remain in the United States five years from date of issuance. If no application to citizenship is made within five years and six months, such alien shall be classed as an undesirable and deported to his native land.

Opposed the Lanzetta Bill, now before Congress, which would permit the use of a declaration of intention without regard to the present seven-year limitation,

eliminates the necessity for any educational requirements, and does not require the alien to sign his name or to be able to speak the English language.

Reaffirmed the traditional opposition of the Legion to Communism, Facism, Nazism and all like forces and organizations; commended Congress for the work of the Dies Investigating Committee, and pledged the organization to combat more forcibly all un-American propaganda, activity and influences.

Defined the right of free speech as essential to keep a people free. But a right granted by the people for their own protection creates no right to destroy the people; hence, free speech must not incite to violence and crime, or to corrupt the public morale.

RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE

Favored the retention of the United States Employment Service and Veterans' Placement Service as now constituted.

Urged that employers give preference to citizens, naturalized citizens and such aliens as manifest their desire to assume the duties and obligations of citizenship.

Asked that veterans drawing disability compensation be paid a sum at least equal to the prevailing security wages paid by the WPA and other governmental relief agencies. Many veterans are denied employment because of receipt of such disability compensation.

The Postmaster General was requested to issue a commemorative postage stamp on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice.

LEGISLATION

Reaffirmed the Legion's demand for the immediate enactment of the universal service principle into law, to the end that in time of war, there shall be equal service for all, special profits and privileges for none.

Asked that the Adjusted Compensation Act be amended to provide that provisional officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps be eligible to receive the same benefits as officers holding temporary commissions during the World War.

Urged that the "causative factor" clause be stricken from the act of 1933, with reference to retirement privileges of emergency officers, and the restoration to the rolls of those emergency officers who were disabled in line of duty, regardless of the "causative factor."

Requested that the quota for World War veterans in the Civilian Conservation Corps be increased from 25,000 to 50,000.

Declared that an honorable discharge from the United States Army, Navy or Marine Corps for service during the period of any war in which this country

has participated, should be accepted in lieu of a birth certificate when required on WPA projects. Many veterans, because no records were kept, cannot furnish official certificates of birth.

Condemned discrimination on WPA projects against veterans who receive compensation for partial disability.

Recommended legislation making veterans of the World War eligible to appointment as post office inspectors, regardless of age.

Opposed any change in the present method as provided in the Constitution of the United States relative to the declaration of war. This resolution is in specific opposition to the Ludlow Amendment, before Congress during the past session, which provided for a referendum on the question of a declaration of war.

Instructed the Legislative Committee immediately to contact the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries and insist upon the introduction and enactment of a law that will preserve our Alaskan fisheries for the citizens of the United States.

THE Forty and Eight, celebrating the most successful year in its history, held its convention in the auditorium of the Pacific Electric Employees' Building, a good hop, skip and jump from the Legion Convention headquarters at the Biltmore. Fred G. Fraser, Chef de Chemin de Fer, reported that the boxcar organization was responsible for signing up at least 169,000 Legion members in 1938. La Société contributed \$18,000 to the Legion's Child Welfare work, while grand voitures of the organization expended thousands of dollars within their respective States and locally. Chef Fraser visited 40 of the 52 grand voitures during his term of office, and traveled 164,000 miles.

The colorful Forty and Eight parade on Monday evening swept through the downtown business section of Los Angeles to the accompaniment of red fire, cannon salutes, sirens and the hoarse shrieks of locomotive horns. It was the biggest show of the convention week for the downtown section, as the Legion parade was routed through the outlying sections. In the Forty and Eight Drum Corps competition the corps of Voiture 146, Aberdeen, South Dakota, won the W. P. Story Trophy and a \$100 cash award. Second prize, \$50, went to the corps representing the Grande Voiture of Arizona, and third prize, \$25, to the corps of Voiture 596, Merced, California.

La Société chose James O. Sheppard of Edgefield, South Carolina, by acclamation as the Chef de Chemin de Fer for 1939. He is a former lieutenant governor of his State.

Other officers elected were: Sous Chefs de Chemin de Fer, Fred L. Chapman, Minneapolis; William J. Sayer, Manchester, N. H.; John H. Penland, Knoxville, Tennessee; Edward A. Mulrooney, Wilmington, Del.; Ross Taylor, Bartles-

ville, Okla.; Dr. Laban A. Steeves, Salem, Ore.; Commissaire Intendant National, N. Carl Nielsen, Gig Harbor, Wash.; Correspondent National, Charles W. Ardery, Indianapolis; Historien National, P. E. Clements, Indianapolis; Avocat National, Albert J. Flynn, Lincoln Park, Mich.; Drapeau National, Clifton L. Baker, East Orange, N. J.; Aumonier National, Rev. Father Charles F. Gwyer, Monessen, Pa.; Conducteur National, William Schlupp, Chicago; Gardes de la Porte Nationale, Lee Judy, Kansas City, Mo., and Harry W. Berdie, Long Beach, California.

Edgar Bergen and his dummy, the famed Charlie McCarthy, were guests of honor at the annual inaugural banquet of La Société in the Fiesta Room of the Ambassador Hotel on Wednesday evening, and were the headliners in the merrymaking.

John (Chick) Conmy, Chairman of the Forty and Eight Trophy and Awards Committee, announced the following awards:

Voiture National Trophy, for having obtained the greatest number of American Legion members—Grande Voiture of Illinois, which enrolled 20,656 members for the Legion.

Voiture Nationale Individual Membership Trophy—James J. Quinn, Voiture 7, New York City, who signed up 546 members for the Legion.

Pelham St. George Bissell Trophy—Grande Voiture of the District of Columbia, for obtaining the greatest percentage of new American Legion members in proportion to its membership.

John (Chick) Conmy Trophy, for the greatest increase in voyageur membership—Grande Voiture of Rhode Island, with a percentage of 145.6.

E. Snapper Ingram Trophy, for membership in excess of 1,000 as compared to its previous yearly enrollment—Grand Voiture of Texas; a percentage of 121.

Charles A. Mills Trophy, to the voiture locale performing the greatest service to The American Legion—Voiture 45 of Minneapolis.

Robert John Murphy Memorial Trophy, for the best record in the exemplification of the American Legion ritual—Voiture 174, District of Columbia.

Charles Walker Ardery, Jr., Trophy, for the greatest service in child welfare—Grande Voiture of Texas.

Merritt Jones Cooper Trophy—awarded for the second consecutive year to the Grand Voiture of Delaware for the greatest work in Americanism.

The Grand Voiture of Michigan won the honor of having the most voyageurs in line of march. The Grande Voiture of Minnesota received a trophy for the best musical organization. Voiture 34 of Montgomery County, Ohio, was first in the annual engine and box car contest, Voiture 70 of Rockingham County, N. H., for traveling the greatest distance. The band of Voiture 151, Olympia, Wash., won a trophy and \$100.

SCIENCE BARES AMAZING FACTS ABOUT SHAVING



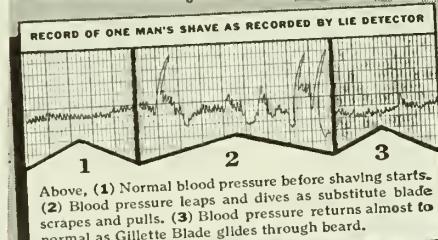
Lie Detector Proves Vital Importance of Using a Gillette Blade in Your Gillette Razor

EMPLOYING a Lie Detector to disclose the naked truth about razor blades, Dr. Wm. M. Marston, eminent psychologist, is conducting an amazing series of shaving tests. Strapped to the Lie Detector, men from all walks of life shave one side of the face with a Gillette Blade—the other side with a competitive blade. Comparative quality . . . as revealed by their involuntary emotions . . . is automatically recorded on charts.

Gillette Blades Vastly Superior!

The results prove the superiority of the Gillette Blade. Also the subjects, naming their preferences blindly by number, select Gillette more than 9 times out of 10! "The quality of a man's shave may affect his mood for hours," says Dr. Marston. "This shows the vital importance of using the best blade obtainable." See the chart below . . . study the evidence . . . and make a comparative test yourself. You'll prefer Gillette, too!

Prepare your beard for a perfect shave with Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. It softens wiry whiskers double quick, speeds shaving, soothes and tones the skin. A big tube costs only 25¢. You'll like it!



Gillette BLADES

PRECISION-MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY



The new fashion is to make an Old-Fashioned with Three-Star Hennessy. What a difference! The flavour and bouquet of Hennessy give this old favorite a delicious mellowness.

HENNESSY OLD-FASHIONED :
1 lump sugar; 2 dashes bitters; 1 jigger Three-Star Hennessy. Crush sugar and bitters together, add lump of ice, decorate with twist of lemon peel and slice of orange using medium size glass, and stir well.



INSIST ON HENNESSY in a Brandy-and-Soda • Brandy Cocktail • Mint Julep • Side Car • Stinger Cocktail • Brandy Sour

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"A Righteous Man Well Armed"

(Continued from page 27)

property of a nation is to expect too much. To believe in the efficiency of pacts and treaties to protect us against international brigandage is a dream of visionaries.

To think at all seriously that there is any hope of a limitation of arms within the lifetime of any man now living shows a lack of information in regard to the forces that have been unleashed by imperialistic states in their fight for world supremacy. A record of tragic failure to prevent wars by collective action lies open for inspection.

World War veterans are particularly fitted and competent to express an opinion on national defense. They learned from cruel experience a realistic approach to this problem. The American Legion, speaking for the war veterans, is neither militaristic nor pacifistic. It advocates a military preparedness adequate to the world situation as it is. This is in exact agreement with the policy of those of us who are charged with recommending to

Congress the needs of our national defense.

We know that there are in this country of ours subversive influences directed toward the substitution of alien philosophies for the principles of Americanism for which The American Legion so staunchly stands.

We know that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

We know that "a righteous man well armed and guarded sleepeth in peace."

The Navy and the Army and the Legion share equally in a whole-hearted vigilant devotion to the cause of Americanism.

I am convinced that for so long a time as the lofty principles of the Legion are professed by a large group of citizens, alien philosophies will not prevail against the ideals of America.

May we always remember that a defense adequate to the world situation demands an American Navy as strong as that of any other nation.

The Last Prisoner

(Continued from page 5)

issues. It was then about 8 o'clock in the morning.

The redlegs told us the infantry were on the other side of the canal, so we crossed the wobbly bridge and pushed on. We noticed that the shell fire was getting more and more spasmodic. We encountered no one. The fog was raising a little by this time. We could see a clump of woods ahead and figured that surely some of our boys would be in there among the trees and from them we could get our exact bearings. We drove up to the edge of the wood and stopped to look around. It was now after 10 A.M. We could hear very little firing.

We were on the point of stepping down from our truck when to our utter amazement a group of German soldiers swept out of the woods and surrounded us. They did not appear very aggressive, however—they seemed more curious than anything else. A young lieutenant was in charge, and fortunately he spoke good English. We were requested to dismount, which command we obeyed instantly. We were then escorted to the cover of an embankment which they had evidently thrown up hastily for protection from the American gunfire. This particular group of Germans, we immediately noticed, were machine gunners and were covering the retreat of their main body. They were doing no firing themselves at the time.

The lieutenant informed us the war was to be over soon and he also told us

they were all somewhat bitter against the American troops for doing so much shooting when surely they must know that the Armistice was to be effective at eleven o'clock and that no good could come from a few more casualties. He bore out his argument by telling us that at five o'clock that morning the American infantry had attacked their position. We saw this for ourselves, for in front of their embankment there lay, where they had fallen, a number of American dead.

Some young Germans, mere boys, came up with huge G. I. cans. It was kraut, sausage, and the terrible mixture they used for bread. They shared it with us. We mentioned to the lieutenant that we had several big loaves of white bread in our rations aboard the Ford truck, and also some crackers. They had left our truck untouched. Did they go for these rations in a big way? It seemed odd to us that these men, our enemies, our captors, actually asked us if they could have it. They also asked us for some old rubber tires we had in the truck. I cannot believe any prisoners in any war ever had such gracious hosts. They seemed to want to convey the impression that we were just paying them a friendly visit in advance of the other troops.

It was now very close to eleven o'clock. The fog had lifted and by looking through the roughly made slits in the parapets we could plainly see the positions of our American infantry about 300 yards distant across the field at the edge

of some undergrowth. Firing had practically ceased except for an occasional odd shot from some of our own fellows. The Germans had not fired a shot since we had come into their hands. One of the Germans told us he had lived in Brooklyn and had run a saloon there for five years, but following a fight with his wife he ran away to his Fatherland to be promptly conscripted for war service and put into a real fight.

At about five minutes to eleven the troops seemed very nervous. It was quiet all along the front. No one dared put his head over the top of the embankment. Beddor wanted to, but the ex-Brooklyn German told him not to be a damn fool, as some of his own buddies would indulge in some fancy target practice. It must have been but a minute to eleven o'clock when a single big shell from the American side burst right in front of our position, showering us with dirt and sticks. The last shot. We cursed the man who had pulled the lanyard sending that unnecessary last shell over No Man's Land, which had it landed a few yards further would have obliterated our shelter and ourselves with it.

Yours To Command

(Continued from page 30)

dent, the Divisional Vice Presidents, Mrs. Benjamin F. Adams, Eastern Division; Mrs. Louis J. Lemstra, Central; Mrs. Andrew Lawo, Southern; Mrs. Halsey D. Cory, Northwestern; and Mrs. George A. Cole, Western, extended greetings. From time to time during the sessions each of the Vice Presidents occupied the chair upon invitation of Mrs. Douglas.

The report of the Credentials Committee, presented by its chairman, Mrs. Ethel K. Barnett, accredited 795 delegates to the convention. Upon action of the convention, the report was referred back to the committee for further consideration of the seating of the delegation from the Department of the District of Columbia. A supplementary report recommending that no delegates of that Department be seated was adopted by the convention after discussion and the voting strength of the convention was thus reduced to 788.

In a ringing speech on Democracy, Mrs. Florence Kahn, former member of Congress from California, said: "Never before in the history of your organization have you been confronted by such momentous issues, issues with which you of all women are most vitally concerned, for you are the women who made the great sacrifice before—sent your fathers and brothers, husbands and sons to preserve the principles we see threatened today from within and without." Greetings from numerous patriotic organizations were presented to the convention.

In the distance now we could hear nothing. We crouched down in our shelter for fully five minutes more. Then gingerly we all arose to our feet, stretched our legs and looked around. We felt scared, but a feeling of safety gradually came over us until we were no longer afraid. Across the field we could see our fellows doing the same as we were—standing up and crawling out of all kinds of little holes and up out of the ditches alongside the road.

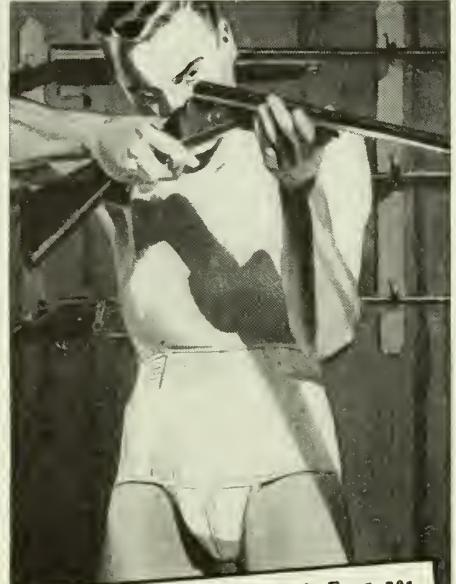
At this point, when Beddor and I were wondering what the next move would be and becoming a little uneasy, an orderly reported to our lieutenant in charge of the detachment. The lieutenant turned to us and explained that he was ordered to fall back immediately, and that we could go and rejoin our own army. He shook hands with us and wished us good luck. We left on foot to rejoin our own men. One can imagine the questions our fellows put to us when we detached ourselves from the Germans and came towards them.

After reporting to the nearest officer we went back and took possession of our truck and papers. All was as we had left it. The war was over—for all of us.

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Amazing new-type supporter belt makes you look better—feel better, too

WHEN your waistline begins to bulge don't worry. Try The Bracer. You'll look years younger—feel better, too! For this amazing new-type supporter belt is scientifically designed to give healthful support with the greatest protection and comfort.

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Yours To Command

(Continued from page 65)

the Auxiliary was suspended on Tuesday so that the women of the Auxiliary might join the half-million Angelenos in cheering the Legion on parade—that most colorful of America's annual pageants. National President Mrs. Douglas shared the reviewing stand with the Legion National Commander and took the salute of her own Department of Washington. With little Shirley Temple acting as hostess for Twentieth Century Fox, Mrs. Douglas and several hundred guests were entertained at a luncheon at the Vendome in Hollywood on Tuesday afternoon. The well-known dancer, Bill Robinson, entertained the guests, and Jean Hersholt reported most interestingly about the Actors' Relief Fund, of which he is head.

Following the formal opening ceremonies, the second session on Wednesday took up in quick succession reports of additional committees. "Conscious Living for America" was the theme of the Americanism Committee report submitted by its national chairman, Mrs. Ernest G. Rarey. After commanding the splendid continuing work being done in each Department, Mrs. Rarey stated, "The work we have begun with our American youth and with the foreign born must go on. We are now established on solid ground in these fields."

The projects which come within the scope of the Community Service Committee of the Auxiliary are, according to the report of its national chairman, Mrs. Lawrence H. Smith, too many to enumerate, but outstanding in the work done by the organization are numbered such activities as safety campaigns which include the passage of automobile drivers' license laws, protection of bicycle riders and the establishment of school safety patrols; the library program, which provides books as educational aids; health clinics, and general civic beautification projects. Combat of the marijuana evil is also included. Mrs. Charles Tucker, Music Chairman, reported a tremendous growth in the interest in music in Units and Departments. Music, she said, was "no longer considered a frill but rather a major necessity in the organization." The musical organizations which won the 1938 championships have already

been named in this account of the convention.

Mrs. Nels O. Langseth in presenting her report of Emblem, Trophies and Awards listed numerous novel contests held by Departments to stimulate membership and general interest in the Auxiliary. Trophies in ever-increasing number were awarded to various Departments for prowess in membership, junior activity work, Americanism, Fidac and community service. The Departments so honored included Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Missouri, District of Columbia, Alaska, Florida, Wisconsin, New Hampshire, Mississippi, Massachusetts, Georgia, Hawaii, Kentucky, New York and Arizona.

Careful adherence to the policies and recommendations of the National Convention and of the National Executive Committee by the National Finance Committee was reported by its chairman, Mrs. Oscar W. Hahn, Past National President. Safe investment of funds has also been carefully considered, insuring the stability of the Auxiliary's finances.

The Eight and Forty, subsidiary organization of the Auxiliary, which devotes its energies to serious work as well as to play, will extend its program of child welfare, according to the report given to the convention by Mrs. Mary C. Haws, Chapeau Nationale. At its Pouvoir National, the first new project discussed was the establishment of a four-bed solarium at a San Francisco children's hospital. An appropriation of \$1000 was voted for an eighth and final bed in the ward it already supports in the Jewish National Hospital for tuberculosis in Denver. Five scholarships for children of World War veterans were also proposed.

Officers elected for the ensuing year are: Mrs. Thelma Bailey of Birmingham, Michigan, Chapeau Nationale; Ellen Louise Warren, Washington, D. C., l'Archivist; Eva Coleman, Exeter, New Hampshire, l'Aumonier, and Laura Orth, Phoenix, Arizona, La Concierge Nationale. Mrs. Pauline Raidon of Indianapolis was reappointed National Secretary. The five divisional Demi-Chapeaux are: Rose Baker of San Francisco, Western Division; Marion de Bosche, Camden, New Jersey, Eastern; Irene Blum, Ohio, Central; Clara Detwiler, Nebraska, Northwestern, and Verlie Konig, Texas, Southern.

Through the Auxiliary's Poppy Program, approximately \$120,000 was paid during the past year to non-compensated disabled veterans who are employed each year in making the poppies that are sold by the organization to raise funds for rehabilitation, Mrs. Glenn A. Snodgrass, National Chairman, reported.

More than 11,200,000 poppies, an increase of 425,000 over the previous year, were sold by Units throughout the country. The Poppy Poster Contest and radio were given credit for the increased interest in this activity. Mrs. Snodgrass presented to Richard Hillegas, North Hollywood, California, the prize of \$25 for the winning poster in the senior high school group. Andrew Kaiser, Dearborn, Michigan, and Shirley Shaw, Tampa, Florida, were second and third, respectively, in this class. In the junior high school group, the winners, in order, were Donna Vice, Marion, Indiana; Scott Shepherd, Needham Heights, Massachusetts; Daniel Palmer, Hamtramck Heights, Michigan; in the elementary school class: Mary Lou Camion, Texarkana, Texas; Robert Blasch, Cheviot, Ohio; Madonna Hennessy, Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Although illness prevented the grand old lady of the screen, Miss May Robson, from addressing the convention, as had been intended, a message was brought from the film colony by Miss Louella Parsons, member of Hollywood (California) Unit and well-known screen commentator. She assured the convention that the film producers of Hollywood "have pledged themselves to combat with every resource at their command the introduction of communism and atheism on the motion-picture screen" and that "no group of citizens anywhere is more loyal to America and true Americanism than the people of Hollywood."

When Mrs. Douglas announced that the next order of business was the nominations for national officers, there was a stir among the delegates, all of whom were in their places, and the visitors, because the



contest for National President gave indication of being close. Mrs. James Morris of Bismarck, North Dakota, was placed in nomination for the highest office in the Auxiliary by Mrs. H. W. Rosenthal of her Department, while Iowa's choice, Mrs. A. H. Hoffman, was presented for

the consideration of the delegates by Mrs. Grace King of that State. No further candidates being offered, nominations were declared closed and in accordance with the Auxiliary's constitution and by-laws, twenty-four hours had to elapse before a ballot could be taken.

The names of the five women nomi-

nated for National Vice-Presidents—their selection by their respective Divisional caucuses being tantamount to election by the convention at large—were presented by the retiring National Vice-Presidents of their respective Divisions. They were: Mrs. George F. Bamford, Sparrows Point, Maryland, Eastern Division; Mrs. P. I. Dickson, Thomasville, Georgia, Southern; Mrs. T. K. Rinaker, Carlinville, Illinois, Central; Mrs. A. G. Porter, La Moure, North Dakota, Northwestern; Mrs. Willian H. Detweiler, Hazelton, Idaho, Western.

The first National President, Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Hobart of Ohio, was honored by being nominated American Vice-President of Fidac Auxiliary.

Again the National Convention was on a nation-wide radio hook-up when the Auxiliary's annual National Radio Award was made to the National Broadcasting Company by Mrs. William H. Corwith of New York, National Radio Chairman. The Awards Committee of the Women's National Radio Committee selected NBC'S "America's Town Meeting of the Air" as the program most acceptable and worthwhile to the general family audience and as best exemplifying one of the tenets of the preamble to the Auxiliary's constitution—"to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy." Official acceptance of the award was made by Dr. James Rowland Angell, educational director of NBC, speaking from the headquarters in New York City. A handsome plaque, representing the award, was given to Don E. Gilman, Vice President in charge of the Western Division of NBC, by Mrs. Corwith, for transmittal to the New York offices.

The convention was stirred by an address on "Juvenile Behavior" delivered by Judge Camille Kelly of Memphis, Tennessee. Increased interest in and a saving in the operation of *National News*, official publication of the Auxiliary, was reported by Mrs. Wendell Denton Villars, National Chairman of the Publication Committee. Mrs. Melville Mucklestone, Past National President, submitted the report of the National Employment Com-

mittee, of which she was the chairman.

Based on the theme of a Bridge of Service, the rehabilitation work of the Auxiliary was reviewed by Mrs. James Morris, national chairman. More than 60,000 veterans were aided, 107,000 visits made to hospitals, 28,000 veterans' families contacted during the year. Again the Auxiliary will contribute \$25,000 to the Legion for its rehabilitation program. Greatly increased interest in and support of the National Defense program was reported by Mrs. Eben P. Keen, National Chairman, who stated that during the past year Congress had authorized sums of money which will provide our nation's nearest approach to an adequate national defense.

Transformed into a California patio of an older day, the Biltmore Bowl in the Biltmore Hotel was the scene of the largest and one of the most colorful of the States Dinners, which are always the social highlight of a National Convention for both the Legion and the Auxiliary. Two thousand notables, delegates and visitors from all over the country were in attendance. Mrs. Malcolm Douglas, who served as hostess, greeted the guests, introduced the distinguished people who shared the honor table with her, and then turned the party over to Leo Carillo, who acted as master of ceremonies and presented a number of stars of radio and films.

When the final session was called to order on Thursday morning there was still much work to be done before the election of national officers. In rapid order, the reports of the National Fidac Committee was presented by Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn, American Vice-President of Fidac Auxiliary and National Chairman; of the Child Welfare Committee by Mrs. Ruth Mathebat; Education of War Orphans Committee by Mrs. Albert M. Greenlaw; Junior Activities Committee, of which Mrs. Willis C. Reed was chairman; Legislative Committee by Mrs. Myron Miller, and the Radio Committee, by its chairman, Mrs. William H. Corwith. Mrs. Charles B. Gilbert submitted the Resolutions Committee's report. All of (Continued on page 68)

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OLD MAN WINTER has two strikes on you, if you put anti-freeze in a dirty radiator. Rust and scale choke the cooling system. Your motor overheats. You waste anti-freeze. You waste power. And you risk costly engine repairs. SANI-FLUSH makes it easy and inexpensive to keep radiators clean.

Just pour 10c worth of SANI-FLUSH in the radiator. (25c for the largest trucks and tractors.) Follow directions printed on the can. Run the motor. Drain. Flush. Refill with water and anti-freeze. Then you're all set for the winter. The delicate veins that circulate water are free and open. Motors run efficiently. SANI-FLUSH can't injure motor or fittings. You'll find SANI-FLUSH in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

New Adding Machine Fits Vest Pocket!

Adds, subtracts, and multiplies, up to one billion—yet it costs only \$2.95. Weighs only 4 ounces. Not a toy—guaranteed workmanship. Perfectly accurate, very fast. Sells to business men, storekeepers, homes—wherever figures are used. Grab this opportunity.

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LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HERBERT M. STOOPS, First Division Lt. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.
R. C. WORTHINGTON, Elmer J. Wallae Post, Phoebe, Virginia.
FREDERICK PALMER, City Club Post, New York City.
JAMES A. DRAIN, Past National Commander of The American Legion.
JOHN G. EMERY, Carl A. Johnson Post, Grand Rapids, Michigan.
V. E. PYLES, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.
ALEXANDER GARDINER, George Alfred Smith Post, Fairfield, Connecticut.
BOYD B. STUTLER, John Brawley Post, Charleston, West Virginia.
STEPHEN F. CHADWICK, Seattle (Washington) Post.
JOHN J. NOLL, Capitol Post, Topeka, Kansas.
AMICO J. BARONE, Springfield (Massachusetts) Post.
J. W. SCHLAIKJER, Winner (South Dakota) Post.
Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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Yours To Command

(Continued from page 67)

these reports were accepted and approved. Details are available in the Reports to the Eighteenth Annual National Convention which are distributed to Units.

Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., who succeeded Mrs. Wilma Hoyal as chairman of the Past President's Parley, reported that her distinctive group had selected as its contribution to the Auxiliary's work a youth program which will consist of an essay contest for girls between the ages of 15 and 18 on the subject "Why I Am Proud To Be an American." This will include junior members of the Auxiliary and daughters of Auxiliary members who are not eligible to membership in the organization. The contest will be determined upon a Department and Divisional basis—five winners to be given a trip to Washington, to attend the annual National Defense Conference.

After a roll call of States in the vote for National President disclosed the fact that Mrs. James Morris of North Dakota had been given 451 votes to the 337 votes obtained by Mrs. A. H. Hoffman of Iowa, the latter Department moved that the election be made unanimous. Confirmation of the election of the five National Vice-Presidents followed, and the vote of the convention for Mrs. Lowell Fletcher Hobart as American Vice-President of Fidac was cast.

Mrs. Morris was escorted to the platform by her husband, Judge James Morris, and a group of North Dakota Department officers of both the Auxiliary and the Legion. Mrs. Thomas Street, Department President, presented Mrs. Morris to the convention. In her speech of acceptance, Mrs. Morris said, in part: "I journeyed to California in search of the

intangible gold of your confidence in me. Your continued confidence will be my strength."

To Past National President Mrs. Oscar W. Hahn went the honor of installing the new national officers. In a ceremony rife with emotion, Past National President Mrs. S. Alford Blackburn presented to Mrs. Malcolm Douglas, the retiring National President, the flags under which she had served during the past year.

At a meeting of the National Executive Committee called by Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell of Iowa was elected to another term as National Secretary and Mrs. Cecilia Wenz to succeed herself as National Treasurer. Mrs. J. Allison Hardie of Columbus, Mississippi, was appointed National Historian and Mrs. Charles Decker of Los Angeles, National Chaplain.

Twenty Years Ago

(Continued from page 41)

the Meuse 51 additional guns, making a total of more than 150 since November 1. Thirty of our bombing planes executed a successful raid on Mouzon and Raucourt this morning, dropping over two tons of bombs with good effect. Reconnaissance and pursuit squadrons carried out many successful missions, machine-gunning enemy troops and greatly assisting the advance of our infantry. 17 enemy airplanes were shot down and two enemy balloons burned. Seven of our planes are missing.

Forty-Second Division passes through Seventy-Eighth and pursues retreating enemy; Eighty-First begins relief of Thirty-Fifth, Meuse-Argonne operation.

German forces in northern France and Flanders retreat on 75-mile front from the Scheldt to the Aisne.

German Armistice delegation reaches Allied lines.

Republicans capture United States Senate, 49-47, as nation goes to polls; Democrats retain control of House of Representatives; Henry Ford, Democrat, defeated for Michigan Senatorship by Lieutenant Commander Truman H. Newberry, Republican; Alfred E. Smith, Democrat, wins New York governorship from Republican, Charles S. Whitman.

NOVEMBER 6

Morning: Between the Bar and Meuse the 1st American Army continued its advance northward, opposed by strong resistance. Our troops are in the Bois du Fond de Limon, whence the line extends through Flaba, Maisonneuve and Chemery. On the line of the Meuse, which we now hold from the Bois de l'Hospice, inclusive, to Sassey, and the heights to the east of Milly, and thence to Dun-sur-Meuse, there was severe artillery and machine-gun fighting during the night. Franco-American units, operating in the difficult terrain east of the Meuse against positions long held by the enemy on the front Sivry to the Bois de la Grande Montagne, are heavily engaged. During successful air combats yesterday afternoon, three additional enemy planes were brought down. All of our machines returned.

Evening: The 1st American Army has made further important gains on both sides of the Meuse. East of the Meuse our troops advanced to a depth of more than four kilometers. Neither the extremely difficult nature of the terrain nor the two fresh divisions hurriedly brought up by the enemy greatly delayed our progress. On the Cote St. Germain, however, the enemy defended his positions with particular obstinacy, and we were able to secure them only as a result of a bitter struggle. Near Murvax, Hill 284 and Fontaines fell into our hands. The battle still continues, with the enemy making desperate efforts to maintain a last foothold on the heights of the Meuse which he has held since 1914. West of the Meuse the enemy again failed to check our rapid progress. Along the river bank we took Villemontry and Mont de Brune and reached the western outskirts of Mouzon. To the west our line passes through Autrecourt and Beau Menil Farm to Connage. We have also taken Bulson, Haroucourt and the important town, Raucourt. Since the beginning of our attack on November 1, 22 enemy divisions have appeared on our front between the Meuse and the Argonne. Our pursuit planes dropped a ton of explosives on several important road centers which were being used by the enemy to make his escape. Seven enemy airplanes were shot down during the day. Two of our machines are missing.

First Division passes through Eightieth in direction of Mouzon and pursues enemy to heights of the Meuse; units of Sixth move into line, Meuse-Argonne operation; Thirty-Fourth Division moves to Le Mans and certain of its units are transferred to Second Depot Division.

NOVEMBER 7

Morning: At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon advance troops of the 1st American Army took that part of the city of Sedan which lies on the west bank of the Meuse. The bridge leading across the Meuse into the remainder of the city, which is filled with the retreating enemy, has been destroyed and the valley of the river flooded; the railroad bridges have also been destroyed. The enemy's principal lateral line of

communication between the fortress of Metz and his troops in northern France and Belgium is, by the success of the American Army, no longer open to him. All French territory west of the Meuse within the zone of action of the American Army has now been cleared of the enemy by the gallant and dashing advance of our troops. Since November 1, we have advanced 40 kilometers, broken down all enemy resistance, freed 700 square kilometers of France, liberated 2,000 civilians who joyfully hailed our soldiers as deliverers, captured nearly 6,000 prisoners, including an unusually large proportion of officers, and great quantities of arms, munitions, stores and supplies.

Evening: The 1st American Army continued its offensive starting with a precarious footing on the east bank of the Meuse, in a region of unusual natural difficulties and defended by an enemy rendered desperate by the knowledge that the heights north of Verdun were vital to his plan. The 5th Division, and National Guard troops from Wisconsin and Michigan, employed in this operation, have slowly but steadily fought their way throughout these days of continuous battle. In this region we now hold Lion-devant-Dun, the heights overlooking Brandeville, Brandeville, three kilometers east of Haraumont, Sillon-Fontaine Farm, and thence southeast to the old line. The Rainbow Division and units of the 1st Division seized the heights south and southeast of Sedan and the suburbs of that city, lying on the west bank of the Meuse. The entire region between the Meuse and the Bar has now been liberated by the 1st American Army in close co-operation with the 4th French Army. In the Woevre the troops of our 2nd Army have executed a number of highly successful raids, entering the enemy's lines and returning with 50 prisoners. The number of guns of all calibers taken by the 1st American Army since November 1 now exceeds 250. A partial count of captured munitions and material shows more than 2,000 machine guns, over 5,000 rifles, 75 trench mortars, many anti-tank guns, several hundred thousand rounds of artillery ammunition, nearly 3,000,000 rounds of small arms ammunition and much other material. A regiment of Ameri-

can infantry particularly distinguished itself in the final victories in Italy.

Eighty-First Division relieves Thirty-Fifth, latter moving to St. Mihiel area.

American G. H. Q. issues order forming the Third American Army (later to become the Army of Occupation) under Major General Joseph T. Dickman.

Firing ceases at one point along the French front to permit passage of German armistice delegates.

German fleet in revolt; Soldiers' Council seizes Kiel.

United Press dispatch from Paris announcing signing of an armistice with Germany sets off wild celebrations throughout America; official denials fail to halt celebrants.

NOVEMBER 8

Morning: On both sides of the Meuse the night was marked by heavy machine-gun fighting and sniping. There was heavy artillery fire in the region of Sedan and east of the Meuse.

Evening: This afternoon, French and American units operating under the command of the 1st American Army wrested from the enemy his last hold on the heights east of the Meuse, memorable as the scene of the great battle of Verdun in 1916, and drove him back into the lowlands of the Woevre. On a front of 14 kilometers we advanced to a depth of six kilometers, taking Lissey, Ecurey, Brechelle, Peuvillers, Damvillers, Flabas, and other towns and villages. Along the line of the Meuse from Villefranche to Wadelincourt, lively artillery and machine-gun combats have taken place during the day. Six additional guns of heavy caliber, many more machine guns, 2,000 rifles, and a large airplane workshop, captured during our advance west of the Meuse, have been reported. In the Woevre, on the front of the 2d American Army, our patrols were very active, capturing prisoners in the course of several successful enterprises near Lake La Chaussee. Despite adverse weather conditions, our aviators, flying at a height of 100 meters, carried out a number of reconnaissance missions. They bombed and machine-gunned concentrations of enemy troops in the region of Baillon and Remoiville and blew up an ammunition dump at Gibercy. Four enemy balloons were destroyed and three enemy airplanes were shot down during the day. One of our planes is missing.

German plenipotentiaries in conference at Allied headquarters.

Prince Maximilian of Baden resigns as German chancellor, but resignation is not accepted; revolutionists now in control of many large German centers.

NOVEMBER 9

Morning: East of the Meuse, in the region north and south of Damvillers, our advance successfully continues, meeting strong resistance from machine-gun fire. Along the line of the Meuse, from Sassey to Wadelincourt, the night was marked by artillery and machine-gun fighting.

Evening: Opposed by machine-gun fire from retreating hostile rear-guards, troops of the 1st American Army, in co-operation with French units serving under the same command, gained additional important areas east of the Meuse today. Crossing the river south of Stenay, our troops captured Mouzay. Pushing rapidly through the Foret de Woevre from the west and southwest, they converged on Jametz, 13 kilometers east of the Meuse, which, with Louppes-sur-Loisson and Remoiville, was taken. On the front south of Damvillers, Moirey, Chaumont and Manheulles, though vigorously defended, fell before our advance. Despite heavy rains and mists, our aviators executed reconnaissance missions, and successfully bombed and machine-gunned enemy troops in the vicinity of Montmedy.

Seventy-Seventh Division relieves Forty-Second in Meuse-Argonne area, occupying

entire corps front; Sixth Division moves to Verdun area; Eighth Division headquarters arrives at Brest.

Kaiser and Crown Prince abdicate and Prince Maximilian is named regent of the German Empire; general strike declared in Berlin.

NOVEMBER 10

Morning: Along the front of the 1st Army on the west bank of the Meuse and from Mouzay to Fresnes-en-Woevre, the night was marked by heavy artillery fire and by sharp machine-gun fighting.

Evening: A series of local operations by the 1st and 2d American Armies resulted in considerable gains, today, at many points along the line between the Meuse and the Moselle. Troops of the 1st Army, with whom French units are operating, reached the southern outskirts of Stenay and occupied Bois de Chenois, south of Baillon. Beyond the eastern slopes of the heights of the Meuse, the villages of Gibercy, Abaucourt and Grimaucourt were taken. In the Woevre, despite stubborn resistance from machine guns and heavy artillery, troops of the 2d Army penetrated the enemy's lines and drove him from several well-organized and strongly held positions. The towns of Marcheville and St. Hilaire were taken and the Bois Dommartin was cleared of the enemy.

Thirty-Seventh and Ninety-First Divisions resume participation in Ypres-Lys operation.

Kaiser and Crown Prince flee to Holland; Berlin in hands of revolutionists.

NOVEMBER 11

Morning: In accordance with the terms of the armistice, hostilities on the fronts of the American Armies were suspended at 11 o'clock this morning.

(No further American communiques were issued until November 17th.)

Total A. E. F. troops transported in November to the 11th, 30,201; grand total from America's entry into war, 2,079,880.

President Wilson, appearing before Congress at one p.m., reads to assembled Senators and Representatives terms of the Armistice.

NOVEMBER 12

Republic is proclaimed in Berlin; National Council of Women of Germany appeals to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson protesting against Armistice stipulation that large part of rolling stock of German railways be surrendered, claiming that as a result many German women and children must die of hunger.

Soldiers and sailors on Fifth Avenue, New York, break up parade of 5,000 Socialists on way to mass meeting.

Navy Department announces that censorship of news concerning movements of merchant vessels is off.

NOVEMBER 13

British admiralty for the first time admits sinking of battleship *Audacious*, which went down after striking a mine off the north Irish coast October 27, 1914; photographs of the sinking had appeared in many American newspapers late in 1914.

Deferred building projects amounting to more than \$20,000,000 are released by War Industries Board, which will cancel all industrial restrictions as quickly as feasible.

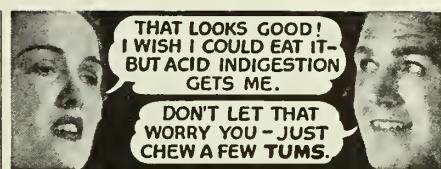
First New York war manufactory to start preparing for peace conditions is Gas Defense Plant, Long Island City, which lays off 400 of its 12,500 employees.

NOVEMBER 14

Socialists make Herr Ebert virtual dictator of new German republic.

News reaches United States that 2,532 American prisoners of war in Germany have been released, some reaching their own lines today.

Chairman Baruch of War Industries Board calls for a (Continued on page 70)



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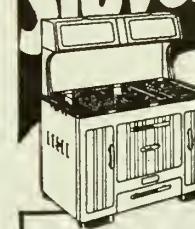
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Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and frequent colds often put a strain on the kidneys and functional kidney disorders may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Puffy Eyelids, and feeling old before your time. Help your kidneys purify your blood with Cystex. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and this may quickly make you feel like new. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) today. It costs only 3¢ a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.



THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
August 31, 1938

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit	\$ 465,178.26
Notes and accounts receivable	50,869.46
Inventories	91,938.64
Invested funds	1,734,655.94
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	199,544.02
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	125,430.96
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	31,999.58
Deferred charges	27,893.63
	\$2,727,510.49

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities	\$ 72,956.90
Funds restricted as to use	40,828.54
Deferred revenue	250,119.75
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	199,544.02
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital	\$1,714,713.39
Unrestricted capital	449,349.89
	\$2,727,510.49

Twenty Years Ago

(Continued from page 69)

permanent government agency to project measures of conservation and standardization.

NOVEMBER 15

Chairman Hurley of Shipping Board, sailing for Europe, says he hopes to bring A. E. F. home at rate of 300,000 men a month, beginning shortly.

Machinery of army demobilization starts when Secretary of War Baker orders discharge of 50,000 men who are in development battalions in United States camps.

Secretary of State Lansing, replying to plea of Foreign Minister Solf of Germany that America mediate between Germany and the Allies, declares that appeal must be directed to the Allies themselves.

NOVEMBER 16

War Department announces it expects to discharge 30,000 men a day when machinery being set up starts operating; 200,000 will be discharged within the next two weeks.

Belgian troops enter Brussels, capital of their nation; Germans had been in possession of the city since August 20, 1914.

Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, attending Pan-American labor conference at Laredo, Texas, serves warning that no general reduction of wages or increase of working hours will be accepted by labor without a bitter fight.

Largest airplane in the world, a Handley-Page, carries forty passengers, nine of them women, in flight over London; pilot is Clifford B. Prodder, American aviator with the British Royal Flying Corps.

NOVEMBER 17

This morning the 3d American Army under the command of Major General Dickman began its march into the territory evacuated by the enemy in accordance with the terms of the armistice. At nightfall advance elements had reached the line Ecouviez-Sorbey-Gouraincourt-Mars la Tour. (Divisions constituting Third Army were: First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Thirty-Second, Forty-Second, Eighty-Ninth, Ninetieth.)

French forces are in Sedan and Alsace, and man the forts south of Metz, Munster and Altkirch; the Moroccan Division, including the famous Foreign Legion, led the way today across the old frontier into the "Lot Provinces;" 200,000 march in victory parade in Paris.

Le Matin of Paris estimates German debt to France at 68 billion dollars, including interest to date on Franco-Prussian war indemnity paid by France.

Polish officers from Warsaw have taken possession of the government of Posen, capital of German Poland, according to advices from Basle, Switzerland.

NOVEMBER 18

The 3d Army continued its advance into the territory evacuated by the enemy. On the left, crossing the Belgian frontier, our troops occupied Virton and by evening had reached Etalle and St. Leger. Between the Chiers and the Moselle they passed through Spincourt and the important railroad centers of Longuyon and Conflans. At the close of the day they entered the historic French fortress of Longwy, situated at the junction of the boundaries of France, Belgium and Luxembourg. Further south they have occupied Audun-le-Roman and the town of Briey, the center of the great iron district of Lorraine.

President Wilson announces he will leave for London, Paris and Rome to discuss peace problems with Allied premiers soon after

the Congress again convenes in December.

The German high seas fleet, which under the terms of the Armistice is to be surrendered to the British, has left a German port for the secret rendezvous point, says London dispatch.

Direct cost of war to all belligerent nations was 200 billion dollars, it is estimated; pre-war debts of principal belligerents did not exceed 25 billion, with one billion in interest and other annual charges supporting it; annual burden will be not less than 10 billions hereafter and probably much more.

Representatives of 100 leading automobile manufacturing concerns meeting in Washington decide to forego automobile shows in New York and Chicago this winter.

NOVEMBER 19

On the front of the 3d Army the day passed without incident, our troops occupying the general line Etalle—St. Leger-Longwy-Audun le Roman-Briey.

General Pétain enters Metz at the head of the French Tenth Army; at the same time the Cabinet, meeting in Paris, name him a Marshal of France, an honor he shares with Joffre and Foch.

British land at Gallipoli, where thousands of their comrades went to their death in 1915, as Turks turn over to them the forts of the lower Dardanelles.

Died today: Joseph F. Smith, 80, President of the Mormon Church and nephew of Joseph Smith, founder of the church; Dr. Charles R. Van Hise, President of the University of Wisconsin.

Massacre of Jews in Warsaw and in five towns of Galicia is reported to the Zionist organization in the United States.

NOVEMBER 20

In the course of its advance today the 3d Army crossed the German frontier of 1914, entered the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and progressed further into southern Belgium. Our columns passed through the towns of Esch and Arlen, and by evening had reached the general line: Gandringen-Wollmeringen-Dudelange-Mondercange-Autelbas-Grendel.

King Albert of the Belgians gets enthusiastic welcome as he enters Antwerp; Cardinal Mercier celebrates "Te Deum" in cathedral and makes touching address.

City of Versailles, preparing for coming peace conference, begins work of restoring gardens of the palace and removal of camouflage coverings over statues and fountains.

Twenty German submarines are turned over to Rear Admiral Tyrwhitt of the British navy about thirty miles out of the port of Harwich.

NOVEMBER 21

Continuing its advance, the 3d Army reached this evening the general line: Vichten-Mersch-Schuttrange-Rentgen-Kaffenholz. During the afternoon our troops passed through the city of Luxembourg, where they were welcomed as deliverers by the civilian population, who showered them with flowers and accompanied them in their march through the flag-decked streets.

President Wilson signs the emergency agricultural appropriation bill which makes the nation bone dry from next July 1st to end of mobilization.

British soldiers on their way to Germany rode over the historic battlefield of Waterloo.

United States Air Force destroyed 929 enemy planes and 73 balloons during the war, while 265 American planes and 38 balloons were destroyed by the enemy, according to Associated Press dispatch from American G. H. Q. in France.

German high seas fleet surrenders to Admiral Sir David Beatty of the British fleet and other Allied commanders off the Firth of Forth.

Former Crown Prince of Germany is to be interned on the island of Wieringen, Holland; he was hooted today by a crowd in the fishing village of Enkhuyzen when he passed through there.

NOVEMBER 22

The 3d Army continued today its progress through the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg to the line Ingeldorf-Betzdorf-Remich-Schengen.

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, at the head of 15,000 Belgian and Allied troops, enter Brussels; General Pershing is one of a group of Allied generals who accompany the King.

William G. McAdoo resigns as Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads; John D. Ryan gives up posts of Assistant Secretary of War and Director of the Air Service.

Dutch legation in Paris issues note declaring that former German emperor entered Holland as a private citizen and is entitled to Dutch refuge; he has not left Amerongen Castle since his arrival there.

Belgian sources declare that the 1918 Nobel Peace Prize is to be awarded to President Wilson, probably on his forthcoming trip to Europe.

NOVEMBER 23

The 3d Army, advancing through Luxembourg, has now reached the German frontier from Wallendorf to Schengen. (No further American communiqués were issued until December 1st. Thereafter, through December 13th, the daily communiqués reported the progress of the Third Army through Germany. The final American communiqué, No. 217, for December 13th, read: *The 3d American Army crossed the Rhine today and occupied the Coblenz bridgehead.*)

General Pershing receives War Department authority to return a million members of the A. E. F. to America; Army of Occupation in Germany will consist of 1,200,000 men, it is believed.

Total American casualties in war were 236,117, General March, Chief of Staff, announces, divided as follows: Killed in action or died of wounds, 36,154; died of disease, 14,811; died of other causes, 2,204; wounded, 179,625; prisoners, 2,163; missing, 1,160.

NOVEMBER 24

War Labor Policies Board and Federal Employment Service decide that in stimulation of building of all sorts lies the best opportunity of absorbing labor set free by closing of munition shops and by discharge of soldiers and sailors.

German naval officers surrender 28 more U-boats in the presence of Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, at Harwich; total of surrendered submarines now at 87.

Field Marshal Von Hindenburg has wired the Berlin government that the German army, because of the hard terms of the Armistice, is in no condition to renew fighting.

NOVEMBER 25

Ex-President Taft announces he is considering the unofficial offer made him by Owners Hempstead of the New York Giants and Frazee of the Boston Red Sox to become arbiter of baseball; the veteran Connie Mack, opposed to the idea, blames Frazee for it and calls him a "limelighter."

Minnekhada, Lapland and Orca, with 6,996 members of the A. E. F. aboard, left Liverpool on the 22d and 23d, General March, Chief of Staff, announces; these are the first vessels to return to U. S. with soldiers since the Armistice.

NOVEMBER 26

United States Government acquires title

to 85 big ships—liners, transports and cargo vessels—now under British registry.

Law officers of the British crown, in conjunction with French, seek method of securing extradition of the former German Emperor from Holland.

Seventy-Sixth Division (New England National Army troops), reduced by replacement drafts to 61 officers and 1,000 men, arrives at St. Nazaire on way home.

NOVEMBER 27

War Department issues orders calling for demobilization of Students' Army Training Corps; the 160,000 men in more than 600 institutions will be discharged not later than January 1, 1919.

A million and a half prisoners held by the Germans have been released, says dispatch from Berlin.

Unorganized strikes have broken out in many Berlin factories, with workers demanding maintenance of wartime scale of prices and hours.

Bishop William A. Quayle of the Methodist Episcopal Church in speech at St. Louis calls for execution of the former Kaiser and payment of reparations by the German people "to the uttermost farthing."

NOVEMBER 28

King George V of Great Britain, accompanied by his sons, the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert, is given ovation as he arrives in Paris.

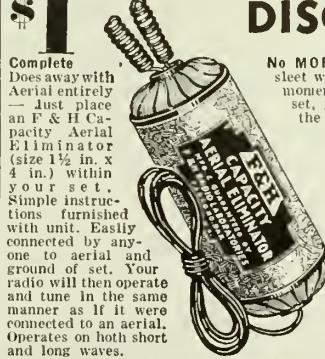
Nine American and British aviation officials take their Thanksgiving dinner in a Handley-Page bombing machine half a mile above the earth, at Elizabeth, New Jersey. The A. E. F. gets generous (*Continued on page 72*)

AMAZING OFFER save \$4
100 SWEDISH BLUE STEEL RAZOR BLADES \$1

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Do you buy five blades at a time for 25¢? Are you constantly caught short without a new blade just when you want a fresh, clean shave? Here's an opportunity to cure your blade problem for the next year . . . no strings attached . . . nothing else to buy! Just pin a dollar to this advertisement (money orders, checks, and stamps also accepted) and we will send you postpaid, attractively packaged, 100 fine, Swedish blue steel, double edged blades that will fit both old and new type razors. Try five and if you are not satisfied we will cheerfully return your money. These blades are manufactured in the United States.

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Twenty Years Ago

(Continued from page 71)

Thanksgiving dinner, but there is only one turkey, and that at the mess of fifteen officers of the Bureau of Operations of the Third Division at Remich. They bought the bird on Armistice Day and fattened it.

Governor Stephens of California commutes the sentence of Thomas J. Mooney to life imprisonment; Mooney had been sentenced to die December 13th for the murder of ten persons in the Preparedness Day parade explosion of July 23, 1916, at San Francisco.

NOVEMBER 29

America's delegates to the peace conference are announced at Washington; President Wilson will head the delegation, which will consist of Secretary of State Lansing, Colonel House, Henry White, former Ambassador to France, and General Tasker H. Bliss.

Senate Finance Committee completes work on revenue bill, designed to raise six

billion dollars in 1919 and four billion in 1920.

Germany lost 6,330,000 men in the war and Austria-Hungary 4,000,000, according to the Socialist newspaper *Vorwärts* of Berlin.

NOVEMBER 30

Brewing of beer in the United States ceases at midnight tonight under federal statute; stocks on hand are sufficient to last from two to three months.

Red Cross announces that 2,000,000 Christmas greeting cards have been sent to France to be mailed home by members of the A. E. F.

Ignace Jan Paderewski, noted pianist who has worked tirelessly for the interests of the Poles in Europe and America, will land in England tomorrow on his way to the peace conference to urge the establishment of the Polish nation.

THE END

Armistice Eternal

(Continued from page 37)

when Daniel Harder Post was known all over the country for its annual duck suppers, and long held the distinction of having entertained more National Commanders than any other small town Post in the world. In those days the Post enjoyed the unique distinction of increasing its membership every year and was thus able to entice the various National Commanders off the beaten path. Be it said, in all modesty, that none of them ever left hungry for the want of plenty of fat mallard duck. [And what suppers they were, as this Step Keeper can testify, after having sampled the quality—and quantity—of Stuttgart duck at the annual dinners in 1932, 1933 and 1934.]

"The dinners were discontinued because of a combination of circumstances—increased attendance, requiring more and more ducks; the effect of the drought which depleted the annual duck hatch, and increasingly stringent regulations governing the taking of wild ducks, caused the suppers to be abandoned after the one held in 1934. After a couple of years floundering about, with no way to

celebrate the opening of the hunting season in this duck hunters' paradise, members of the Post conceived the idea of establishing an annual duck calling contest.

"Following the usual custom of holding the contest on the eve of the duck hunting season in the Southern zone, the 1938 contest will be held in Stuttgart on Monday, November 14th, at an hour that will accord with broadcasting arrangements. Daniel Harder Post is preparing a program of interest to sportsmen, which assures that Stuttgart will again be the mecca of duck hunters from all over the United States."

A Legion Forum

TWO years ago a few active members of Scarsdale (New York) Post came to the conclusion that the Post could render a fine piece of community service work by sponsoring a discussion group open to men both within and without the Legion. When the plan for such an organization was presented by Legionnaire John B. Brittain, whose idea was to form an impartial, non-partisan, non-sectarian group whose only aim was to make a definite contribution to informed public opinion, the Post said to go ahead—on your own. So the Scarsdale Men's Forum was organized, and has carried on for two seasons of seven monthly meetings each. Legionnaire Brittain says: "The Scarsdale Men's Forum is starting its third season, with monthly meetings scheduled from October to April. It is sponsored by Scarsdale Post, in conjunction with New York University, and is a self-supporting group of men with membership open to all who are interested. Actually something over half its members are men from without the Post."



"Broad topics of the day are discussed by authoritative speakers, and there is a half hour of discussion at the end of every meeting. The Forum arrives at no group conclusions, rather its aim is free discussion and a contribution to informed public opinion. It tackles great national and international questions of the day and refuses utterly to attempt to send men home with neat answers all wrapped up in their pockets. We like it, and we have some good battles too. The meetings draw from 125 men up; some of the open meetings when women are invited will have an attendance up to 300. We avoid any purely local subjects, and it is surprising the information we gather."

News Notes

"BELIEVE it or not," writes Comrade John F. Bauer, Fremont, Nebraska, "I served in Company I, 20th Infantry, during the World War; have been in the Legion twenty consecutive years a member of Post No. 20, and attended the twentieth annual Department Convention here in Fremont." . . . Commander W. C. Dellenger of Cabin Creek (West Virginia) Post makes a bid for champion long distance membership honors. He reports that Adjutant J. E. Wells has issued a 1939 membership card to Comrade Glen C. Rowland, stationed in Rosario, Argentina. BOYD B. STUTLER

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What Manner of Men?

(Continued from page 13)

days of bloody battle, there was only one of the lieutenants with me and only 70 of the 246 men who had left the village on the 15th.

Needless to say, the chef knew that his precious house was now safe again, and he sensed the price paid by the Americans in making it safe. What a difference was registered in his countenance and attitude! He would probably have kissed us on both cheeks had we let him. Instead, he asked very humbly what he, being a chef, could prepare to tickle our palates. (They could stand tickling after five days of being scratched by corned willie and hardtack.) The first thing I thought of was cream puffs, and that was my suggestion as I dismissed the matter from my mind.

That evening as we were finishing dinner in his dining room, my one lieutenant and me, in came our old chef, dressed in his snow white cap and apron, and with a benign look upon his face. He was bearing a platter about twenty inches in diameter with a veritable mountain of cream puffs on it, made only as an artist in French pastries can make them. What did we do to and with them? I'll give you two guesses.

THE GUNNER

THE fight south of Soissons was in its third day and the going had been heavy. We of the reserve battalion were getting nearer to the tight place into which we were destined to go. The front line of the battle was a few hundred yards ahead down near the Soissons-Château-Thierry road.

He lay alone on the brow of a hill, this wounded gunner. A direct hit by a shell had killed his two mates, and their mutilated bodies lay nearby. It had demolished his machine gun and had wounded him in the shoulder and leg. He knew his stuff and had stripped himself to the waist, for clothes in a wound don't help it any, and he was ready for

the first aid crew to dress the wound if, as and when they came along.

When one is wounded in the front lines there is, of course, always the possibility that the enemy may counter-attack and take one prisoner, or else. So when our battalion came over the hill into his view in open order, nearly a thousand strong, and placed themselves between him and the enemy and possible capture or death, it was a grand and glorious feeling to him. He lay on his stomach, with his hands under his chin, and a beatific expression on his face which I shall never forget. Have you ever seen the look on the face of a live American kid the first time he sees a circus parade? The machine gunner had that kind of a look.

THE OVERWORKED GUNS

THERE were four of them—Russian guns—but only one was required to keep us of the infantry awake that night of the fourth of October near the south end of the Argonne Wood. Infantrymen don't often get a chance to observe an artillery piece in action—they're generally a few miles up ahead with the artillery firing over them per custom and necessity. So we went out to look at the guns the next morning after having spent a more or less restless night wondering if the bursts we heard were from arrivals or departures.

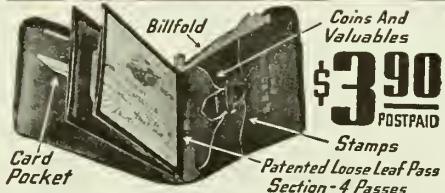
The guns bore a Russian inscription and they looked old-fashioned and funny. They had iron-tired, wooden wheels and long barrels of about four-inch caliber. Their inscriptions told the story of their birth and voyages. Made at the Bethlehem Steel Company plant in America (and, by the way, doesn't it strike you as funny as it does me, that "Bethlehem" is an incongruous name for the home of armament factories?) and sold and shipped to Russia.

First they were used by the Russians against the Germans in 1914, only to be captured by (Continued on page 74)

ASTHMA?

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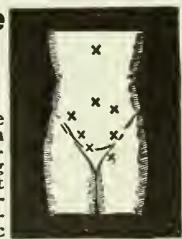
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What Manner of Men?

(Continued from page 73)

the Germans and dragged across France to be used by them against the British and French on the Western Front, there to be captured by the Yanks on the opening day of the Argonne. And here they were on that night in early October, at least one of them, being used by the Yanks against the fleeing Germans. It seemed to me that they had earned a place of repose in some quiet museum.

EVACUATED

MANY times people ask about just how a wounded man is gotten back to the hospitals. Here's my case, if you'll please pardon the personalities.

Mine came along at about ten a.m. on October 9th—a piece of high explosive shell through the elbow which severed the "external condile," as the medicos afterwards told me, and left the arm feeling as if it was off. This happened on the side of Hill 240 near Exermont, and my orderly, who was five paces ahead, and my adjutant, who was five paces back of me when it happened, helped me over the hill to the advance dressing station. This had no resemblance to any station we know of in civil life, but was merely a place on the hillside where the battalion surgeon and his first-aid men waited for cases.

Here a wire splint, with the arm akimbo, as it were, was applied and I was loaded upon a stretcher carried by four German prisoners, and guarded by an American soldier with a pistol on his hip. We were headed for the regimental station on the lee side of a hill about a mile back. En route some gas shells landed near us, and the Boches set me down and applied their gas masks. My own had to be applied with the one hand available, and I lost my glasses in the process (which, by the way, I went without for four weeks before getting my spares).

At the regimental station I was loaded into a three-stretcher Ford ambulance to be whisked away to the field hospital about six miles back, and when I say whisked I mean just that. The road had been and was then being shelled. If one wants to get a fed-up feeling about war, a good place to get it is in an ambulance, helpless and hors de combat, with the enemy still throwing shells in one's vicinity.

At the field hospital, which was merely a large shack, we were unloaded and put inside while the Ford went back for more. Here we got a shot in the arm to allay the pain, an anti-tetanus serum injection in the tummy, a cup of coffee and a cigarette. Then, in an hour or so, we were loaded into another and bigger ambulance, this time a French one, driven by

a bearded poilu who knew no English. He didn't seem to want to lose any time either and got a lot of good American cussing and injunctions to drive more carefully. Of this he understood and apparently cared nothing.

The hospitals were full then, and it took some hours for him to find one which could accommodate his four passengers. He would stop, and someone would ask: "Malade ou blessé?" Upon his saying that we were "blessé," he would drive on to the next one. At about six p.m.—it was then dark—we arrived at the Base Hospital at Fleury and were unloaded. A medical major whom I, of course, had never seen before came through the receiving room buttoning his tunic, which he had just donned after a full day at the operating table. He was going out to his dinner, but on seeing me he asked what was the nature of my wound, and with a smile said he would go back and take care of me personally. Back he went, and while he was getting into his surgery garb, I was prepared for the X-ray machine. He saw what was needed, they shot me the ether, and in an hour I awoke in a clean bed, with an Army nurse trying to give me something to settle my unruly stomach, which never did like ether. That bed felt heavenly, it being the first one I'd used since September 24th.

THE ARMISTICE

THE coming of the Armistice was welcomed by different men in different manners. To all of us in France it meant much, of course. My own experience was unique, and although it lacked the glamour that those in the front line found, it at least had romance.

On the night of November 10th, the surgeon in the hospital at Savenay, near St. Nazaire, told me to report at the operating room next morning at eight o'clock without having had breakfast. This I knew meant ether.

My arm had been held straight in a Thomas splint for thirty days. In those thirty days, the bones had become ankylosed, and Uncle Sam didn't want me to go around with a straight stiff arm for the rest of my life, so it had to be rebroken and placed at an angle in a cast for another thirty days.

I came out of the ether at about ten-thirty a.m., and as I was being wheeled back to my ward, I heard what sounded like distant cheering and jubilation. At first it seemed like the roaring in the ears that ether sometimes brings, but when I asked the orderly who was chauffeuring me what it was all about, he informed me that the Armistice had been signed and the war was over. The noise was the townspeople and soldiers thereabouts

making merry. So came to me the fini de la guerre.

OFFICIAL

THE Army made a serious effort to keep up to date in the matter of notifying the next of kin in the United States regarding casualties. Notices of deaths were taken care of first, and wounds afterwards. Obviously in the fall, during the height of the Argonne, cables were clogged and notices were delayed.

My wound came on October 9th. Armistice Day found me at Savenay near

St. Nazaire being prepared to come home, and I sailed from Brest on the 18th, arriving at Newport News on the 29th. On December 4th a transfer was made to West Baden, Indiana, and on December 11th, I pulled into the Union Station in my home town of Grand Rapids, Michigan, with a leave of absence.

One day just before Christmas I myself answered the door to receive from the hands of a Western Union messenger boy a telegram bringing to my family the astounding news that I had been wounded on October 9th. Were they surprised?

This Way to War's End

(Continued from page 40)

drome had been used as a cavalry post by the French for a period of forty years prior to the war. When we arrived there, we had a real job on our hands in cleaning the accumulated debris of all those years. After a thorough policing, however, the Toul Airdrome beamed in the noonday sun for the decorations ceremony. Mechanics substituted O. D. for denim, presenting a more formal setting as they lined up with their respective pilots in flank position in respect to their planes. Martial music by the infantry band and the tramp of soldiers of the line netted a formal array facing the 'birds'—both ground and air.

"The review was held by General Gerard of the Third French Army and participating in it were Major General Liggett, commanding our First Army Corps; Major General Edwards, Commanding Officer of the 26th Division; Colonel William Mitchell, Chief of Air Service, First Army Corps, with his staff; Major Atkinson, Commanding Officer, First Pursuit Group, and staff, and one company of American infantry. The aviators decorated were Captain James Norman Hall, Captain David McK. Peterson, First Lieutenant Edward V. Rickenbacker, First Lieutenant James A. Meissner and Second Lieutenant Charles Chapman.

"Official pomp brought the dignitaries between the groups and the awards were on. Pilots broke away in bashful glee to hurry to their 'crates' to show their stuff, for had they not been subjected to Frog whiskers in receiving the official smack? The field cleared, off go the avions in formations and solo. Side slips that missed the fatal fall and all the trimmings. Congratulations—and all is informal as the curtain falls on first decorations in our outfit.

"Two weeks before the aforementioned ceremony, on Sunday morning, April 14th, while we were outside the old stone barracks engaged in our clean-up job, we were surprised to hear the sound of motors at the hangars because visibility was extremely poor due to a dense fog. Those nine-cylinder rotary motors took

two American pilots into the air with amazing swiftness.

"In less time than it will require you to read this account, two Boche planes were brought down on this very field by Lieutenants Winslow and Campbell, the first American air victories of the war. One of the German pilots was injured seriously, the other unharmed. Those two enemy fliers had worked in the Toul region prior to the war and were now flying on this front because of their knowledge of the territory."

That reference of Comrade Hartz to the first enemy planes brought down by American pilots after our own Air Service went into operation—there had been plenty of Americans with the Escadrille Lafayette before we entered the war—reminded us of a "whoozit" picture that was reproduced in Then and Now just nine years ago, in the issue for November, 1929. It showed an American aviator posing against an enemy plane, and was sent to us by Legionnaire Fred Postel of San Francisco, who reported that it had been given to him by a French soldier in Toul while Postel was with the 135th Aero Squadron in that city. All that Postel learned was that the picture had been taken in the spring of 1918 just after two German planes had been brought down by Americans.

The question "Who was this flier and what were the circumstances?" brought about forty letters to us and to Postel from air service men, from infantry and hospital men and even from a few nurses—and we soon learned that the flier was Lieutenant Alan F. Winslow, that the plane was in fact the first German plane captured after the American Air Service got into action on its own, that the air fight occurred on April 14, 1918, and that a second plane was brought down at the same time by Lieutenant Douglas Campbell. And now, nine years later, Comrade Hartz again reports the same American air victory to us.

NOW that the recent National Convention has decided that Chicago will again be (Continued on page 76)

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This Way to War's End

(Continued from page 75)

host to The American Legion at its Twenty-First National Convention in 1939, we have an idea that swarms of veterans' organizations will again follow the Legion and hold their next annual reunions in that city. It was in 1933 that Chicago last played host.

One outfit didn't even wait for the convention city to be decided upon. The 23d Engineers Association reported that next year it would meet in the Legion's National Convention city, no matter what city it proved to be. Veterans of that regiment are requested to write to H. H. Siddall, Secretary, 5440 Ridgewood Court, Chicago, for advance reunion news and for copies of the association's official paper.

Detailed information regarding the following outfit reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names are given:

Second annual reunion Pennsylvania Society, Third (Marne) Division, November fifth, State Armory, York, Penna. Write Jim Webster, 708 Butler St., Phila., Pa.

7th Div. OFFICERS ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Washington, D. C., Nov. 19. J. B. Kittrell, pres., Greenville, N. C.

80th Div.—Armistice service for all 80th vets at Church of St. Margaret Mary, Manhattan Beach, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sun., Nov. 13. Rev. Father Edw. Wallace, rector and natl. chaplain 80th Div. Assoc. in charge. Reunion to follow service Sam Millinghausen, chmn., 8122 Germantown av., Philadelphia, Pa.

90th Div. ASSOC.—Annual reunion Ft. Worth, Tex., Nov. 11-13, under sponsorship of 90th Div. Club of Dallas and Ft. Worth. Hq. at Hotel Texas. Armistice Night celebration, memorial service, business session and jamboree. Roy T. Kline, pres., c/o Stafford Engraving Co., Ft. Worth.

116th (2d V.A.) INF., Co. F—3d annual reunion in Roanoke, November 11th. H. Irvin Stultz, secy., R. F. D. 2, Box 157 B, Roanoke, Va.

141st INF., Co. L (including old Co. H)—Annual reunion Gonzales, Tex., Nov. 10-12, under auspices Legion Posts. J. M. "Tex" Wilson, secy., Gonzales, Texas

328th INFANTRY ASSOCIATION—19th annual reunion dinner, November 26th, at Rosoff's, 147 West 43d Street, New York City. Dr. Wm Blum-

enthal, pres., 311 Hewes st., Brooklyn, New York

52d PIONEER INF.—Annual reunion and beefsteak dinner, Park Central Hotel, New York City, Nov. 12. Write N. J. Brooks, 2 W. 45th st., New York City.

109th F. A., BATTERY F ASSOCIATION—Reunion, November 12th, Hotel Redington, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., at 8 p. m. W. Charles Gallagher, secy., 157 Willow st., Wilkes-Barre.

112th H. F. A., BATTERY B—Reunion at Artillery Armory, Camden, N. J., November 12th. M. L. Atkinson, secy., 1020 Linwood av., Collingswood, N. J.

304th ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion Lancaster, Pa., Nov. 12. D. W. Bainbridge, secy., 208 Yeakel av., Chestnut Hill, Pa.

319th AUX. REMOUNT DEPOT, CAMP TAYLOR—Annual reunion, Franklin, Ind., Sun., Nov. 6. Ross M. Halgren, 620 Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

BEAUMONT OVERSEAS CLUB (200-201st—496-7th Aero Sqdrns.)—21st annual reunion, New York City, Nov. 5. James B. McCadden, secy., 90 Sherman st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BASE HOSP. 48 ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Utica, N. Y., Nov. 12. Martin Sacco, Veterans Bureau, City Hall, Utica.

BASE HOSP. NO. 116—20th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Sat., Nov. 12. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 415 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

CAMP UTILITIES Q. M. C. DET., CAMP DODGE—Vets interested in reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Armistice night, Nov. 11, write R. S. Lammers, 253 Plymouth bldg., Minneapolis.

U. S. ARMY AMB. CORPS ASSOC.—7th annual Armistice pilgrimage, Allentown, Pa., Nov. 5-6. All vets of Camp Crane and American Field Serv. invited Edson Holston, 1442 Chew st., Allentown.

U. S. S. SOLACE—Annual reunion of crew, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 5. Dr. R. A. Kern, University Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL VETS. (MOTOR REPAIR UNITS 301-2-3 AND SPARE PARTS)—Reunion and convention, Philadelphia, Pa., late fall. Send address for new roster to Gene Blumenreich, c/o Western Union, 346 W. 34th st., New York City.

YECOMEN F—5th annual Armistice reunion and 20th anniversary, New York City, Sat., Nov. 12. Miss Sally R. Wolf, chmn., 3400 Tryon av., Bronx, N. Y.

EX-SERVICE WOMEN—20th anniversary Armistice reunion, New York City, Sat., Nov. 12, of former Army and Navy nurses, Yecomen F, Marine F and Signal Corps women. Miss Sally R. Wolf, 3400 Tryon av., Bronx, N. Y.

CO. A, 302d BATTALION, TANK CORPS—Annual reunion Nov. 26, Chicago. Address Walter R. Titzel, Jr., 7953 S. Bennett av., Chicago.

108th INF., HQRS. CO. AND CO. F—Annual Reunion, Hotel Rochester. Nov. 5 at 6 p. m. Frank E. Donnelly, 2 East Avenue, Rochester, New York.

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